

# ANDREW D. CROFUT: DIAMOND VALLEY DUST

Interviewee: Andrew D. Crofut

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## Description

Andrew D. Crofut is a Nevadan in the true sense. What does this mean? Crofut was born in 1889 and grew up on a ranch in Diamond Valley at the juncture of Eureka and Elko counties. The ranch provides the focus for a major portion of this memoir. The daily activities encompassed all possible endeavors in a struggle to maintain the ranch and a growing family. The ranch, established by Isaac F. Crofut, with Andrew "Dan" Dibble carrying on after the former's death, supported cattle and horse raising operations, along with an adjunct hay business.

As he grew to manhood, Andrew Crofut and his parents realized the values of education, and all struggled to school the children of the family. Andrew Crofut went to school first in Diamond Valley and then in the town of Elko. He attended the University of Nevada, winning a scholarship the first year. Financial problems intruded, but he continued his education through correspondence, finally becoming a teacher, first in Diamond Valley and then in some of Nevada's small communities: Delaplain, Contact, Preston, and Carson City.

Mr. Crofut later turned to a new career in retailing in Carson City, Fallon, and Reno. He worked first for Safeway Stores and then for many years in the shipping department of the Reno Montgomery Ward store. He retired from Montgomery Ward in 1958. Crofut and his family built and repaired homes as an avocation, and took a number of trips.

Crofut told of his life and career in expansive detail. His chronicle is useful for historians of education, agriculture and business. In addition, a novelist interested in authentic western settings will find a wealth of descriptive material in Mr. Crofut's recounting of events in Diamond Valley.



**ANDREW D. CROFUT:**  
**DIAMOND VALLEY DUST**

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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## PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber  
Director, UNOHP  
July 2012

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## INTRODUCTION

Andrew D. Crofut is a Nevadan in the true sense. Descended from pioneers to the western area, Crofut was born and grew up on a ranch in Diamond Valley at the edges of Eureka and Elko counties. The ranch provides the focus for a major portion of this memoir. The daily activities, never routine, encompassed all possible endeavors in a struggle to maintain the ranch and a growing family. The ranch, established by Isaac F. Crofut, with Andrew “Dan” Dibble carrying on after the former’s death, supported cattle and horse raising operations, along with an adjunct hay business.

As he grew to manhood, Andrew Crofut and his parents realized the values of education, and all struggled to school the children of the family. Andrew Crofut went to school first in Diamond Valley and then in the town of Elko. He attended the University of Nevada, winning a scholarship the first year. Financial problems intruded, but he continued his education through correspondence, finally becoming a teacher first in Diamond Valley and then in some

of Nevada’s interesting small communities: Delaplain, Contact, Preston, and Carson City.

Mr. Crofut later turned to a new career in retailing in Carson City, Fallon, and Reno. He worked first for Safeway Stores and then for many years in the shipping department of the Reno Montgomery Ward store. He retired from Montgomery Ward’s in 1958.

Mr. Crofut and his family acquired interests outside the career. They built and repaired houses as an avocation, and took a number of interesting trips, expanding their vistas.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Andrew Crofut accepted readily. Assembling notes, photographs, and family documents, he recorded his life story in a series of twenty interviews, all held at his home, 1260 Patrick Avenue, Reno. A cooperative and hospitable chronicler, Mr. Crofut told of his life and career in expansive detail. This has made a chronicle useful for historians of education, agriculture, and business. In addition, a novelist interested in authentic western settings will find a wealth of

material in Mr. Crofut's recounting of events in Diamond Valley.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library, preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of persons who have figured prominently in the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University Libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Andrew D. Crofut's oral history is open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass  
University of Nevada, Reno  
1970

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## DEDICATION

Dedicated to my nephew, Harold J. Jacobsen, member of the University of Nevada Board of Regents, who first conceived the idea of my oral history, without which this story would have never been told.

*Andrew D. Crofut*



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## IKE CROFUT AND DAN DIBBLE: BACKGROUND, TRAVELS, EARLY LIFE IN DIAMOND VALLEY, NEVADA

Well, every life, of course, has a beginning and also, admittedly, a source, so every life story must have a beginning and a source. So I will start on my father's side, telling about his boyhood days.

Back in Bethel, Connecticut well over a hundred years ago, two boys played together. They were born near the sleepy little town of Bethel, and these two boys at the beginning were not friends until they became of teen age. It was perhaps the fact that one of the boy's father had a waterwheel which turned a grist mill—operated a grist mill which ground flour for the neighborhood—that brought the two boys together. One of the boys was Isaac Ferris Crofut, born April 15, 1843. The other was Andrew Comstock Dibble, born March 15, 1845.

Now, these two boys in later life became my father and my stepfather. They went to the same school and grew up together. In afteryears, when the Civil War broke out, my father, Isaac F. Crofut, had joined the Navy and went off to war in the service of his country.

My stepfather—the man who would become my stepfather—wanted to join the Army, but his father wouldn't hear of it because he said he was too young. He told him that when he became of age, if he still wanted to join the Army, why, he would consent. Anyway, he stayed at home and went to work as a hat finisher in Danbury.

When the war was finally over and Isaac Crofut came home, he was a hero, especially in the eyes of his old chum and pal. Isaac F. Crofut became known as "Ike" Crofut and was never referred to by the name of Isaac in later years. In fact, Andrew Dibble always called him "Ike," and Andrew Dibble himself became known as "Dan" Dibble, and was always known as Dan.

After the war was settled, the boys became interested in news that came from the West, especially Montana, where mining was very much in evidence at that time. Rich strikes were made in Montana and other western states, and the boys became more than interested in what was happening out there and finally decided to make a trip west to seek

adventure and fortune. The lure of the West is what called them.

They left Connecticut on June 10, 1867, and expected to be back within a year. In fact, they had promised their parents that at the end of the year, they would try every way to come back. But they never returned, even for a visit. And I'm a little bit afraid, from what I've heard, even the letters were few and far between.

Now, the two boys took the train from Bethel, Connecticut to New York, where they stayed over a day or two, and then took the boat on up to Albany, and from there the Erie Canal boat over to Buffalo. En route, they stayed a few days with some relatives at Syracuse, New York. From Buffalo, they went to the Niagara Falls, crossed the falls on a suspension bridge below the falls, and then proceeded on across to Lake Michigan and across Lake Michigan by boat to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

There, it seemed that their money, or finances, were becoming a little short, and they were looking for some way to replenish them. In doing so, they happened to be at a restaurant one evening and found out that the restaurant owner was wanting to sell. So a deal was made whereby they purchased the restaurant for a nominal sum, thinking to recoup their finances. But apparently, the owner knew that the terminal was going to be changed, the freight terminal. And when this happened, the restaurant was no longer a paying proposition, and they had to sell at a greatly reduced price. Then they were reduced to almost a minimum of finances.

So they took odds and ends of jobs in different occupations around Milwaukee for a time. And as my stepfather often told me, the sweetest music he ever heard seemed to be on the lake front when the Negro dock workers were singing at work, loading and unloading

the boats. He never forgot that music that he heard at that time. He said, "It floated out over the water and seemed to come in complete harmony."

Now, after a time, they left Milwaukee, determined to go to Chicago, where they thought they might be able to find employment for the winter. But there was no work in Chicago. And with their money about exhausted, they found their way down to the central part of Illinois, to neighboring farms. They each took a job on a farm for board and room for the winter. They worked there during the winter months until about April, without compensation other than board and room. And by the first of April, the farmers agreed to pay them eighteen dollars a month for their labor, ten hours to twelve hours a day, regular farm work, which was hard and long.

Then along about the first of June, or the middle of June, they decided they would go on, move. They had a little money saved up by that time, a few dollars, so they moved to St. Louis.

St. Louis at that time was the great gateway to the West, where outfitting was done for outfits moving west. They decided to move on up the river. They went to Kansas City, but didn't remain there long. From there, they went on to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Leavenworth first and then to the fort. They obtained work there, briefly.

Then they heard about a job as mule skinners. However, they had never seen a mule, but they decided to hire out as mule skinners, driving teams, to supply General Custer in the field. General Custer at that time was operating in Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, which was known as Indian Territory, because that was before it was a state.

So the job was offered; the government was fitting out fifty teams. Many teams had



been sent out before, but this was just a supplementary outfit that was going out to supply General Custer, out beyond the reach of the railroad. The railroad was building west at that time and had reached a location near the central part of Kansas. After a while, they were ready to go. It took them some time to prepare the teams for shipment, or for the trip. There were fifty teams of six mules apiece, each team pulling one wagon. The wagons were of the schooner type with bows and canvas to protect the loads. The loads that were hauled were principally grains and feeds and food supplies for the men in the field, also some ammunition and things of that type.

The outfit left Leavenworth along in the early fall and proceeded westward. There were no brakes on the wagons, so, in going downhill, they had to put on what they called a "rough lock."

And from Fort Leavenworth, they went to Topeka, and then to Fort Riley, past Abilene, Salina, Fort Harper, Fort Zarah, and headed south. They found the road at the beginning quite good, but as they proceeded farther on, the road became dusty and rutty. Of course, the roads were not maintained at that time.

Then as they left Fort Zarah and were about two days out of Fort Zarah, one morning, early, there was a dense fog that covered the landscape, and my stepfather, Andrew Dibble, fell back because one of the trace chains on the wagon broke, and he fell back while the others proceeded ahead. And about the time that he had the trace chain repaired, he heard a great commotion up ahead, and he sensed that there was an Indian attack. And he jumped on his wheeler, which was a mule, the near wheeler, and urged the team off at a run. The team, the mules, had perhaps heard Indian attacks before, so that they ran at full speed until they finally came within sight of the wagon teams bunched up

in the fog. And my father could see ahead, and saw that the Indian attack was from the other side at that time. However, they were coming around to his side. In a short time they would have circled the bunched-up wagon train. Well, he ran his team in among the others and was saved that way. But one of the drivers wasn't as lucky as he was. The Indians ran him out on the plain and shot him and scalped him and took the supplies, what he had in the wagon, and made off.

A little farther on, they encountered a buffalo migration near Fort Lamed. The buffalo came by the thousands. They were going south. Something must have frightened them. As a usual thing, buffalo don't travel on a lope or gallop; they usually go at a walking pace. But this migration was going on the gallop. They could see the dust off at quite a distance first, and then as they approached, why, it looked like a waving mass of animals coming. The wagon master ordered the teams to stop, because he knew that the buffalo, wherever the leader went, why, the rest would follow. So they finally passed without doing much damage and went on south down toward the river.

Then the train moved on towards Dodge City, which was not Dodge City at that time; it was Fort Dodge. Dodge City was not founded until a few years later, and it is near the city of Dodge City today. From Fort Dodge, they turned south to Camp Supply in Indian Territory, where they were supposed to leave their supplies for Custer, General Custer.

General Custer was operating at that time in Indian Territory. He had been ordered by "Little Phil" Sheridan to rescue two white women who had been captured by the renegade Indians under Chief Black Kettle. So when the supply train arrived in Camp Supply in Indian Territory, they unloaded most of the supplies there. But they were also

to take some supplies on down to Fort Cobb because that was where Custer was operating at last report. General Custer and "Little Phil" Sheridan returned triumphantly from the expedition a few days later when the supply train also came back to Fort Supply. And so my father and stepfather, Dibble and Crofut, witnessed his triumphant return with the women. He'd also captured two of the chiefs from the renegade Indians and were carrying them back to Fort Hayes.

So they proceeded on to Fort Hayes and the government supply train unloaded at Camp Supply. They also went back to Fort Hayes and took on a few supplies at Fort Hayes and then returned to Fort Leavenworth. That was in the spring of 1868. For a time after that, Dibble and Crofut both worked as cowboys, or herdsmen, whatever you choose to call them, working for the government driving cattle from Abilene and Salina up into the Dakotas. There was no South and North Dakota at that time. It was all Dakota territory. The Indian agency was known as the Whetstone Indian Agency. They helped with three cattle drives, and one winter they spent in the lowlands along the Missouri River herding cattle for the Indians.

My stepfather always enjoyed telling about when they were herding cattle there. One day, there was a Sioux warrior came to the camp on his way south to steal horses from the Pawnees. The Pawnees were another tribe which was not as numerous as the Sioux. But they were quite a well known tribe at the time, too, and quite war-like, and war existed between the two tribes for many years. He came there and stayed overnight; he was in his war paint and had his war pony. And in the morning, he left, going on south, singing his war song. But he never returned, so they assumed the Pawnees got him before he had a chance to accomplish his mission.

They also said that the Sioux, becoming impatient, a good many times the warriors would come in to their herd and drive some of their steers, cut them out and take them back home without their permission, which was quite exasperating, but the Sioux were quite determined to have their way.

In the spring of 1871, quite early, they heard about a drive which was being organized to go to Salt Lake City to drive five thousand head of Texas steers to be delivered to the Mormon church in Salt Lake City. And one of their agents had come to Salina and purchased the five thousand head of Texas steers, which had previously been brought up along the Chisholm Trail to Salina.

So the boys talked it over together and finally decided that they would join up on the drive to Salt Lake City. They left sometime during the early summer, left Sauna with the cattle, and moved on towards Salt Lake City. On the route there, why, many of their horses became leg-weary and tired or crippled, had to be traded for other horses that were not nearly as good stock. But eventually, the drive was completed and they arrived in Salt Lake City quite late in the autumn of '71 and delivered the cattle to the Mormon church.

In Salt Lake City at the time was an agent for Wines and Montgomery of Ruby Valley, Nevada, who purchased some six hundred head of these same stock that was brought from Salina. And they engaged three of the men to drive them on to Ruby Valley. Two of these men were Crofut and Dibble, my father and stepfather in later years.

They herded the cattle one winter—fall and winter of '71 and '72, spring of '72, in the lowlands along the border of Utah and Nevada, then early in the spring of '72, started on their way to Ruby Valley. And as they crossed the plains going almost directly west, they could see the mountains in the distance.

The Ruby Mountains loomed up. They were still covered with snow at that time of the year. And as they drew closer and closer, why, they were glad to come to a place which looked like it was a place of civilization.

Reaching Ruby Valley, they herded the stock for the summer in Secret Canyon, or Secret Pass, where the grass, as my stepfather always told us, was belly high to a horse. In those times, there was no stock to eat the grass down, like there has been in recent years.

That fall, Andrew C. Dibble hired out to drive beef cattle from there on down to Pioche and Eureka, while Ike Crofut hired out to Pete Lovell as a telegraph line maintenance man operating between Ruby Valley and in the vicinity of Austin, Nevada, on the Overland telegraph line. Andrew Dibble continued with his work for several years. We'll hear about him a little later in the story.

Isaac Crofut's life as maintenance man from Ruby Valley to Austin led him by Diamond Station which was on the west side of the Diamond Range in central Nevada, which was the Old Overland Route of the Pony Express and also, the Overland Stages before that day. That gives you a little brief history of my father's and stepfather's background.

Now, on my maternal side of the family, I'll give you a brief outline also. It was probably about the year of 1864 that one Phillip Clark and his young friend, Joe Studer by name, left Iowa City for a trip to California to investigate the gold fields of that notable state. They rode on horseback, each riding a horse and had one pack animal which they led. This animal carried their bed and food supplies on the trip west. Now one of the stops they made was at Diamond Station on the west side of the Diamond Range. And they liked the place and laid over for a few days to rest their animals and then went on to California. But

they didn't make a fortune in California as they had hoped. And on their way back, they also stopped at Diamond Station for a day or two. Then they proceeded on to their home in Iowa City.

About ten years later, or about 1874, this same Phillip Clark married a widow by the name of Christine Dix who had three daughters by her former husband, George Dix, who died in the Civil War and was buried in the national cemetery at Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was my maternal grandfather. The daughters' names were Louise, Emma, and Lila Dix. The young companion on the trip to California was Joe Studer, as I mentioned. He later married Louise Dix, the oldest of the daughters. And the young couple fitted out a team and wagon and headed west overland.

Joe Studer hadn't forgotten Diamond Station, and he thought he would take his young bride there and make their home for a while, at least. So after perhaps close to a month of hard going over rough roads and during the summer heat and dust, they climbed the east side of the Diamond Range and dropped down into Diamond Valley, at Diamond Station.

Diamond Station had big springs; there were three large springs. The water ran out from the springs and down over the land which made meadowland down below. It was quite a captivating place, after having traveled across the desert lands for such a distance. : never knew for sure whether they rented the place, leased it, or whether they bought the place, but I doubt very much that they bought it because they weren't financially able to buy it. Anyway, they made it their home for several years.

In the year of 1877, along in the spring, Louise Dix Studer wrote home the news that a happy event was about to transpire along

the first of June of that year. So her sisters, Emma and Lila, talked it over and decided to go out to Nevada and be with sister Lou during that trying time, way out there in the lonely Far West.

So, boarding a train in Iowa City, they headed west late in May and arrived at Elko by train. Joe Studer went with team and met them there and took them on home to Diamond Station. It was quite a drive, because they themselves were not used to it either. It was about eighty miles from Elko to Diamond Station. It took two full days on the trip.. Now, the happy event was a girl, named Lila Celia Studer. She was born June 3, 1877.

Well, Diamond Valley—I want to give you a little bird'seye view of Diamond Valley so that you will get some idea as to what it was like.

People oftentimes asked us how Diamond Valley got its name. It was not because of any jeweled wealth that was ever found in the valley or anything of that sort. Some say it was because of the shape of the valley. It was, in a way, shaped like a diamond, but I think it was more of an elongated oval than it was a diamond.

The valley itself was about forty-five miles long and about ten miles wide at the longest and widest places. The Diamond Range forms the eastern border of the valley, and it is quite a lofty range in comparison with some of the others. It has deep canyons and some quite high peaks. The highest peak is Diamond Peak, which is over 10,000 feet high. And these canyons gather snow during the wintertime in times of heavy snowfall. And every spring, there's water running from practically every one of the canyons, beginning usually about late May or early June. And they run usually into July, depending on the amount of snow that is deposited in the canyons. The range on the west side is lower, and it bends around

to the right to meet the Diamond Range at Railroad Canyon, which is at the northeast corner of Diamond Valley.

And Eureka itself, the old mining town, is nestled part way up a gentle slope in a pass in the south end of the valley. And the old mining town of Ruby Hill is located on a hillside about three miles west of the town of Eureka. The cemeteries, of which there are seven, lie on the road between Eureka and Ruby Hill. Then in the northwest corner of Diamond Valley, up a little canyon, is the old town of Union, which at one time created quite an excitement as a mining town.

The valley gradually slopes from the south to the north. Geologists tell us that at one time, perhaps all this area was covered with water. And since the general slope of that part of the country is from south to north, the water flow was in that direction. And their explanation is that water first entered the valley through what is now known as Devil's Gate, at the southwest corner of the valley, and it spilled over the mountains there, which are quite low, and cut it down almost to valley level, then, passing through the valley, probably had its exit at Railroad Canyon, which is in the northeast corner of the valley; that it cut that exit, also, down almost to valley level. The water marks are still noticeable on the hills surrounding.

The south end of the valley itself is covered with scrub sagebrush and white sage. That is the area which is now farmed during the last ten or twelve years; there's been quite a farming activity in that part of Nevada. At first, they had to experiment with the crops to find out which crop would best suit the area, or was best suited to grow at that particular place. They planted a great many potatoes at the beginning, but potatoes didn't do so well. They did get one or two good crops of potatoes, but frost damaged the crop extensively one year,

and there was a lot of them that didn't produce at all. So potato raising has gone out, and it's been replaced by alfalfa and grain, principally. These crops are raised by a sprinkler system. They had drilled wells and pumped the water out of the wells and they have sprinklers which can be moved from one place to the other for irrigation purposes.

At the north end there's an alkali lake or alkali flat, which is dry most of the year now. The alkali flat was left by the receding water after the lake dried up, and the alkali that was in there was the residue from the lake which perhaps covered the north end of the valley. This alkali flat is about eight by fifteen miles in size, and is almost perfectly level, but does slope a little bit toward the north. And water from the melting snow was deposited on the flat itself during the winter, also from streams which flowed down from the mountains onto the flat, which left usually perhaps six or eight inches of water covering a large part of the flat in early spring. It was rarely deeper than six or eight inches, and in some places sometimes, why, it was more shallow than that.

The surface of the flat under the water was rather oozy, kind of a slimy surface of alkali mud. And as you moved deeper into the soil, it was more firm. It was firm enough to bear the weight of a horse without his miring down.

In spring, when the mud started to dry on the flat, a horse trying to cross would gather great clods of alkali clay on his feet. And that was the time that the going was very much harder than at any other time.

In summertime, after the water had dried off, the flat was real firm and hard. And during the summer, soda would gradually form on the flat, and there would be a certain amount of dust gather on the flat. But it wasn't as firm in the fall as it was during the early summer.

Scattered over the alkali flat in various places and in various sizes were what appeared

to be volcanic rock. The color was always black, rather porous, not too heavy. These rocks moved during the springtime when there was water on the flat. The wind and the ripples and the waves would gradually move the rocks from one place to the other and leave a track. After the water had dried out in the summertime, we could see those tracks, and they always led up to the rock. And newcomers would wonder what caused those tracks. The rock would move ever so slowly by the force of the little waves against it, which showed that the oozy surface of the flat served as a lubricant, perhaps, for the rocks itself. These curves, or tracks of the rocks, were of various shapes. Sometimes, the rock would come back almost to its original position. But usually, they weren't more than a few hundred yards long, so that was perhaps as far as they would ever travel during a season. The newcomers would wonder about the[laughing] reason for these tracks.

When one was crossing the flat on horseback or otherwise when there was water on the flat, there was—especially if there was a little wind blowing—a sensation of seasickness because of the waves and the ripples that were on the surface. If we would stop our horse and stand still, it would seem that we were moving and the lake itself was standing still. It seemed to be drifting away, and that was one reason why if we didn't keep moving, why, we might get the sensation of seasickness.

It dried up rather slowly in the late spring, and by early summer, usually, the flat was beginning to have dry spots on it. In crossing it at that time, why, we'd usually try to skirt the flat so that we would keep out of the water.

Before the flat itself was dry, or just as soon as the surface water was off, little flakes of alkali would form on the surface. And these would be more elevated than the rest, while



the rest were still quite wet. And it was quite surprising to see that a wind coming up at that time would carry these little flakes of alkali, or alkali mud which. had been mud—it was now alkali dust—carry them into the air. And as we'd look south from whence the windstorm was coming, we could see, low down, a little rising of dust. Then as time went on, the next half hour, why, it would be very much higher until it was a regular cloud of dust, whirling and swirling down the valley. It would leave the valley on the north end, which was lower, and go on over into Huntington and Mound Valleys and perhaps even farther north.

At midday in September, the sun beats down mercilessly, and the white surface of the flat reflects the rays back into the face of the traveler. Then, when he looks off at a distance, the shimmering surface of the flat is transformed into what appears to be a lake of blue water, but which in reality is only the mirrored reflection of the sky. And as one rides toward it, it gradually recedes and melts away into the distance. Rocks a few inches high appear as high as a man, or sometimes even higher. And sometimes, it appears to be a man walking in the sky above the surface of the flat.

Animals of their own free will almost never venture out upon a flat. But one day when I was returning home from a trip to Sadlers', I saw, at some distance ahead, something that seemed to be bobbing up and down, a nebulous blob on the undulating white surface of the alkali. I urged my horse to a fast trot and soon overtook a full-grown badger, hightailing it for the east side of the flat. His gait of travel was a swinging lope. When he saw me coming up behind him, he turned and faced me and stood upright and showed fight. But as soon as I stopped my horse, he fell back on all fours and started off again, at a faster lope than before. I followed

him all the way across to the sand hills on the eastern edge of the flat, but he always turned upon me whenever [laughing] I got too close. There in the sand hills, he disappeared down an old badger hole among the sand hills. I continued on home, thinking and wondering about what I had seen.

Near the Diamond Station was also a telegraph station where the Overland telegraph went through. It followed the Overland Trail, or Overland Road, across the country. That was the first telegraph line that was ever built across Nevada. And it went through over Diamond Mountain there, and went down past Diamond Station and across, and eventually over to Austin and on west. That was the line which my father serviced during the time that he was working for them.

The station itself, Diamond Station telegraph station, was located about one mile north of Diamond Station. It was simply two rooms built of lumber which had never been painted. And it was just a shell, you might say, because they were single lumber with one-by-twelve and then four-inch battings on the outside to keep out the wind.

The southern room on the south was used for the office, or telegraph office, where they kept their operating apparatus. And I also remember there was, in my day—I can still see where the wire came in from the south because there were insulators still on the side of the building that I can remember. And they also used acid in some way in this building, because I remember that the acid containers were still there when I was quite a small boy.

About the year of 1875, William Francis Cox, who was a graduate of Columbia University in New York and also telegraph operator, was sent out to take charge as operator of this station. And he lived at the station, but there's no doubt that he was also over to Diamond Station a great part of the

time. So he met and married Lila Celia Dix in the year 1878, he the operator and Lila Celia Dix the one who had come to visit her sister at the time that the happy event was to transpire. To them were born George in 1879, Minnie in 1881, and Ollie in 1888.

Isaac F. Crofut, in his trips along the line as maintenance man, usually stopped for the night at Diamond Station. And there he met Emma Elizabeth Dix, the second of the sisters in age. They were married in 1879. And to them were born Fred in 1882, Grace in 1885, Andrew (myself) in 1889, and Ferris, Jr. in 1890.

About that time a new telegraph line had been built along the present SP railway line, and there was no longer a need for the old line running across the central part of Nevada. So the line was discontinued and torn down. But the Cox family continued to live at the old Overland telegraph station.

During the interim, two rooms had been added to the original stone building that was used for the station, the telegraph station. One of the rooms was on the west, and the other on the north. These were quite substantial rooms and well built, warm in the winter and cool in the summer. They were used by the family principally for living rooms. The one on the west was used as a kitchen, and the one on the north was used as a living room. It had a quite a spacious fireplace and was very comfortable.

Anyway, Mr. Cox (of course, my uncle) fenced some more land, and they owned a few cattle and a few horses from which they eked out an existence or living for a few years until George became old enough to take over.

Ike Crofut and his bride settled on forty acres of land at Mud Springs which was three miles south of Diamond Station. They built a log cabin there, very crude in construction. They had earth floors, an old wood cook stove, and they got their water from a spring

which was there. Mud Springs was a "dinner station," a noon stop midway between the night stations of Box Springs and Diamond City. Mother used to serve hot lunches to the teamsters.

Now I'm going to let my brother tell of a little incident that occurred at that time [reading note by Ferris Crofut]:

Here at Mud Springs was the favorite watering place for a lot of the half-wild cattle that the ranchers had at that time. Mother had to dip a pail into the clean, clear water where it bubbled up and to get the water for the household use.

They had a dog named Bob, which was mostly English bulldog. He also went along to the spring as a rule with my mother.

One day, as Mother was returning to the cabin from the spring, she heard a noise behind her. And turning around, she saw a wild cow bearing down upon her. She was so frightened she couldn't move. She stood stark still. When the cow got to within about ten feet, old Bob took over. He jumped up and grabbed the cow by the nose and held on until Mother got safely in the house.

But for Bob, this story might never have been told.

As I said, the house, or cabin, had a dirt floor. Mother used to keep the floor sprinkled to keep it damp so that it wouldn't be dusty. She perhaps had a throw rug or two, but I'm not sure about that. She also sprinkled the floor with sand occasionally to keep the dust down.

The cabin was not very substantial; it was laid right on the ground with nothing

under it. However, within a few years it was moved away, because about the year 1881, my folks bought a place at Box Springs, which was seven miles north of Diamond Station. They bought the place from Nels Ouderkirke who had owned it for a number of years and operated it as a station and also raised a few cattle and horses. And my folks bought the station, the ranch, and the stock, complete.

It consisted of three log rooms, quite well built of logs which were hewn and well fitted. Ouderkirke had built a large living room just to the north, which connected to the log house. This was about fourteen or sixteen by eighteen feet. It was made like a stockade. It had been homesteaded land and consisted of about a hundred acres of meadow and pastureland. There was also a spring just below the house. At this place, we children were all born—Fred in 1882, Grace in '85, I in '89, and Ferris in '90.

The house consisted of dirt roof, chinked sides; and then the sides, after being chinked, were daubed with mud to keep the cold out. The fireplace—there was a large fireplace in the living room that had been built on. That was added about 1879. There was also a cellar dug on the east side of the kitchen which was separate from the house and about eight or ten feet distant. It was simply a hole in the ground about twelve by twelve feet and about five feet deep and logs laid around on the outside to a height of about two and a half feet, and then a dirt roof put on that, similar to the dirt roof that was put on the house. The roof on the house was built by—heavy timbers were laid across the log part or stockade. On top of that were laid cottonwood poles quite close together, and on top of that was laid cedar bark, which would not decay or rot. Under the cedar bark, I forgot to mention, was burlap. They put burlap bags to keep any dirt from sifting through the house.

There was an old stairway, direct stairway, going down into the cellar, that was just a sort of dirt ramp, or sloping entrance to the cellar, which sloped from the cellar door to the central part of the cellar. And my mother, in going up and down, or anyone else who wanted to go up and down, had to run down, it was so steep. And in coming back up, they had to go to the other—far east side of the cellar and take a run. I always wondered how Mother could carry that pan of milk up that runway. There were no steps.

In the cellar, there was a potato bin which was on the north side of the excavation, and then there was a large table in there, and there was shelving, and a rack for the pans of milk, and other racks for other commodities that we wanted to keep down there. It was fairly warm, but it could freeze in the wintertime. And in the summertime, it was not as cool as they would have liked it to be. In later years, my Father Dibble and Fred put a shade over the top of it to keep the heat of summer out.

The dirt on the roofs built up and built up. Each fall we had to, of course, haul more dirt to put on there because it would wash off during the summer and winter and spring and fall storms that came on, until in some places, the dirt would get a foot or a foot and a half deep.

My father was able to take care of the ranch, but he had ideas of improving it. And it was almost too much work, because we did have a lot of teamsters there all the time, coming and going. And taking care of the teams and one thing and another took a great deal of his time.

So in the fall of 1887, he wrote to Andrew C. Dibble, who was then in Butte, Montana. And I want to give you a little summary of what Andrew C. Dibble had done during the interim of time when we left him in Ruby Valley.



About 1876, he became tired of driving cattle from Ruby Valley down to the mining towns of Pioche and Eureka and other small mining towns in the vicinity. And he decided to go on another trip. He left Ruby Valley in the spring of 1876. He had purchased a wagon, a team, and had the wheels of the wagon set so that they would be in good condition for the trip. He proceeded on down to the Virgin and the Little Muddy Rivers. And coming to St. Thomas, he found it almost deserted, excepting for one man. It had been a Mormon community, but at that time, Brigham Young had called all these Mormons back to Utah, as he had done also here, at Genoa. So they had sold out to this one man; he bought it lock, stock, and barrel. So there was just the one man living there. Father Dibble stayed there for a few days and rested, then proceeded on down to the Colorado River, reaching there on the Fourth of July in the summer of 1876.

He crossed the river by a ferry boat. There was a ferry in operation at that time, Stone's Ferry. They loaded the wagon on the ferry and led the horses behind; the horses swam behind. And they crossed the river in that way.

And he proceeded on down to Prescott and then on to Phoenix. In Phoenix, he became ill with what he termed "fever and ague," which was malaria, as we know it today. He was very sick with this fever and ague, and water was not too good at that time. They didn't test water for germs or anything of that type, like they do today. So he vowed that if he ever got over this fever and ague, he would leave there and go to a cooler country.

Well, now, early in the fall, he was able to leave and proceed north. He eventually found his way to Denver, Colorado, where he remained for some months, working as a teamster and various other jobs. Then he heard about the excitements, gold and other excitements.

From Denver, he continued on over to Breckinridge and Leadville, which were booming towns; especially Leadville was booming at the time. And he remained in Leadville for approximately four years. They did some leasing. He had a partner, took a partner there, and they did some leasing and also drove teams, teamsters, and did other odd jobs at that time.

And then, he moved on to Virginia City, Montana. And after a year or so in Virginia City, moved on to Butte, where he spent a considerable length of time at Butte. He said that was the coldest place he had ever been. He experienced temperatures of sixty-five below zero there in Butte. And as he told it, why, they used to get up in the morning and wash their hands in the basin, open the door and throw the water in the air, and it was ice before it hit the ground.

Well, he and his partner at the time decided to go out on a little hunting expedition, probably about the year 1884. Accordingly, they rigged up a team, hired or borrowed a team, four-horse team, with a wagon with bows and covered with canvas, and went down to the Big Hole Basin, which is south of Butte, where they hunted for the fall and early winter months. It abounded in all kinds of game, especially deer and elk. And in a short length of time, they had killed enough game to fill their wagon clear up to the bows. As they killed the game, they would dress it—that is, take out the entrails—and hang the carcasses in the trees to freeze. They would freeze there, and, of course, remain in prime condition until they were ready to leave. After they had filled their wagon to the bows, they hitched the team back up and went back to Butte, where they sold the entire load to one of the large meat places there in Butte. And the owner said that was the finest load of game that he ever saw come

in to Butte. And they had a lot of fun also in hunting the game.

Then they heard of excitements over in Murrayville and Eagle City, across the Bitterroot range in Idaho that was supposed to be a very, very rich strike at that time, So they got in touch with a man who had a team—pack train—and he was preparing to take the pack train to operate, carrying supplies into these new mining towns of Murrayville and Eagle City.

They went north on the train to Belknap, which is on the Clark Fork River, about two hundred miles north of Butte. There, they took off their horses and mules. And it was from that point that they packed across the Bitterroot range to Eagle City and Murrayville.

They made one or two trips and then were given the herculean task of transporting a safe which weighed six hundred pounds across the Bitterroot Mountains to Murrayville. They selected their largest and best animal, which was a mule—they called her “Peg.” And she was selected as the one to carry the safe across the mountains. A special saddle had to be made for the safe so that it would also fit the safe and fit the animal’s back. And this took some little time. During that time they made another trip across, and when they returned, the saddle was there, and Peg was also ready to go.

Well, of course, there were other materials, other supplies that they packed at the same time that they took the safe. But the safe was loaded onto the mule, and to rest the mule’s back occasionally, they had a tripod made that was high and big enough with a block and tackle arrangement so that they could lift the load off the mule’s back occasionally en route to rest her during the day, and, of course, then also during the night.

They didn’t make a very long trip each day. Along the trail across the mountains, it was

quite a steep ascent on both sides, a descent on the other side. Occasionally, there was a turnout place for pack trains coming the other way because there were several other pack trains operating besides the one where Andrew Dibble was working. And there was also night stations where they stopped during the night. The snow, of course, became deeper and deeper as time went on. And by the time they had completed the trip carrying the safe across, the snow was really quite deep.

Of course, Peg appreciated the occasional rest that they gave her by lifting the load off her back. And eventually, they made the trip and got the safe safely into Murrayville and delivered it to the party where it was to be taken. I’m not sure whether it was a bank or some commercial organization that had to have the safe.

When Peg finished her journey and delivered the safe to Murrayville, she was found dead the next morning in her stall. It had just been too much of a strain on a poor old mule, and she had given all she had and succumbed to the result.

Murrayville and Eagle City were booming towns at that time. There was hardly any place to stop overnight; you couldn’t get a room for love or money. About the only places that were available were flophouses, which operated night and day. The minute one man was out of his bunk, another was back in. And the prices were exorbitant also. And there were mostly tents, very few buildings of any substantial character. And money flowed freely in all directions.

When they made their last trip, they also—after they had given up the packing job, he and his friend took a little trip up farther north to see if they could do a little prospecting in that vicinity. But finding nothing of promise, they veered around toward the north and came back. This section

was in the Coeur d'Alene Valley. The Coeur d'Alene River drains practically all that area. So it was known as "the Coeur d'Alenes." Father Dibble always spoke of it as "packing into the Coeur d'Alenes," rather than into Eagle City and Murrayville. And for a long while, I thought he had packed into Coeur d'Alene itself, the town of Coeur d'Alene, but that was not the case.

On their return trip towards Butte, they swung around and came back toward the old trail. They saw there at the site of the old trail an ice wall, an ice wall still standing, which was the old trail. The other snow, which had not been packed, had melted away, and the old trail was still standing there, winding its way across the hills and down into the gulches and back up the other side, and on toward Murrayville. That was a magnificent scene. And this wall was solid ice. And on each side of the wall, occasionally, as he went along, he found where an animal, pack animal, had slipped off the ice trail during the winter and fallen down into the snow, floundered around, could not be gotten back, and had perished there in the snow. His bones were still left there.

So as I mentioned before, my father, Isaac Crofut, at Box Springs, had written to the old friend, Andrew Dibble, at Butte, and told him if he ever got tired of running around to come back there, because he had plenty of work. He wanted to improve the ranch, and he also wanted to add some rooms and do other work of improvement on the place.

So Andrew Dibble, known as Dan Dibble, decided that he had had enough running around and had gathered no moss. As he said, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." And he gave us that advice in after years. He said, "Settle down to one thing." He said, "I was a rolling stone for so many years and I gathered no moss." He said, "If you'll listen to what I have

to say, why, perhaps it might be of benefit to you in later years."

He arrived back in Diamond Valley in the year 1887, after having been in Butte and that vicinity for such a long time. He had driven teams there after he came back from his packing expedition into the Coeur d'Alenes.

Now, Father met him at the railroad station and brought him to Box Springs, where he went in with my father and [they] started repairing, building up the ranch.

They built on two rooms, a long kitchen about eighteen feet long and about ten feet wide running between the original building and the cellar and connecting up to each, so that there was no space between. That was how the steer was able to get up on the roof of the cellar and walk over to the main house. (I will tell about the steer in a moment.) They also built another bedroom just to the south of that. So now there were three bedrooms in the building, and it made it quite a comfortable home. During this time, a new stairway was built from the kitchen to the cellar and the old door and sloping descent removed. The stairs were hewn from pine logs.

The year 1889 soon came along after that—anyway, the hard winter, and it was a hard winter. The ranchers there had all had cattle, not very many, but some of the ranchers did have a great many cattle, too, like the Sadler ranch. But they had not depended on feeding cattle during the winter because their ranges were good in those days; there was plenty of feed on the outside, and people didn't bother about fencing their land either, because the cattle had always come through the winters in good shape. So early in the fall of 1889, snow began to fall, in early December or late November, and it grew deeper and deeper and drifted. It drifted over the fences and up against buildings and became so hard that the cattle could walk on top of the snow

drifts. And the cattle couldn't find any feed on the range because it was so deep. Especially cattle don't paw for feed like horses do, and they drifted around the ranches and died on the doorsteps or near the buildings—wherever they could find a little bit of shelter.

One night, as my mother always told us, in that same winter (I don't remember it because I was too young, being less than a year old), a steer walked on a snowdrift, a young steer, I think perhaps a two-year-old, or maybe only a yearling, walked on a snowdrift up onto the cellar, and from the cellar up onto the roof of the house. And walking around on the roof of the house, one hoof found a soft spot, and his leg came through the roof. And a shower of snow and dirt came down into the living room. My mother always pointed out the spot to us in later years, said, "That's where the steer's foot came through the roof in the winter, the hard winter."

After the snow went off in the spring, there were few cattle left. Father Crofut had only sixteen head of cattle left. Practically every morning they had to drag cattle away from around the house, drag them farther away out into the snow. So they had learned their lesson. All the ranchers of that valley decided that they would fence. So they began to fence more land and to irrigate it and to cut hay in preparation for any hard winter that might come.

My father raised horses and cattle for a living, perhaps about an equal number of each. And Uncle Elmer (uncle on my father's side, a brother of my father) shipped a colt from Kalamazoo, Michigan, shipped him by express to our place. I never knew what the express charges were, but they must have been quite a figure. Anyway, Uncle Elmer wanted to help to build up our herd of horses. He was a fine colt, but it was not a very profitable undertaking because "Kal," as we called him,

from Kalamazoo, where he originated, died when he was perhaps two years old. And we took him down, dragged him down below the field, below the meadow, onto a piece of meadowland below the lower fence. And we always knew that spot as "where Kal died."

In the fall of each year, all the ranchers gathered together and rounded up the horses that were on the range in order to work them, to brand and geld them, and otherwise take care of them, separate them out, some to break and some to ship. And a lot of them would gather horses [at] our place and put them in our large corral. The ranchers working together would then assemble there and work the horses. Our large corral, which was between the house and the barn (or stable, as we always called it) was filled with horses at that time. And there was plenty of noise. The mares were whinnying for their colts and calling for them; the colts would get lost in the milling around of the horses in the corrals.

They worked the horses in from the big corral into our other corral, which was the beefgallows corral, and from there worked the ones that they wanted to work immediately into what we called the round corral. The round corral was perhaps a hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter, and in the center was what we call a snubbing post, which was about five feet high and sunk in the ground about four feet and thoroughly, securely anchored with rocks tamped in around it.

Sometimes, the horses were worked by hand. In that case, the roper would rope a horse by the neck, snub him up to the snubbing post, and then they would get a rope around his front feet and pull him down, and do what was necessary. In other cases, which was mostly done, was the better, younger men would go in on horseback and get the horses to circling around the corral. There wouldn't be more than perhaps ten or twenty

horses in the corral at that time—get them to circling around the corral—and then would rope them by their front feet, and the saddle horse then would sit back as the rider took a turn around the horn and the victim, running, would naturally fall. Then there was always a man handy to jump on the fallen horse, put his knees on his neck, and hold his nose up off the ground, because a horse must always get his head up in order to get on his feet. He never can get up if his head is on the ground. Like a cow always gets up with her hind feet first, but a horse is the opposite.

On the outside of the corral, we always had a fire going for the brands to brand the young colts, and the older men and the young boys tended the fire and the brands (branding irons) out there. Ferris and I took a hand in that after we got a little older. But my father was chief brand tender at the time. He kept the fire up and would hand the brands through the fence to the men working inside. Branding was not a very difficult operation, because a hot iron was just applied to the place on the skin of the animal for just a brief second or two and taken right off.

In telling you the story of our handling of the horses that we had at that time, I should mention how the corrals were made. I mentioned corrals, but not how they were made.

In building a corral at that time, we always marked out the outline of the corral on the earth and then dug a trench the full distance around, excepting where the gates were supposed to be. The trench was usually about one foot wide and about two and one-half feet in depth. And in the trench were set posts, which were usually about ten to twelve feet high, depending upon the use that was going to be made of the corral. Now, these posts were of cedar, as we always called them, cedar, but there was no true cedar in the

eastern part of Nevada; they were juniper, but we always called them cedar. Everyone spoke of them as cedar. These posts were trimmed to a length so that they would present an even appearance at the top. They were set closely together, all the butts down in the trench, excepting, as I said, where the gate was supposed to be. They were tamped in quite tightly with small rocks and dirt to a depth of about one foot. Then, small cottonwood poles, cottonwood or quaking aspen poles, were used. These poles were not usually fully cured so that they would be a little supple, or pliant, so that they could conform to the shape of the corral, or the shape of the fence. These were used as binders on the corral to bind the posts together to keep them separated a little at the top because the tops were smaller, of course, than the butts. They were fastened to the fence about six feet from the ground, all around.

To bind these binders to the posts, they used strips of rawhide, because wire at that time was very expensive and hard to get. The rawhide was cut to a width of about one inch, or an inch and a half, after being thoroughly soaked in water so it would become supple and pliant. Then it was wrapped around the post and around the binder, and back around another post, and around the binder again, and so on, clear around the fence. This made a very strong binder, really stronger than the wire would be, and much more snug and solid, because when the rawhide dried, it shrunk and made a very solid fence.

Then after the binder was put on and the rawhide applied, the soil, dirt, was filled in at the bottom, and rocks, and tamped solid. And at each end where the gate was supposed to be (the holes for the gateposts were dug three and a half to four feet in depth), an extra large, heavy post was used as a gate post on each side of the gate. These posts we usually



fired, or charred, so that they would never rot. A cedar or juniper post will last for many, many years without rotting, even though it is not fired. But we usually fired it anyway to char the outside. So that was the way that our corrals were made at that time.

We mentioned also the lassos, or riatas, or whatever you may choose to call them, lariats-.we always called them riatas. I mentioned that they were made of rawhide also. These rawhide riatas required a lot of skill and art, made with a lot of meticulous care in order to be really nice ropes. In order to prepare the materials for a riata, the person who was making them had to soak the rawhide, prime rawhide, then scrape the hair off; then with a very, very sharp knife and a grooved board in order to keep it just exactly the right width, these strands were cut to a width of about three-eighths of an inch, I believe. That's the nearest I can remember, about three-eighths of an inch in width. And care had to be exercised so that all the strands would be exactly the same width. If the knife should slip and cut in and make it narrower, of course, it would make a weak spot on the riata. Then they were braided, five strands to a riata. They were braided very tightly and close together for the full length. Of course, some of the strands had to be spliced, and to do that, the maker would narrow down the ends of each one so that there would be no bulge or heavier place in the rope when it was finished. After it was all finished, then it had to be gone over very carefully, and any rough spot or protruding part was to be cut off. Then as the riata dried, it was fairly greased with tallow, and the tallow worked in, hung in the sun so that the tallow would go in and help to soften the rawhide. Otherwise, it would be fairly stiff. But these riatas were very strong and very effective. They held a loop much better than an ordinary grass rope that could

be bought at the stores. And they were almost indestructible, too; they would last for years if they were properly made and properly taken care of.

In the fall of 1890, my father made a last trip to California with horses. It had been his custom to, each fall, separate out a number of the horses, perhaps a carload, and ship them to San Francisco, there to be used on the San Francisco streetcar lines for pulling the cars. At that time, there were no trolley cars or electric operated cars. They were all done by horsepower. And the last shipment was made in the year of 1890.

When he returned from the shipment, he came back home with a heavy cold. He was unable to shake the cold; the cold was—seemed to hold on and hold on. That was in late November when he returned home. There was no doctor in the vicinity; nobody ever consulted a doctor, or would think about such a thing as consulting a doctor in those days. On January 7, 1891, my father awakened my mother, saying that he felt cold. Well, Mother got up and built a fire in the fireplace and got him up in a chair, wrapped blankets around him so that he would warm. And she thought perhaps a drink of jamaica ginger would help him, so she went to the medicine cabinet and was getting out the jamaica ginger bottle when she heard a little noise, and turning around, saw him slumped in his chair. And she ran to him and held his head in her hands, and he smiled up at her and was gone. And she called my stepfather, Mr. Dibble, and got him out of bed. The next day, they took my father to Eureka, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery in Eureka. Doctors have since told us that a cold of long duration can often deposit toxic poisons in the bloodstream that may damage heart valves.

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## RANCH LIFE IN DIAMOND VALLEY, 1889-1908

Well, my mother was grief-stricken at the loss of my father. She had four little children and didn't know what would ever happen or what she could do. Fred was eight, Grace was five, I myself was twenty-two months, and Ferris was only six weeks old. But Mr. Dibble took over, and he handled things in a very, very satisfactory way. He did everything for us the same way that our own father would have done. And he and my mother were married in Eureka on May 31, 1892, a year and a half after my father's death. I did not remember my father because I was only twenty-two months of age at the time.

Father Dibble was quite ingenious in making things out of nothing. He rigged up a blacksmith shop which was quite well filled with things that he needed to do the work on the ranch.

Now one of the most ingenious contraptions, or contrivances, that he built was a forge. We didn't have any regular bellows in those days, and he couldn't afford to buy one, of course. So he set up a post in the blacksmith shop, smoothed out one

end, one side, and drilled a hole through it, made a wheel which he called the "bellows wheel" out of boards. The bellows wheel was perhaps thirty-six inches in diameter. And the edge, the outer edge, was made concave by the fact that he beveled off the edges before he nailed them all together. Anyway, it was quite a wheel. This concave effect was for the purpose of a belt, which went around this bellows wheel and on down, and activated another wheel in a small box. The wheel was equipped with fans made from scrap coal oil can tin. When the wheel was operated, it would blow air up through a pipe to the forge itself. The forge consisted of an iron kettle with the bottom knocked out, set in, and rocks and dirt on the top. It was quite efficient, though. He could heat iron with the aid of charcoal, which they got from the pits in the mountains, the old pits that had been left there by the charcoal burners. And he could get this hot enough so he could weld (he knew how to weld) and shape his iron in most any way that he wanted with the anvil which he had.

Then he also—we didn't have a drill press, so we contrived a something which worked very well. He had over the work bench a one-by-four on a hinge, which projected out over the work bench, then another one at right angles which came down and crossed the first one in the middle, and there was a hole in each one which he slid a bolt through to hold them in that position. Then, under that, he would put his brace and drill, because the regular wood brace was all he had. And he'd put the drill in there, hang a weight of some type, usually a box of nails, on the outer end of the longer piece of one-by-four. So that way, there was perhaps forty or fifty pounds pressure on the drill. And by oiling the metal that he was drilling and turning the brace by hand, he was able to drill any material that he had to drill in making anything that was used on the ranch.

Well, Box Springs, our childhood home, was thirty-six miles north of Eureka on the east side of Diamond Valley. And it was originally conceived as a station, but as I said, the people who operated it before had cattle and a few horses. And when my father and mother bought it, why, they continued this operation as a station and also had the horses and cattle and a few more of each as time went by.

The teamsters hauled hay and grain and feeds of all kinds and other produce from ranches in Ruby Valley and Mound Valley to Eureka, and always came our way through Railroad Canyon. There was a large corral which was between the house and the stable, where it was always filled at night with the wagons and teams of horses that were coming and going on their way to and from Eureka. These teams operated usually through most of the year excepting during the spring when the roads were bad. They operated usually a part of the winter unless the snow got too bad and too deep.

The wagons had large wheels (most of the wagons [had] large wheels), especially the back wheels, or rear wheels, or hind wheels, as we always called them. The wheels on these wagons were at least six feet high, and the tires were four inches wide, and most of them were about an inch thick.

In the wintertime when the snow was on the ground, they could team perhaps better than they could most any [other] time of the year, especially if the ground was soft at all. But during the winter with the big teams, they could team in five or six inches of snow, and that was no drawback. But the weather was cold, which was no real drawback to them, either, because the ground was hard and the wagons ran easier than they would on a regular dirt road.

Ferris and I would get up in the morning, and then the teams would move out of the big corral, past the house, and on their way south, loaded with the grain for Eureka. These great wheels would creak in the snow and ice when the weather was really cold. Ferris and I would clear the frost off the window, the front door window, which was glass from about the central part up. We would scrape the frost off the glass and peer out at the teams going by. And I will never forget the noise that the wheels would make, creaking in the cold snow.

The team would go on out a little way, perhaps a few miles from the house, and then they would stop and oil the wheels. The wheels were oiled with castor oil. There was a hole drilled in the hub which went down through the hub in the wheel onto the axle. And, of course, the loads were too heavy; they couldn't take the wheel off and grease it like they did on small wagons, the small thimble-skein wagons, of three- or three-and-a-half-inch thimble-skein. The wheels were removed and axle grease was used as a



lubricant. The castor oil proved to be the best lubricant for these heavy wagons. In the real cold weather, the teamsters would have to warm their oil can by making a fire in a bush along the roadway and setting the can there to warm and thin down a little bit. Of course, the hole in the hub had to be pointed upwards in order to pour the oil down onto the axle. So they would have to perhaps move the team several times in order to lubricate the wheels on the wagons, because some holes would be up and some down.

The teamsters, as they would pass or were preparing their teams for the takeoff in the morning, would flail their arms in order to keep them warm, up and down and around their bodies, and we could see the frost hanging to their mustaches and beards as they passed going on down the road.

A little earlier than I can remember, ox teams used to haul the loads on wagons. But that was before our time; we don't remember the ox teams. However, Ferris and I often found shoes that had been thrown by the oxen on their way, been lost on the road. We would find them in the road or along the roadside. Of course, those shoes were different from regular horseshoes because they were made in halves in order to fit the cloven hoof of oxen. And there was also a thinner part which projected out from the rim of the shoe to protect the frog of the foot, which is not used on horseshoes. I don't know whatever happened to the shoes that we found. We had them there on the ranch for a long time, but perhaps they were left there when we left, also. There was an oxbow, too, also, in the old blacksmith shop which we often took down and admired.

My earlier recollections were of the teams strung out along the road. There were different lengths of teams according to the number of animals used. On the two-, four-,

and six-horse animals, there was a pair of lines to each pair of animals, so that a six-horse team, there were six lines that the driver had to manipulate in driving. That was no easy task, because to handle six lines in the cold weather, especially in using gloves to keep your hands warm, it was no easy task to handle the six lines. But it was done quite expertly by men who really were teamsters in those days. I marveled at the way they could handle those lines and keep them all taut at all times, and control each horse the way they wanted the horse to go.

They hauled, as I said, mostly grain and hay and feed for horses and cattle. They never hauled ore through there because ore was sent out on the railroad.

I want to give you a little story that my brother wrote. My brother, Ferris, now has been living in Albany, or near Albany, for over fifty years—Albany, New York. But he has never lost touch with the West. And his memory is very vivid; in fact he remembers a lot of things that I had forgotten, especially the details. I want to give you a little story of what he had to say. I wrote to him and told him that we were going to tell a little story of the old Diamond Valley days, so he sent a little contribution [reading]:

When the mines of Eureka were in their top production period, everything had to be done by horsepower. And horses had to eat, so there was a big demand for the hay and grain that was grown about seventy-five miles to the north of Eureka, in Mound Valley and Ruby Valley.

These teamsters who drove from six to fourteen head of horses and mules in a string of pairs were: Dave Crawford, Louis Benson, Sime

Merkley, “Cracker” Johnson, Clark Pierson, Jerry Ahern, just to mention a few of the teamsters who succeeded the old ox-drawn wagons.

Each teamster had a swamper to help him. The swamper was the helper who could do anything that the teamster himself could do, and helped him take care of the animals on the trip and also at night, an unharnessing and harnessing and hitching, and so forth.

These teams made about twenty miles a day, where the ox teams made in the neighborhood of twelve miles a day. They usually had two wagons which carried the hay and grain, or the cargo. And there was also a trailer which hauled the feed for use of animals and also, the bedrolls and food for the teamsters.

The wagons were connected by a short tongue between them. The lead wagon had a tongue of hickory, about eight feet long, which was stiff; that is, it was not movable up and down. It was stationary. It had a clevis, or a metal loop, and two rings in the end. And the two rings were used by the two wheel horses. The loop, or clevis, was used to fasten the stretcher of the pointer pair of animals to the end of the tongue. Also, the chain which pulled the wagons was fastened to it. The stretcher consisted of two singletrees (in the East, they are called whiffletrees) with each having a chain coming from the center of the singletree and hooking onto the two rings in the end of the tongue. They were separated by a light iron pipe or hickory two-by-two, which was on top of the main chain by which the

wagons were pulled. The chain was smaller as it extended farther and farther from the wagon. Each team had a smaller chain because it wasn't necessary to have such a heavy, strong chain for the leaders.

The names of the teams were in order: the wheelers, which were hooked at the tongue; next were the pointers; next were the swing; and then the others were not named until they came to the leaders.

The job of the wheelers was mostly just for pulling. The one of the left of the tongue was called the “near wheeler,” and the one on the right was called the “off horse.” The most important horse of all on the team was the leader, the near leader. He was a trained animal. He had to be—everything depended on him. He really took the orders from the teamster and implemented them. He was trained with a jockey stick. The jockey stick connected him with the other leader. Both animals had to be spirited horses which would keep the chain tight at all times, so that they would be out of the way of the ones that followed.

The driver, when making a sharp turn or on hilly roads, rode the near horse. A heavy strap was fastened to the top of the long bar, or brake handle, and this was kept over his shoulder. And he could put on the brake from his seat on the horse and release it as he chose. He also had a long strap extending from the wagon on through a ring in the hame of each pair of horses, the near horse, on each pair, and up to the bit of the near wheeler, who was the main horse,

as I have mentioned. This line was fastened to the bit in the near leader's mouth. And this was called a jerk line.

If a driver wanted to make a turn to The left, he would call, "Gee, Pete," and pull steadily on the strap. The near leader would then turn left, and the off leader, being fastened to him, would follow. And if he wanted to turn right, he would call, "Haw, Pete," and jerk on the jerk line. To turn left, then, he pulled steadily, and to turn right he jerked on the jerk line. And the near leader, being trained, knew just what to do when Those messages came to him through the line and also, through the voice of the teamster. And Pete, having a bit in his mouth, having it jerked, would throw his head up and turn right. And, of course, being fastened to the other horse by the jockey stick, as I mentioned, the other leader would also turn.

The leaders were spirited animals. They kept the chain taut. The other horses kept out of the way of The chain unless it was a sharp turn in town, or where a sharp turn was required.

The pointers, which was the second team, were not used excepting to pull. But if a sharp turn was needed, a call of "Gee" or "Haw" to the pointers, such as "Gee, Prince," or "Haw, Pat," and a pop of the blacksnake would result in Prince or Pat stepping or hopping over the taut chain, and, being hooked to the end of The tongue, would point the wagon in that direction. When the turn was made, Prince or Pat would step or hop back over the chain to his regular place.

The whip, or blacksnake, as it was called, was made of soft leather. It

was hollow, and a three-eighths-inch carriage bolt, six inches long, was encased in leather for the handle. And below this, the hollow casing was tapered and was filled with number six bird shot for about two and a half feet. Then a tapered, braided lash of soft leather was tipped by a popper, which was a piece of buckskin about six inches long and about an inch wide. All together, it was about eight feet long, and the driver usually had it around his neck—either around his neck, or he could hang it on the brake if he chose, if he had a thong at the end of the handle. He could make it pop like a gunshot if he wished, and the animals had a lot of respect for it, too. Any time they heard the driver or his swamper call "Gee-geet!" and heard the blacksnake crack, they would dig in and make the dirt fly.

End of my brother's story on that.

I was telling about the teamsters. I think Mr. Johnson, "Cracker" Johnson, as we always knew him (I don't know what his first name was), was one of the most colorful of all the teamsters; and he was the oldest of all the teamsters also. He was a rather small fellow, not more than about five feet five or six inches in height, and he was toothless, even at the time. And I remember very well, we used to listen to the stories that he told about his earlier days, especially in coming across the country. He mentioned the fact that he stopped at Chicago, which was then only a hamlet on the marshes along the shore of Lake Michigan. We remember him more distinctly in the last year or two that he operated as a teamster from Ruby Valley to Eureka. At that time, he hauled grains which consisted principally of oats and barley. Barley was

used to feed the teams doing the heavy work because that was a stronger feed than oats. And oats were used principally for driving teams or saddle horses. These loads were sold usually to the stables, like Fletcher's stable and Dan Lewis's stable, for use at the stable itself.

I remember very distinctly when we were quite young, we would see Mr. Johnson coming from the south after he had delivered his load in Eureka. We could see quite a distance in that direction. When we'd see him coming, we could always tell it was he because of his outfit. We would run in the house and tell our mother, "Well, Johnson is coming." And she knew that Mr. Johnson was always glad to get some hard-boiled eggs, because he himself was trying to operate as economically as possible and seldom took meals at the place. He would sit on the tongue of his wagon and munch soda crackers and cheese. And sometimes, he would do that day on end. That was the only meals he had in trying to save money so that he could operate.

When the eggs were done, why, by that time, why, Mr. Johnson would have the horses unhitched and tied to the wagon and have their feed for them. And he would get his lunch box out and start with his meal. She would send the eggs out to him and also a piece of cake or some doughnuts or whatever she might have with a pot of tea, which Mr. Johnson really was glad to get. And he was always appreciative. He'd like the eggs boiled hard, and no matter how hard they were, or if they weren't really hard, why, they were always just right. We'd ask him, "Mr. Johnson, how are the eggs?"

And he would always say, "Oh, they were just fine, just fine." He was always glad to get them. Of course, he didn't eat all the eggs at one meal. She'd usually boil about six each time to send out to him, but he would keep some of them for the next day.

As far back as we can remember, if I remember Mr. Johnson operating, he had about a six-horse team. But gradually, they became smaller and smaller; that is, the number of horses that he used and also the number of wagons.

I think that I can try to tell a little story about how he started out in the morning, using as best I can the words that my Father Dibble would have used and the expressions that he would have made in telling about Mr. Johnson's start: Well, Johnson was out in the corral getting ready to start in the morning. He would get the horses all hitched up and ready to go. And sometimes, they would have to switch from side to side before he could get them going out of the corral. But when they did start, they started out pretty fast. And they would go down to the bend in the road, or sometimes not that far. And it was a little hilly there, that is, it was a little uphill, and the team was still cold, and the collars on their shoulders felt cold. So they would stop dead in their tracks, and Johnson, he'd come on behind. And he would take the shovel off from the side of the wagon and run up alongside the team, beating on the ground and a-hollering, and the whole team would start to swing around to the other side. And Johnson, he'd run back and crawl between the wagons and run up the other side, beating the ground with his shovel and hollering at the team, and the team would swing around the other direction again. So Johnson would run back through between the two wagons and run up alongside the team on the other side.

Well, sir, Johnson would keep on doing this for some length of time until after a while the team got all het up, and Johnson got het up, and the team would start down the road on a dead run. And Johnson was following along behind, carrying the shovel over his shoulder. [Laughing] That was sure funny!

Johnson was knowing full well that he could catch up, because the team would slow down after they got down a few hundred yards. But it was always funny to me to see Johnson starting on a cold morning.

Father Dibble was a natural storyteller, and I don't profess to be in his category at all. But in telling the story of Tom Short and Cracker Johnson, I would like again to inject a few of his mannerisms and expressions into the talk. And for that reason I would attempt to tell it partially in the first person.

I knew Tom Short well. I first met Tom along in the early '70's, soon after we arrived in Ruby, about the time that I was driving beef cattle from Ruby down to Pioche and the other mining towns in that section. Tom was a big, raw-boned Irishman, tall and muscular. He had one of the best ranches in Ruby Valley, being one of the first settlers. He had a big creek of water running down from the mountains, the snow water, which ran across the road and into his pasture and into his meadowland. He used that for irrigating the land. In the springtime, the water would fill the creek, and sometimes if teams would come along, they would cut the bank of the creek and allow the water to run down the road. This was especially true with a man named Cracker Johnson. I don't know exactly what time Cracker Johnson started hauling grain from Ruby Valley to Eureka, but it was along in the late '70's, I think.

Anyway, as I said, old Cracker Johnson used to go right by and cut the ditch, and, of course, he did it without knowing or thinking about it. Some other teamsters would stop and have their shovel and would fix the ditch after they'd gone over it, to see the water didn't run down the road. But Cracker, he goes right along.

So Tom saw it; he sees it for a few times, and he gets kind of sore about it. So one time, he was waiting for Johnson to come along. So he sees Johnson go on down the road to one of the ranches north of his place, where Johnson loaded up his grain for his trip to Eureka. And he knows about what time Cracker is coming back. So, he waits for him. And when he sees Johnson coming, why, he's up there near the road. And when Johnson goes over and cuts the ditch, why, Tom, he hails Johnson and stops him, and he says, "Now," he says, "You went 'n' cut my ditch. You—you just get off and fix it!"

And Johnson, he says, "Well," he says, "why don't you fix your own ditch so it won't break? If you fix it so's it won't break, why, then you won't have no more trouble."

Well, Tom says, "You git off and fix it!"

And Johnson, he says, "No." He says, "I'm not gonna fix it."

So Tom, he reaches up and grabs old Johnson. He pulls him down off the load, off the seat onto the ground, and he says, "Now! Here's the shovel! You go fix that ditch!"

But Johnson says, "I'm not a-goin' to fix your ol' ditch! You go fix it yourself. God Almighty never made a big man to run over a little man, and I'm not a-fixin' your ditch!"

So Johnson starts back toward the wagon, and Tom, he grabs Johnson and dunks his head into the water, holds him down there. After a while he brings him up, and Johnson's a-sputtering and a-spitting, and Tom says, "You going to fix my ditch?"

Johnson, he couldn't talk, so he shook his head, "no," he wasn't going to fix no ditch. So Tom, he shoves him down again and he holds him there, and pulls him up again. But Johnson wasn't going to fix the ditch. So he shoves him down again. And the next time he brings him up, Johnson's face was turning black, and he wasn't breathin' much, so Tom



knows that there isn't any chance of getting Johnson to fix the ditch. So he holds him up in the air by the ankles, and he lets the water drain out of him. And he shakes him good. After a while, Johnson starts to breathe again. After he gets to breathin' kinda natural-like, why, he takes him and puts him back on the wagon. And he says, "Now, git goin'! I guess I can fix my own ditch."

Johnson, he ain't very big, but by George, he's a spunky one! Heh, heh, hmm. So that was the end of the episode between Johnson and Tom Short.

Well, Johnson's teams were never too good. He was not what you would call a first-class teamster. He started out with a six-horse team (still quoting my father), and every year, it seemed that he would lose a horse or two until eventually, he was down to two horses and one wagon. He hauled that way for a year or two, and the last trip that he made was in the fall of one year. He got his load of grain over in Ruby Valley and was coming back across Huntington Creek in a snowstorm. And after he got just this side of Huntington Creek, going up a little hill there that was clay, red clay, it was slippery and sticky, and Johnson couldn't get his poor old horses to pull the load up the hill. So, Johnson, he unhooks the horses and drives them on ahead of him and walks all the way to our place. He gets there late at night. And I hears a noise on the door, knockin' and a-knockin'. I gets up and here was Johnson out there, dripping wet, cold. So I gets up and has him come inside, goes outside and takes care of his team. I built up a good fire in the fireplace, and we gets him something to eat. And I wanted to give him some dry clothes, but he says, "No, no, if I took off these wet clothes and got in dry clothes, I'd catch cold sure." So we got him something hot to eat and some hot tea, and he

sat there with the fire all night and dried out after his shiverin' and shakin' and shivering and shaking. In the morning, why, he was pretty well dried out. After a good breakfast, I went out and got the team. I took my wagon and we led Johnson's horses behind and went back to Huntington Creek where he'd left his load. And the two of us unloaded his grain onto my wagon, and I helped Johnson get turned around, and started him back toward Ruby Valley.

That was the last trip he ever made. I brought the grain on home and stored it over in Ella's house. And then in the spring, after the ground got dry, I took it to Eureka and sold it to Frank Lewis and sent him the money for the load.

Well, I guess Johnson's horses—or one of them—must have died that winter, because he never made another trip. But it was a short time after that, a year or so, he came back into the valley and lived for a time up at Huntington with Colonel Huntington at the Diamond City place. The two old fellows batched there together for a while.

Then, I guess he got so old and so sick that they took him to Eureka, and he was in the Eureka County hospital for a few years, and that's where he died. We're at about the end of the teaming. (End of Dibble's story.)

At our house, as children, we all sat around the big dining table in the dining room; it was a table that was perhaps twelve feet long, about four feet wide. The visitors or teamsters, whoever might be with us taking meals, sat at the west end of the table, and my father along at the side of the table, and we children sat at the east end, toward the kitchen door.

One of the teamsters was Mr. Dave Crawford, who had an impediment in his speech. In fact, he stammered or stuttered

whenever he tried to talk. And he always had trouble in calling for something at the table. He would start to say, "Pass," and it would come out "p-p-p-p-p." And he had a long mustache which drooped down over his mouth, so his face became contorted and flushed, and we children, in noting the situation, couldn't help giggling. Father Dibble would send us away from the table until we could control ourselves. And he would say, "Please p-p-p-p," and eventually, why, he would blurt out, "Pass the potatoes. Damn it, you know what I mean." [laughing]

It was about this time or not long afterward that we were gathering pine nuts up in Five Mile Canyon in pine nut time. We all went in the wagon, unhitched the team, and walked to the pinon pine groves farther up. And Father Dibble said that he would go up in the tree and knock down the pine nuts and we could gather them and put them in sacks to take home.

Well, all the best cones were high in the tree, and he kept climbing a little higher, a little higher, until finally he'd climbed pretty well toward the top of the tree. And he saw a specially nice lot of cones on one of the limbs, and I guess he leaned out a little too far. The limb broke. He was quite a heavy man at the time; he weighed about two hundred and twenty-six pounds. So you can imagine what a crashing sound he made coming down through the limbs. He broke off a number of small limbs and was pretty badly scratched up by these limbs. And as luck would have it, though, he fell on a rather soft spot of pine cones and needles that had fallen off the tree in past years. So he didn't break any bones, but he was pretty badly shaken up. But he managed to get back to the wagon all right, and we gathered up what cones there were, came on home. But he was pretty sore for a week or so afterward.

As far as medicines were concerned, we used or took very little in the way of medicine of any kind. We just didn't need it, and we just didn't depend on medicines. Our medicine cabinet was a Kirk's soap box, a wood box, nailed on the wall in the dining room, high up, just over to the left of the door going into the kitchen. It was high because Father and Mother always told us to stay away from it and never to get anything out of there without their permission. In fact, we couldn't reach it at all, because Father and Mother had to stand on a chair in order to reach the box. The soap box had a little curtain over the front, a little drawstring curtain, so that it would hide what was in the box itself. It had two shelves. My father had put a shelf in the middle so it would hold more medicine.

Among the principal medicines that we used in those times was tincture of arnica. Tincture of "arnicky" was used for all external purposes, for bruises or contusions or abrasions or anything—anything that was wrong with the skin or the surface of the body. That was the old family medicine that was used universally at that period of the time, by all the families, in fact.

We also used Japanese Oil which was a concoction, a patented concoction, put out by someone. And it was a very powerful concoction, too. That was used externally as well as internally. Only two or three drops in a glass of water with some sugar was supposed to cure most anything. And rubbed on the surface, if you rubbed it very hard, why, it would create a sensation of burning.

Then we had a mild emollient, We had Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel. Pond's puts out the preparation today; it's still in existence. But Pond's Extract was very commonly used also as a mild application to the skin.

Vaseline was also in existence at that time. Jamaica ginger was another internal medicine

that was used for cramps or stomach ache, or anything of that type.

Mother always had a small bottle of paregoric. It could be bought at that time without a doctor's prescription. It was used principally for when we children were teething when we were quite small. She would rub a little on our gums to allay the inflammation and help in that way.

Garfield Tea was another preparation that was a concoction of different leaves—senna, and I don't know what else. It was used as a laxative, a mild laxative in cases where it was needed. But we didn't have to use it very often, thank goodness.

There were lurid advertisements, or advertisements in the papers of those days, telling about the curative powers of medicines that were to be had at that time. Among one of the first was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was supposed to be a cure-all for every disease of humanity. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a woman's medicine that was widely used. Kickapoo Indian Cough Syrup was another highly advertised medicine. And Kickapoo Indian Sagwa was a cure-all. Peruna was also a cure-all. Then there was Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for anyone who had upset stomach or had eaten too freely, or anything of that type. Beef, Iron, and Wine was used as a tonic. And there was Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil as well as dozens of other medicines. Some of them had a lot of curative power; others were simply valueless as far as medicine is concerned. But in all the papers, there were advertisements extolling the properties of the different medicines. There were no laws in those days that prohibited advertising or cut down the amount of advertising or the wording that might be used in advertising.

For coughs and colds, Mother always prepared onion syrup, which was made by

slicing up onions in a jar or a deep container, slicing them quite thin, then covering them with sugar. And the sugar gradually extracted the juice from the onions and made a syrup which she gave to us for our coughs whenever we had a coughing spell.

Then there was asafetida. "Asafedity" was a combination of oils or extracts from some plant, and it was used to ward off any diseases.

About that time, there was a smallpox scare in Eureka, and it was a dreaded disease at that time, because, while vaccination was practiced, it didn't seem to be too successful. When the scare came and we heard about it, Mother sent to Eureka to Snider's drugstore and had Mrs. Snider send out a package of asafetida. She made this asafetida into balls about the size of a small marble and tied it in muslin, little small muslin bags, attached with a string around our necks, and it hung inside our clothing. It was foul-smelling stuff. One whiff was supposed to knock over any bug that was in existence at the time. It must have [laughing] proved effective in our case, because we didn't get the smallpox. Perhaps we wouldn't have anyway. But we were sure it was the asafetida that kept it away.

Then each spring, we would have sassafras tea. She would always send to town and get some sassafras bark and make up sassafras tea. It was supposed to thin the blood that had become so thick during the winter that it couldn't flow freely in the springtime. And we had to have sassafras tea and things of that sort to thin the blood so we'd be in shape for summer.

Another preparation which was widely used was sulfur and molasses. My brother and I liked that sulfur and molasses, and we would eat much more of it than we should have if she didn't keep it out of our way. It was simply mixing molasses with the sulfur, about equal amounts, I guess, of each one to



make up a thick, gooey mess that really tasted pretty good.

And there was Indian tea that we used to gather. And we did drink Indian tea occasionally. Indian tea is a small bush which grows all through Nevada as far as I know, in different places. It has jointed stems and is of a light green color. There's some of it right out here around Lakeside Drive. At the lookout station, there's Indian tea bushes below the station, at the lookout, and up above the lookout also.

Allcock's Porous Plasters were used extensively in those times. Allcock's Porous Plasters were about eight inches or nine inches long and about five inches wide. They were perforated with small holes. The porous plaster itself was very similar to adhesive plaster that we have today, only, of course, they were made in these large pads. They were used principally for lame back. I remember very well, Father Dibble, seemed like he had to wear one of those Allcock's Porous Plasters on his back a great deal of the time. He couldn't have had anything very seriously wrong with him because he lived to an age of ninety-one. And he was really a vigorous man, too.

I remember very well asking Mother about what were the holes for in the Allcock's Porous Plasters. And she said, well, she guessed they were to let the pain and the ache out. So we assumed that was the reason why they were porous.

We always had an Ayers Almanac. Ayers Almanac was a little yellow pamphlet that was put out by the Ayers Medicine Company. And it had weather forecasts, and it also told of the moon's phases and also the times the sun rose and set. And it was our clock, you might say. My Father Dibble always set the clock by Ayers Almanac. He would note the sunset and would watch Roberts Creek Peak, and when the sun went off Roberts Creek Peak, well, that

would be the time the sun would set. And he would set the clock accordingly.

And there was a Firemen's Fund calendar which we always had in the house. He always got that from the express office in Eureka. Mr. Whitmore, I. C. C. Whitmore, was the agent up there, and he was the agent for Firemen's Fund also. And that's where my father used to get the calendars.

Father Dibble always said that he was a blue-bellied Yankee. We children, of course, were quite curious about why he was called a blue-bellied Yankee, and we wondered why this appellation should be given to the Yankees. I don't think we ever found out definitely, although we did try to make it our business to find out.

As I have told you before, our place was the Box Springs ranch, and the name Box Springs came from the fact that the original owners, perhaps before Nels Ouderkirke, had put a box, a wooden box, in the spring which was perhaps three hundred feet below the house, to the west of the house. That's where the water bubbled and gurgled up out. It was a cold spring, and lovely water. The box was put in there, no doubt, to keep the horses and other animals from trampling in the spring and filling it up. A great many springs were filled up that way, by animals coming to water and getting so close and gradually trampling the soil and sod into the spring itself and cutting off the flow of water. But it flowed out a nice little stream of water, a little sand in the bottom. The sand would rotate to the top and back down as the water came, bubbled out of the spring. Water ran on down then, below, for quite a distance. But when Father came, he and my stepfather got a slip, which was a scraper, with a team of horses, and scraped out a section of the water away below the spring and piled it up across the low place and made a dam. And that way, why, it served as

a sort of a pond to hold the water back. They also made a gate to put in the dam itself, so they could open it up and let the water down, down below to irrigate the garden which we had down in the field below that.

For water for the teamsters, we had a well in the corral with about two and a half or three feet of water in it. And we had a big post set in the ground just south of the well, with an arm extending over the wheel with a rope around it, and buckets to pull the water up out of the well, and a trough right there to the north where the water could be dumped from the buckets right into the trough for use by the teamsters or anyone else who wanted to water their horses there. There was a plug in the north end of the trough, and Father had left a little slit in the side of the plug so that water would drip out gradually for chickens. We had a little cast iron trough under the big trough where the chickens always went for water. The well caved in gradually until it became perfectly rounded and perhaps ten feet in diameter. Father Dibble decided it was dangerous. He decided to dig a new well.

So he and Fred set to work to dig a new well just about eight or ten feet farther east of the old well. And as he dug the new well, why, he dumped the dirt and rocks into the old well. He set up a windlass to haul up the rocks and dirt. After we had the well down deep enough, we went down and contacted John Lani, who was living in Four Mile Canyon [at] that time. He was an Italian and he knew something about rock work. He was willing to come and wall the place up for us above the water level so that it wouldn't cave in. And from there on up, we cribbed it up with juniper posts, so that we did have a good well. The water in that well was about four feet deep. Later years, we put up a windmill, and we never could pump it dry.

There was also a well near the kitchen door which supplied the house for water. And this well was dug, as my mother said, at the time that I was a little baby. So it was just as old as I was. It was about twelve feet deep. The water in it was perhaps two or two and a half feet deep. There was no rock work in the well, or curbing. But we did have a well curb above which was simply made of boards and sat on cross timbers of cedar and other planking to cover the ground just around there.

It was not bug-tight, so occasionally we noticed that the water didn't taste just right when stink bugs got into the well. These bugs—I don't know. I've never seen one here in Reno, but they're a rather offensive bug. They're a black bug about three quarters of an inch long and round in shape. And if you disturb them out of the ground, they always elevate their posterior parts in the air and emit a perfume which isn't a perfume. Anyway, when they fall in the well, why, the water starts to taste just like the bugs smell. So we would have to bail out all the water—that is, pull it out and pour it on the ground until we had all the water bailed out. And then one of us would go down the well—usually Fred would do that—and bail it out and scrape the bottom so that it was all clean and pure again.

From this well, we carried water to the house and put it on the table in the kitchen. And there in the kitchen was a dipper for all, hung above the water bucket. Everybody used the same dipper, of course; there was no thought of catching any communicable disease from drinking out of the same dipper that they do nowadays.

Along the west wall we had a bench, which was a homemade bench out of hewn logs, with legs in holes that were bored in the bench. And on this bench we had a water bucket also, with two tin basins [which] were used in washing, where the men as well as we

children always washed our hands and faces before meals. Just to the side of the bench was a roller towel, hung high. This roller towel operated on a roller which could be removed and a new one put on, a clean one, whenever necessary. The roller towels were made of what seemed to be linen (I suppose they were; I don't know), but they were a crash material about four or five feet long and the material was about eighteen inches wide. And I know we would always try to find a clean, dry spot on the towel to wipe our faces.

Other things that could be found in the kitchen was a cast iron Buck kitchen stove, which was the old standby for nearly everyone at that time. It had no back, and it did have quite a large top with a good-sized oven with two oven doors. There was a wood box behind this kitchen stove, and there were two tables in the kitchen. Behind the kitchen stove and the wood box, there was a small shelf along the wall where Mother used to keep her soap in a can, and she kept salt in a can, and other things that were needed for immediate use in cooking. And right above that, or just to the right, was a table, and there was a window just above the table, and then the door going down into the cellar, which my father and stepfather had built at the time they built the kitchen, making the new stairway down to the cellar.

And along the wall, the east wall farther around, was the shelf where the knives were kept and the old dinner bell. And in the south end was a dish cupboard, which someone had made for my mother shortly after she was married. This was set up in the corner. And the roof was so low that it came down on the corner of the dish cupboard. And as the roof gradually settled over the years, it pushed the cupboard out of plumb so that they had to cut off a portion of the door each time to allow the doors to close.

Then around a little farther was the door going into the new bedroom in the south and then the other door going into the dining room.

Then there was a flour barrel, a large flour barrel, about a fifty-gallon flour barrel, which was used for flour. We always put two sacks of flour in there at the same time because Mother made a lot of bread for the teamsters, as well as the family.

In the north end was the door leading outside, and just to the east of the door was a window. And under the window was what we called "the big box." It was a box that had been made by a carpenter, perhaps about the time that the cupboard was made. It was well made; it was about four feet square and about two and a half feet high and had a lid with a hasp on it so that my mother always kept a padlock on that. Because in that box, she kept all her dried fruits, her sugars, cocoanut and chocolate (what little we had), and it was locked against us children because children couldn't be trusted when anything like that was around. They didn't have powdered cocoa or chocolate like they do now in cans; it was Baker's chocolate. It came in bars, little squares, marked off into little squares on the bars, packed in brown paper. And it was bitter, bitter chocolate; there was no sugar in it. And in using it, sugar had to be added. Well, if we could get hold of some of that Baker's chocolate, we would take a little cube of it about the size of a walnut, perhaps, and put it in our mouths and then take a spoonful of sugar on top of that and chew it all up together, and we thought that was really a treat.

Later on, ground chocolate did come in, and I tried doing the same thing one time with a spoonful of the ground chocolate in my mouth and then a spoonful of sugar. And in taking the sugar, I breathed in and the ground

chocolate went down in my lungs and choked me. I had quite a time. I think that I got rid of the sugar and chocolate, or else I would have choked to death.

In this sugar box, or big box as we called it, Mother always kept her sugar. And when we would see her open it, open the box to get something out, we would crowd around. And she would take out some sugar and put a little pile on each of the four sides of the big box lid, one for each one of us. Then we would lick that sugar up off of the big box with our tongues. That was quite a treat. Of course, I don't know how clean the box was, but it was clean after we got through licking the sugar up [laughing]!

Each fall, Father Dibble used to go to Elko with a two-horse team. We had one wagon on the ranch which was a Shutler wagon, a three-inch thimble-skein wagon made by Peter Shutler of Chicago, which was used for all ranch work. Most ranchers used those wagons at that time. It was a three-inch thimble-skein wagon. He would take our two horses, two best horses and make the trip to Elko. It would take about two days in and about two days out. He would load up there in Elko with the supplies for the winter. He always went to a store that was called—it was Chase's grocery store. And among other things that he would buy for winter's use was six hundred-pound sacks of sugar. Sugar then was packed in muslin bags, and then on the outside of that was burlap. He also bought six five-gallon jackets of syrup. The syrup was in a tin container which had a thin covering of wood on the outside; it was of tin and wood. He also purchased about a ton of flour which came in fifty-pound muslin bags, or sacks, at that time. Flour was milled in Ruby Valley and there was also a mill in Mound Valley, but Mother always preferred what she called "the Pioneer flour." It was Pioneer brand that

was made in California. It was milled a little better; it made better bread. So we always got the Pioneer flour.

Macaroni was another item that Father always got. Macaroni came packed in twenty-five-pound boxes. The boxes were about three feet long and about a foot high and a foot wide. The macaroni itself was as long as the box, and usually bowed to come back again so that it had to be broken up for use. The macaroni was wrapped in a blue paper inside the box, a blue paper lining.

Coffee was another item which he always got. The brand of coffee that was used very extensively was Arbuckle's Ariosa. It came in one-pound bags and was unground. So before breakfast each morning, Father or Mother, whoever was making the coffee, had to grind the coffee. And as our teacher always said, well, when she heard Father Dibble grinding the coffee, she knew it was time to get up. Anyway, one of the teachers that we had always had some remark to make [laughing]. She said that Mr. Dibble always made such muddy coffee and such sloppy hash! She said it jokingly, but I think she meant what she said, too.

Tea, which came either black or green—we used a great deal of the green tea at that time. Mother seemed to prefer the green tea. It came packed in five-pound wood boxes, direct from China. And these boxes were lined with a heavy lining of lead, lead foil, very much heavier than the foil that we have today. We always waited until the box was empty and wanted to get the lead, because then we would take the lead and melt it and make it into bullets or most anything. Father had an old revolver there, and we made it into bullets for the revolver. He also had a bullet mold. I'll tell you just a little bit more about that later.

Tomatoes came in a No. 2 1/2 can as they do now, the large size can. And the Columbus brand tomato was what was used by practically

everyone. Corn was the creamed style corn. We always got two or three cases each of the corn and the tomatoes.

There were a few other canned goods, but not very many. We seldom did buy canned fruits because they were high. And canned fruits were not generally used because they were too expensive for most anyone. We did have dried fruits of all kinds that we bought at the time, too. The dried fruits consisted of apples and peaches, figs, raisins, prunes, and fruit of that type, staple fruit. They were packed principally in twenty-five-pound boxes; some of them were even fifty-pound boxes, but I think Father always got the twenty-five-pound boxes. And prices in those days were much lower than they are now, nothing above eight or ten cents a pound.

Besides the dried fruits, there was the baking powder, of which Schilling's Best was always what my mother wanted. And she also used the Schilling's Best spices and extracts. The salt came packed in fifty-pound muslin bags, as I remember it, packed in this country someplace. And also, we had salt which was from Liverpool, England, packed in jute bags. And it was labeled "Liverpool, England."

Spices we used were cinnamon, cloves, allspice, ginger, and nutmeg. Black pepper was the whole berry, about the size of a b-b shot, and we had to grind it in a hand mill, like coffee. Nutmegs were about the size and shape of a large olive, and very hard. Each kitchen had a small metal nutmeg grater with its nutmeg compartment. Vanilla and lemon were the only extracts used.

Matches were something which were different from the matches of today. They were the block matches. Some people called them "China matches." They were made by splitting a block of wood ten ways, which made a hundred matches. The matches were not separated at the back; they were split in

such a way that the backs still clung together. In using them, you'd have to split off a match at each time, something similar to the way they do with the little book matches at the present time. These matches were "strike anywhere" matches. They were dangerous, if not properly taken care of. They came from the manufacturer in sealed cans, old kerosene cans, five-gallon cans. The top was opened and the matches put in and then soldered up. And the cans were all painted blue. Of course, a great many people didn't buy them by the full can. In that case, why, the grocer would take what they wanted from the blue can. But they were always kept in there for safety's sake. And a great many people had match boxes in those days to carry the matches around with them. And one of the main gifts for Christmas or birthdays was a sterling silver match box. If anyone had a sterling silver match box, why, he was really fixed up right.

Other things that were—the kind of soap that we used in those days was Fairy soap, but principally Castile soap. Castile soap came in bars about a foot long and about three inches in diameter each way. It was white with mottles of red. There was also Sapolio, which was one of the old standbys for scouring and cleansing. It came in a bar or cake. I remember very distinctly the ads about Sapolio: "If a caddy meet a caddy coming through the green! If a caddy ask a caddy why his clubs are clean! It's ten to one he'll answer, 'Oh, I rubbed them with Sapolio.'"

Among other Things that my father bought in Elko was lard. Lard came in small cans, that is, five- and ten-pound cans. We always got the Swift's Silver Leaf lard. It was full five- and full ten-pound cans until a little later, why, They cut the size down to eight pounds and four pounds, eight ounces.

Compound, which was a compound of tallow and oils, was used in later years. That



usually came in twenty-, twenty-five-, and fifty-pound cans. Everyone at that time used coal oil, or kerosene. And the oil in general use was Pearl oil, put out by the Standard Oil company. That came in five-gallon cans, two cans to a case. The cans were square, and they had a little faucet in the corner where the oil was poured out. It could be taken out readily that way; they didn't have to puncture the can, excepting to give vent, a little vent at one corner to allow the air to enter when the oil came out. Everyone used kerosene for lighting purposes—lamps, usually one or two lamps in a household. We had just the one lamp.

Then, in the fall also, my father would take a trip down to South Fork or Mound Valley and bring home a supply of wheat for the chickens, and bran and shorts for the pigs.

For meat that we used on the ranch, Father Dibble always went across the flat to Sadler's in the spring and brought home four little pigs. Sadlers always raised a number of pigs for their own use, and always sold some to the ranches surrounding in the valley. The pigs, we kept them over the summer and fed them the spare milk and also the bran and shorts which I mentioned above, or any scraps that we had for them, and fattened them up for butchering in the fall. When fall came, why (late in the fall, usually in November), the pigs were of large enough size that we could butcher. They usually weighed about a hundred pounds. We kept the slop barrel in the granary and we always put the extra milk in there. And there was a big ladle that my dad had to put in the barrel to stir it up from the bottom before he would take it out in the cans to carry it up to the pigpen for the pigs twice a day. Then he also gave them alfalfa and things of that type.

One time, in bringing the little pigs across the flat, he was unloading them there at home, and the box tipped over and the four pigs got

out. And they immediately started right back for home. It seemed that they knew, instinct taught them which way to go. That's one of the marvelous things about instinct. It's hard to determine where instinct stops and reason starts. The animals and birds and things of that sort may be a little short on reasoning, but they certainly know where to go when they want to go home. Anyway, they started for home across the flat, and by the time they got out to the edge of the flat, my brother had gotten on his horse and rode out, got ahead of them. I don't know just how he caught them, but my father went back on and brought them in.

But when fall came, why, along late November, we got ready to butcher the four pigs all at one time. Father would dig a hole in the ground and set a fifty-gallon whiskey barrel in the hole as the one end was knocked out, set it in at an angle; it sloped to one side. Then we put water on the stove to boil—all the boiler and tubs and things to get plenty of water to scald the pigs. It didn't have to be boiling, but it did have to be hot, real hot. And in order to make it more effective, he always put in ashes with the water, said that helped to loosen up the pigs' bristles.

When the water was good and hot, Father Dibble would go out to the pigpen armed with his muzzle-loading six-shooter which I have previously mentioned. The pigs always came running up to the trough at the entrance where he poured the swill in. So at close range, he selected the spot on the pig's forehead where imaginary lines drawn from the left ear to the right eye, and from the right ear to the left eye cross, pulled the trigger and the pig fell in his tracks. Then with a sharp-pointed butcher knife, he bled the pig by sticking it at the lower part of the neck just ahead of the shoulders. He inserted the knife full length, including the blade, toward the heart. He said

this severed the jugular vein and the blood flowed freely. Then he pulled the pig out of the pen and onto the platform in front of the barrel of scalding water.

He would let one end down into the barrel first. He had a hook which was made out of an old tooth from a bay rake, bent at one end and sharpened, with a handle, a loop for a handle at the other end. He would hook that through the pig's ankle of the rear end and let the head first down in and move the pig around down in there, and then pull him back out and test the hairs to see if the scald was completed. And when that scald was completed, he would pull him onto a plank which he had set alongside the barrel on some boxes, and hook the pig, then, in the top of the mouth and let the rear end down in to get that part treated. When that part was also scalded enough, he'd pull the pig back onto the platform. Then everyone would go to scraping him. We usually scraped them with knives, butcher knives. But we got all the hair off that way. Of course, when Ferris and I were small, we didn't do any scraping, but my mother and father and Fred did most of the scraping.

Then they would string the pigs up under the shed. This operation took place under the shed near the pigpen—string the pigs up under the shed and take the insides out and split the carcass down, saw the backbone clear through, right down from the tail to the nose. And they were left there until morning.

The pigs were used in various ways. The pork that they got from the young pigs, there was some that was kept for frying, some for boiling or roasting, and a considerable quantity of it was ground by hand in a hand grinder and made into sausage. Mother never used the pigs' intestines for sausage; she always made up muslin casings and stuffed the sausage into those casings and hung the

casings on the wall in our bedroom to cure and dry. Father Dibble always made head cheese from head, all the edible parts of the head of the pigs. Then there was pickled pigs' feet. And so there was very little of the pig that ever went to waste, nothing but the squeal.

About this time, Christmas one year, I received as a Christmas gift a book, a "Chatterbox Book," which told about the Kafirs of South Africa, a colored tribe, and about their weapons, which were called the assagais. Ferris and I decided that we would make some assagais also. So we took two discarded brooms, sawed the broom part off, and in the handles, at the end of the handles where the broom was, we inserted a nail and then cut the nail off, about so it was a half an inch long and sharp at the end.

And for practice during the summer, one summer, well, it was during haying time, the others were resting during the noon hour. Father and Mother always took a little rest while Grace was washing the dishes, and Fred was resting during the noon hour. Ferris and I would go out to the pigpen. And during the summertime, the pigs were allowed to run in a larger hay corral which adjoined the pigpen. And we had great sport in, and also a great deal of practice on the pigs with our assagais. One of us would get at one end of the corral and start the pigs down the other side, and the other one would stand in the middle of the corral and throw our assagais at the pigs as they passed. They'd only penetrate about half an inch, but that, of course, was bad enough, so that when the pigs were butchered that fall, they were covered with marks which resembled pock marks. Fred was the only one who really knew what caused those pock marks.

Father Dibble always made hams and bacon, also. And the hams and bacon were cured with brown sugar and salt brine and

then hung in the smokehouse to dry. We also used Ella's house as a smokehouse, and he smoked them with cottonwood and other wood on a smoldering fire built under the hams and bacon. So much for the pigs.

I have said that below the spring was where we had the garden. And the water was dammed up by a dam which had been put across below the spring to provide water for irrigating the garden and also for allowing it to run below for stock in the field. The garden was perhaps two hundred yards from the house, and perhaps a hundred yards below the spring, and off to the northwest. Every year, in the spring, the garden was plowed; Father used to get in there and plow it. First, Fred and he would haul a load of manure and spread over the top of the garden spot, and then it would be plowed with a two-horse walking plow. And it would be harrowed by a team also. And to do this, he had to take down the fence at each end of the garden and then put it up after the work was done in the fall, when we turned cattle and stock in there.

Father Dibble would spend quite a lot of time, then, raking the garden and smoothing it off by hand. And every spring, along about April, he would spend a big part of the month down there, getting it ready and planting the seeds and putting up the markers. Early before that, usually in March, he would set out cabbage in flats, and they would mature later in the season, that is, get large enough so that they could transplant them to the garden. He didn't put them in the garden too early, because it was cold at that time, early in the year. And along about May, he would transplant the cabbage plants to the garden also. He always kept a few plants over, because they were troubled with cutworms. He would go down the night before; the cabbage plants would look so nice and healthy. In the morning, they'd just be lying flat on the

ground. So he would always replace some of those, and when he would replace one of the plants, he'd always dig down and usually could find the old cutworm that had done the damage. And he always dispatched the cutworm forthwith.

On the north side of the garden were gooseberry bushes and also what we always called "pie plant," which was rhubarb. We had a patch of horseradish along the trail, about halfway between the garden and the house.

Among the garden vegetables that we grew at that time, besides the cabbage, were beets and carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions, rutabagas, lettuce, peas, and, of course, the potato patch. We had two different places where we raised potatoes. We'd alternate the potato patch from one place to the other. There was one patch just above the spring, another one just to the north of the spring. The soil was quite moist and kept moist throughout the year so that it never needed irrigation.

In the valley, the climate was too cold—that is, the seasons were too short—to raise corn or tomatoes. So we didn't try to raise those. We just raised the more staple vegetables. We could usually depend on a frost in May, and up until perhaps the first week of June. We always aimed to plant our potatoes on about the twentieth of May, so that they wouldn't be up until about the first week of June. And thus, we avoided practically all the frost that came. All these vegetables and potatoes were dug in the fall.

We put as many potatoes in the bin in the cellar as the bin would hold, and then we always scooped out a pit (Father and Fred would scoop out a pit) about two and a half feet deep and about five or six, seven, sometimes eight feet long. The extra potatoes, then, were put in the pit. They were rounded up; they could be above the surface of the soil,



rounded up. On top of that, they were covered with wheatstraw, and above that he put about three inches of soil at first, with a little wad of wheatstraw at the top for ventilation to allow any excess moisture to escape. He said it was for the potatoes to breathe. Then as the weather got colder, why, more soil would be piled on until it was perhaps from a foot and a half to two feet thick. But it was very seldom that any potatoes ever froze in those pits.

Cabbages were pulled, and trenches were dug about a foot deep. The cabbages were inverted, the leaves folded around the heads, and inverted upside down in the pits, these trenches, and then filled in with dirt around, so that just the root of the cabbage protruded above the ground. That way, the cabbages kept all winter, and we could go down and get cabbages any time we wanted as long as the ground was (thawed) out sufficiently so that we could dig them.

Now, Mother always put up beets, which she called pickled beets, in the fall. She would boil the beets and peel them, and then add a certain amount of vinegar with a little sugar and salt, and put them up for winter use. We have read since that time how beets or any vegetable can be a deadly poison if it isn't canned properly. Some element will grow in them and cause a deadly poison. But we ate plenty of beets in our time, and there was never any poisoning.

Mother baked all the bread in our early days, no such thing as buying bread. So she'd bake bread about once a week as a usual thing. She always kept a starter of yeast. She made her own yeast by usually grating a potato about the size of, oh, a large baseball, grated it on the old potato grater, and then poured boiling water on it, and then added sugar. And after it got cool enough so that it was about lukewarm, she would add the yeast starter to it that she had kept from the previous

baking, and allow that to set overnight. Then in the morning, early, it usually had raised sufficiently, and in most of the cases, it ran all over in the thing it was set on or contained in. Then she would mix up her bread for the baking by adding a certain amount of flour and a certain amount of water, a certain amount of salt, and a certain amount of shortening, and set the bread to rise after she had kneaded it on the board for, oh, the time that she thought was sufficient. Then after it had risen for two, three hours in a warm place, she would knead it down once; then when it came up the second time, she would knead it and make it into loaves or rolls, and usually leave a small part of it for what we called "rusks." This, she would add more shortening and a little sweetening, and also a little cinnamon, and make them into round rusks, set them to rise, and then bake them the same as she would bake the bread. Just before they were fully baked, she would cover the top with a mixture of egg white (I guess she used the yolk, too) and sugar, and then sprinkled the whole thing with cinnamon. And we thought there was nothing like rusks. As I said, she kept the starter from one week to the next and would usually keep it in a jar on the cellar floor, as there was no such thing as a refrigerator or icebox in the house at that time. Sometimes, the yeast would run out or get sour, or for some reason or other wouldn't be suitable for bread making any more, so there was a preparation called "Magic Yeast" which could be bought in the grocery stores, and we always had Magic Yeast—a package of Magic Yeast—in the house. It was little cakes that consisted principally of corn meal—yellow corn meal with yeast spores. It was not the active yeast; they were yeast spores. And they had to be soaked in warm water for eight or ten hours so that the spores then would develop and become active.

Another kind of bread which Mother made oftentimes, which I really liked, was salt-rising bread. I don't know—she didn't use any yeast for it, and this bread was not unduly salty; it had sort of a sweet taste. I never knew just how she made that salt-rising bread, but it really was good.

The flour that was used in those days, or milled in those days, was not like the bleached flour that we have today; it wasn't bleached and refined as the flour is now. The bread was not as fluffy as bread which is made today. It was darker, but it was really tasty and nourishing. It was really good bread.

In the summertime, about June, until October, we had a dairy. The dairy was no—we didn't have any real dairy stock, but we had much cows that were taken from the regular stock of cattle that we had. And we usually milked around a dozen cows during the summer months. Each one of the cows was named, of course, and the calves were named, also. We didn't take the calves away from the cows definitely. We did keep the calves in a calf pasture which was adjacent to the milking corral. We kept them there during the day and also during the night. Between the pasture and the milking corral [was] the calf pen, which we ran the calves into when we wanted to do the milking. The cows were turned out to graze on the range during the daytime, and at night, they would usually come home to their calves, of course. And if they didn't come home, it was my job to go out and hunt them and bring them in in time for milking.

The way we did the milking in those times was—there was usually my mother and father and Fred that did the milking then (that was before the time that Ferris and I did any milking), while Grace washed the dishes or something at home. We would turn three calves from the calf corral in to the mothers

in the milking corral. They would run to their mothers and start the milk. After they had been with their mother for a few minutes, we thought the milk was well started and they had enough to do them, we had little sticks and we would chase the calves back in the pen and out into the pasture. We would milk the cows, because that way, the cows would give their milk down, and we had no trouble in getting the milk for our dairy.

The milk was really rich. We had no separator or anything to handle it with, excepting pans. The pans were about eighteen inches across and held, I guess, about a gallon for each pan. These pans were set on what we called milk racks down in the cellar, and in front of the milk rack was a curtain to keep dust or anything out. The milk was allowed to set for about twenty-four hours, and then it was skimmed with a sort of a tin skimmer, which was sort of concave at the center to hold the cream and allowed the milk to run through holes which were perforated in the skimmer itself. This rich cream, then, was put in big earthen jars and eventually was put into a churn which was of the dasher type, with a dasher which went up and down, up and down, on a handle that we had that came through the top of the churn. That was our job, one of our jobs, when we were small, to churn it into butter.

We enjoyed this cream, also, and all the times Mother wasn't looking, why, Ferris and I would take a piece of bread, slice of bread, and steal down to the cellar and lay it gently on top of a pan of milk. And usually, it would come out covered with cream, taking out a whole layer of cream the size of the bread. Then we would sprinkle that with sugar and really have a treat!

Of course, Mother always knew afterward when she started to skim the pans of milk that someone had been there. And she surmised

about what had happened. She always cautioned us against doing that because it would disturb the milk and she wouldn't get as much cream as she should. And what cream we didn't eat, why, we churned into butter.

After the cream was churned into butter, the butter was turned out onto a butterworker, which was a long, trough-like affair about four feet long and sloped downward from the back to the front. And there was a bar that ran down and protruded through an opening at the lower end and served as a roller. The other end projected out to the back, and we worked that back and forth to work the buttermilk out of the butter until all the buttermilk was out. Then she would put salt on it and work the salt in. After it was all thoroughly worked, she would either pack it in earthen jars or else make it into rolls, two-pound rolls. These were sold in Eureka; she got fifty cents a roll, or twenty-five cents a pound. Also, she had a number of customers in Eureka who would send out their jars in the summertime to be filled. These jars were the regular earthen jars and would hold ten to twelve pounds of butter. Some of the customers wanted butter with a little more than the usual amount of salt; others wanted a lesser amount of salt. And the jars had to be kept marked so we'd know which jar belonged to whom.

Later on, when we were in our teens, Father did buy a Sturges steel churn, which was a barrel-type. And it was our job, then, of course, to churn the butter in the churn. It was a steel affair with a top that screwed on and made it air-tight and turned around and around and around, something like a grindstone would. He also bought a small separator at the time also, so we didn't have to use the pans any more. The milk could be separated and sent right out to the chickens or put in the slop barrel. As I said, we used [Ella's house] for setting hens there and for various

other purposes. Now, mentioning the setting of hens, we didn't have any incubator, which was not generally used then, either. But we used the old fashioned way, the old mother hen. When a hen would want to set (which was always indicated by her clucking and going to sit on the nest), along in May, Mother would set about twelve of the hens that she thought would be good mothers and take care of their brood after they were hatched, usually the older hens. And she would always set them over in Ella's house. And each hen took care of around twelve eggs, turning them over each day with her beak. If it were an extra large hen, she sometimes took care off ourteen eggs. So that was quite a miracle, the chicks hatching out of an egg. It was something of a miracle to us, at least, in our tender years. After the chicks were hatched (my mother, of course, knew about what time the young chicks were to emerge; it was always a period of three weeks), usually about the nineteenth or twentieth day, she would begin to watch to see if there were any little chickens that were ready to pep the shell. Sometimes, the eggs would become a little too hard, and she would sprinkle the eggs with water just before hatching time so as to soften the shell. She would take the little chicks away as they hatched out and bring them into the house and put them in a box with usually a flannel cloth over, and set them behind the stove until all the chicks were hatched. It would usually take from two to three days until all the chicks were out of the shells. There were usually one or two eggs that didn't prove fertile. After the chicks were hatched, Mother fed them curds and mash and soft foods, hard-boiled eggs, and things of that type. They didn't have mash coming in bags like they do nowadays for feeding young chickens.

Now, these chickens that hatched, we kept the pullets for next year's eggs, and we sold a

few of the older hens each year. And nearly all the fryers we kept for our own use during the year. Occasionally, we would have a few extra, which would be taken to town for sale. Mother also sold a few eggs in Eureka during the laying period. They commanded a price of around twenty-five cents a dozen. He didn't bother with turkeys or geese because they were a little too hard to raise, so our folks thought. The incubation period for chickens was three weeks, for turkeys and geese, right around four weeks.

On the ranch, we ran about one hundred head of cattle. That was about all our place would take care of and feed in the wintertime. Our cattle were not thoroughbred by any means; they were mixed stock on all the ranches. No thoroughbred cattle because they had to more or less take care of, forage for themselves in the summertime and had to be more hardy than the thoroughbreds are of today. If you put one herd of these cattle that they have today out on those ranges, why, they would have starved to death! All the cattle had horns. They were all descended from the Texas Longhorns that were brought up from Texas in the earlier days. However, the ranchers had tried to breed in better stock that would have shorter horns and be heavier stock. And for that purpose, the Hereford bulls were bought, not thoroughbreds like we have today, but of that strain.. So a full-grown cow of five years would probably dress (weigh) around five hundred pounds, and a steer about five hundred, a two-year-old steer.

Every ranch had a beef gallows - Ours was in the center of the south corral. It was built from two upright posts set deep in the ground about six feet apart. These posts were about twelve feet in height above ground and topped with a roller which extended about eighteen inches beyond the north post. Through this

extension were bored two holes at right angles, and through each of these holes was thrust a length of three-fourths inch pipe about twenty feet long. When Father Dibble was ready to butcher, he fastened a grass rope to the outer ends of these pipes all the way around. Then by pulling on the rope, the roller at the top was activated.

The fattened beef animal was alone in the corral at slaughter time. Father shot it in the forehead as he did the pigs, then bled it by slashing across the throat just back of the head. We had a horse with singletree and chain ready. Father hitched the chain to the animal and the horse pulled it to the beef gallows. A rope was thrown over the roller, and the ends hung down to attach to the animal's legs.

In the fall, each fall, we usually butchered a fat cow for our own use, sort of late in the fall, usually about November. And we hung the quarters in the meat house where they would freeze and [were] kept frozen all winter long. Even toward spring, we could go out and saw off steaks off of those rounds that were really delicious, saw them off and—like my father said—slap them right onto a red-hot frying pan, and when they were cooked on each side, why, they were ready. Even though the inside wasn't cooked, it was really delicious. That was his way of preparing a steak. And I think it was a pretty good way, too. Of course, they were frozen and had to be sawed off, and it took a little while for them to thaw out. Then for the rounds of the beef, my father usually cut them into chunks weighing about three pounds each and tied [them] with a string in the end. And those were made into dried beef. They were put in a barrel of brine and brown sugar until they were thought to be salty enough. Then they were taken out and hung behind our kitchen stove on the wall to cure. After they became

fairly dry so that no moisture showed on the outside, why, he would take them down and hang them out in the meat house. This dried beef was then used for the rest of the year, that is, especially during the summertime when we didn't have beef. To use it in the home, Mother would usually slice it off in very thin slices and put it on in the frying pan on the stove to simmer for perhaps three quarters of an hour or an hour. And when the water had about simmered dry, then she would add a little butter or lard, or whatever she might have, and then some flour, which was browned in the hot grease, in the pan. After that was just beginning to get brown, then she would pour on either milk or water or a mixture of the two, which would make the gravy for the dried beef. It was very tasty and served as meat and also gravy for the potatoes that we had practically every day.

The beef that we would butcher in the fall would last us, then, for the rest of the fall, winter, and early spring months. But during the summertime and the rest of the year, the ranchers around the valley would butcher a small yearling perhaps, and trade meat; that is, trade back and forth. One time, one of the ranchers would butcher and keep part of it for himself, and then the others would relieve him of that part that he wasn't going to use. And the next time, one of the other ranchers would butcher and give back the part, or number of pounds that he had borrowed in the first place. In that way, why, most of the ranchers were able to keep stocked with beef practically the whole year around.

My father also corned the brisket by using salt brine and a certain amount of salt petre in the brine; I don't know just how much he used, but he knew how to make corned beef. He'd learned all that back in Connecticut. His folks always were thrifty, too, and took care of their own meat that way.

Then Mother used to make mincemeat every fall, about a three-gallon or four-gallon crock of mincemeat. And that was—of course, that would last us throughout the winter, especially if she kept us kids away from it. Sometimes when she wasn't looking, we would get a spoon and sneak down to the cellar and each take a heaping tablespoonful of the mincemeat.

Each fall, we usually had about ten two-year-old steers to sell. We didn't sell our steers when they were yearlings like they do today, or younger they sell them today, sometimes calves. But we always kept them until they were two years old. Then there were also about six to eight fat cows which we would weed out that perhaps didn't have a calf that year, and those were sold, also. That was our main income for the year, exclusive of what was taken in from meals and things of that type from the people who were traveling back and forth along the road.

In the early \_\_\_\_\_ beef cattle sold for about eleven dollars a head. Then after about 1900, they went up to around twenty dollars a head. After that, they gradually increased in price until the price that we know today is very, very much more.

Cattle ran on the range from about March on. We turned them out along about March, the strong ones. Those that had calves or were going to be mothers, we kept those inside and fed them until the grass was high enough so that they would not get weak from lack of feed on the range. But the stronger ones were tuned out in the spring, early. And at the first sign of green grass, they would travel some distance back and forth in order to get at that green grass. It was quite a luxury to them in the spring. They ranged all over the valley, into other valleys and mixed up during the summertime so that when fall came, there always had to be a roundup to separate out



the cattle for the different ranches throughout that whole neighborhood. They would range down even as far as Mound Valley, and sometimes farther east and west of us into the other valleys, so that everybody had to join in on the rodeos and gather up the cattle to be put in the fields, then, during the wintertime. Along in October and November, they were gathered into the fields where the green grass had not been touched or eaten off during the summer. And, of course, then, it was good feed for them until snow covered it up in the winter.

Our big corral between our stable and house had a shed along the east side, the full length of the corral. However, there were no other sheds for protection of the cattle during the wintertime. The stronger cattle were kept right out in the field, as did all the other ranchers in the vicinity. But the weaker cattle, ones with cows and calves, or some of the older ones, were kept in the big corral and fed extra amount[s] of hay. Cattle have a tendency, if one is weak or has a hard time getting up in the springtime, why, other cattle will hook her down, and they don't seem to have any mercy or sympathy; they'll pick on one that's down.

All stock were fed in the wintertime from stacks. It wasn't baled; it was just put in stacks, the hay, and fed from wagons or sleds. If there was plenty of snow on the ground, they used sleds. One would drive the wagon up to the stack and load the hay onto the wagon and take it out and spread it around for the cattle.

As I mentioned previously, the ranchers began to fence some more ground immediately after the hard winter of '89 and '90. And for this purpose, of course, barbed wire was used. Barbed wire was quite expensive, too, because it was just coming in, and there was all different types of barbed wire with different

kinds of barbs, spaced differently, and some of them had four prongs, some of them two prongs. There was one type of barbed wire that was used on the Diamond Springs ranch which I have never seen anyplace else. At intervals of about eight inches was a little block of redwood about three-eighths inches thick and grooved around the edges so that the wire would hold it in place. It had a barb, one barb, in between each one of these blocks of wood, a four-pointed barb. I never saw it on spools, but wire of that type would take up a lot of room on spools. That's the only place I ever saw that type of wire. I've seen wire at some of these bottle shows around Reno, but I've never seen any of that particular type. And I wonder if it's there today. I rather imagine that some enterprising person has bargained for it and taken it away.

In our-valley, we usually cut only two crops of alfalfa. As I said, after we had fenced a part of the new meadowland, we put some of the upper land, which was gravelly and had good drainage, into alfalfa. And that yielded two crops. Usually, one crop was cut right after the Fourth of July, and the other one in late September or early October. To tell when alfalfa was ripe and ready to cut, Father usually decided it was ready when it first came into bloom. We always figured about one ton of hay to the animal to feed them and tide them over during the wintertime.

Beside the natural wild grass that we had at home and the alfalfa that would be put in, there was also a patch of rye grass at Davis, which was about three miles farther north from our place. This was not fenced. And it was down near the flat and was watered by water that came out of Davis Canyon, and spread out naturally over that low place there before it finally flowed over onto the flat. As a usual thing, cattle would gather there and eat the young grass when it was quite young, and

also trample it into the mud. And if it were left to its own devices, why, there wouldn't be very much in the way of hay. So Father Dibble decided that we ought to have that hay, and for that purpose, why, he decided it ought to be herded during the spring. So I was detailed as a herdsman to keep the cattle off from this patch of rye grass. Every spring in June, why, that was my job, to herd the cattle away, keep them off from that particular spot. I would go there every day.

I had the same old horse, Prince, that I used when I was carrying mail—at about the same time, in fact. I was only about ten years old. And Prince was a big horse, and I was only a little guy. Usually, when I'd bring the cattle up towards our place, driving them away from the rye grass, Prince would have an idea that he wanted to come home. He'd decided that he'd gone far enough. And one time in particular, he really had decided that he wanted to come home, and he did come home. I couldn't hold him; I couldn't keep him from coming. And Father Dibble saw us coming, and he was wondering why I was leaving the cattle there. Now, when I came up to the corral, he saw me—I was crying; I couldn't control old Prince.

He says, "I'll fix him!" So he went in the old granary and got out his four-horse whip, which was a hickory handle of about six or seven feet with a lash on it about fifteen or sixteen feet long, a braided buckskin lash, which teamsters with four horses always used to touch up their leaders. [When] Father Dibble went out and lashed old Prince around the legs two or three times with that whip, why, Prince took off. And I was able to get him back down to the herd again. Prince learned his lesson; he didn't try after that to come home because he was pretty sure of what would be waiting for him there. He was a smart horse.

No sheep in those days. Not even tramp bands? Well, no, not when we were really small. After we were about ten years old, sheep started to come in, just a very few—never bothered at all at that time. So the feed was really good on the outside. But I'll come to the sheep when the time comes, when they did start to bother.

I was telling George Cox about what a hard time I had to control Prince sometimes. And he says, "Well," he says, "I have a bit here that'll stop him." And he brought out a ring bit. So I bargained with George for the ring bit and put that on. It's the ring instead of a latch. It went right around the lower jaw of the horse. And it didn't take very much of a pull by the rider to really bring the horse up standing. And old Prince had a lot of respect for that ring bit.

Also, when I was about the age of ten, I started doing all the raking there at home. And after I'd finished at home, why, I thought I should go out and rake for some of the neighbors, but Father Dibble said I was too young to do that. So I had to be satisfied with raking the hay at home. To do that, I used old Torn, the faithful old white or gray horse that we had. He was not so young at that time, either, but he was a good old horse. I raked all the hay into windrows. Then Father Dibble and Fred took the pitchfork and piled the windrows into what we called cocks, piled them in by hand so that they would be easy to pitch onto the wagon. That was a considerable amount of work, but it made a nice job. Then when the hay was thoroughly cured after a few days, it settled in the cocks and was easy to load onto the wagon.

When Ferris and I were really small, we, of course, couldn't drive the team. Father Dibble would have the lines down on his side and drive the team, usually between two windrows with Fred on one side and he on the other, and

Ferris and I on the load to trample it down. That way, we loaded our alfalfa, or the hay. The two of us, when we were out on top, got it fairly solid. We used the regular old ranch wagons we had; we had just the one ranch wagon that I'd mentioned before, the same one that Father Dibble always used to haul wood or to go to Elko with, but he took the bad off and put a hay rack on instead.

Father Dibble and Fred would unload the hay, then, at the big hay corral just north of our stable. We would start at the east end of the hay corral, usually, and they would pitch off the first load and the second load. And the third load would start to get a little high; they'd pitch the top of that off and go ahead a little to pitch the bottom of it so it wouldn't have to be pitched so high—all pitched by hand. Then toward the end of the stack, why, we could use just the top of the load to pitch on the top of the stack. We pitched—the stack would be fairly high. And after we had finished a certain part of it with the top of the load, why, they would put something on it to weight it down. It was usually weighted down by a piece of baling rope that went over the top and something heavy fastened onto each end of the rope, either an old post or, oh, a wagon wheel, or most anything with weight, sometimes a piece of old mowing machine—anything of that type that had weight to hold the hay down so that it wouldn't blow off when the wind came.

Oftimes, these hay cocks out in the field would have unwelcome visitors in the way of rattlesnakes. They would get in under the hay and think they were in a safe place. But when a forkful or two of the hay was taken off, down in the ground there would be the old rattler. Several times, the rattler was pitched up onto the hay wagon, or fell off on the way up. But as luck would have it, nobody was ever bitten by the rattlesnakes. George Cox was bitten by

one, a small one, at one time, but he squeezed it out and opened up the wound. And it never was very bad. We were always extremely careful—oh, awfully careful, too, because there were a lot of snakes all through the valley, on that side of the valley, from—well, the full length of the Diamond Range. Fred was the main stacker of the hay, and Father Dibble would pitch it off onto the stack.

I think now I'll go to a description of haying time, or harvest time, at one of the large ranches. All the large ranches in Diamond Valley and the vicinity, of course, used horses at haying time because they had no other machinery. There was nothing that was motivated in those days, so they had to have an extra number of horses to take care of their needs at haying time. These were seldom worked during the rest of the year, so when haying time came around, they were always soft and fresh, too. There were always a good many runaways and things of that type. The men also were soft and fresh, because in order to recruit crews for haying time, the men would have to go to a town, like Eureka, and pick up whoever was willing to come out and work. They offered usually two dollars a day for regular hands at haying time. So the rancher would go to town and bring out a load of men a day ahead of time. He would have his horses ready also. He usually had a mechanic that repaired the mowing machines and the rakes and other machinery that they would use, the wagons and the racks, and the derrick and one thing and another that was used in the process of putting up the hay.

So the morning came for haying to open up. Of course, the wrangle boy was the first one who was up. The boss, of course, would have to call him. And the cook, of course, was up early, too, in order to prepare the meals for the hay hands. The wrangle boy would wrangle the horses up out of the field, out of



the pasture, and bring them up to a corral, usually located close to the stable. The horses, of course, would all have to be roped because they hadn't been handled for some length of time. If the hands themselves couldn't rope the horses, why, the boss would tell them what horses to use for the different teams; he would rope them for them and also have to show them what harness to use, and what collars. Each horse, of course, had to have his own individual collar. Some occasions, why, the same collar could be used on more than one horse, but that's quite important that the proper size, the proper width, the shape of collar to be used on the horse in order to fit. Otherwise it would soon develop a sore shoulder or sore neck and be almost unfit for work.

So the first morning was also always quite a period of activity because none of the men knew exactly what to do, and all had to be told. So it took extra length of time to get them ready for their work.

Well, the cook would always have breakfast ready by the time that the men were ready. And he had what they called a "triangle," a gong, and another piece of steel. This gong was made out of a sixteen-side steel in the shape of a triangle, hung in a tree. Perhaps there was another piece of the same material to strike it with, and [it] made a quite a large tone and would call the men from the stable to the house to get ready for breakfast. So we all assembled for the breakfast; everybody was hungry and ready for breakfast when it was ready.

The cook as a usual thing had a helper. And in some instances, where there was a wife (a wife of the foreman or wife of the owner of the place), she might have charge and have an Indian girl to help, or perhaps two, if the gang was very large. If there was no woman there (the one that I have reference to would

be), there was a man cook. Men cooks as a usual thing aren't as particular as the women cooks. And there would be swarms of flies that would develop during the stunner. And it was not uncommon to have to dip several flies out of your coffee or tea, or whatever it was. They also swarmed over the food in great numbers. It was not like today, when they have fly spray; they did have Tanglefoot fly paper, but there, why, [laughing] Tanglefoot wasn't used because there were so many flies that they would soon get lost on a Tanglefoot, and you wouldn't know there was any Tanglefoot there. But where there were women involved, as a usual thing, why, they would have screen doors (which] kept out a good many of the flies.

Breakfast was always a substantial meal. There was always some type of meat on the table, usually fried steak or pork or whatever [they] happened to have on hand, and potatoes, fried potatoes usually, and coffee or tea, usually coffee for breakfast, and oftentimes biscuits or hotcakes with syrup. After breakfast, they would all go back to the stable and hook up their teams and go out to the field, of course, under the supervision of the foreman.

A regular hay crew would consist roughly of two or three mowers, one hay rake, about four wagons with a man to each wagon, the hay rack on each wagon, of course, and about four pitchers, hay pitchers (they used forks to pitch the hay), and at the stack, usually two stackers. And they had a derrick. There would be one man to drive the derrick team, and that would be about all on the regular crew itself.

The hay, of course, was mowed down. Usually, the mowers, the ones who did the mowing, came a couple of days ahead of time in order to get the hay in shape, and also the rakers. They would mow down the hay,

and about on the second day afterward, the raker would come along and rake it up into windrows. And on the larger places where they didn't put it into cocks by hand, the raker would also run up and down the windrows and bunch the hay. Then when the time came for the teams to haul it to the stack, the team would go out to the field—usually two men on the wagon; the one that was driving the wagon had another one to help load. And there'd be at least two men to each wagon loading it, pitching it up. The team would drive down the windrows and stop, of course, at each bunch of hay while the pitchers pitched it up to the loaders on the wagon. Then when it was loaded, why, they would go on to the stack while another wagon was being loaded. That way, why, there were practically always two wagons in the field being loaded and one perhaps on the way and another one being unloaded at the stack.

Then They reached the stack, they would pull up alongside the haystack. The derrick was always located usually at the end of a stack. These stacks were usually about thirty-five feet long and thirty feet wide, where they were loaded with a derrick. The derrick consisted of a heavy sled affair with two logs on for runners, and two crosspieces on each side for support, and one across the middle with the upright set in the middle of this sled affair, braced on all corners to hold it in an upright position, with a turntable up about twelve feet off the ground where the derrick swung around within this turntable. Then on above that, there was arms projected out, which you called the boom, and another piece across the top that connected the two boom ends of the derrick, with a pulley in each end. The cable, about a three-eighths-inch steel cable, was attached to what we'd call a Jackson fork, six-tined fork, which was on a hinge affair, and had a trigger.

This trigger had a small cotton rope attached to it, and the wagon man always held this rope in his hands, ready to dump, or trip, the fork whenever the stacker called for the load to be dumped. This cable ran from the fork up through the upper end of the high part of the boom, and down across the top of the derrick to the other end of the boom, then on down to the sled, where it was attached to another pulley on a short chain, usually. Then it ran on out to the man who drove the team that pulled the loads up.

This team was usually attached to an old mowing machine chassis. The cable was usually clamped around the axle, so that when the team was backed up to the derrick, the fork would rest at the bottom of a rack so he'd have plenty of room. Then as he pulled up, why, of course, it raised the fork.

The fork, as I said, operated on a sort of a hinge with a trigger, and was in the—part of the frame was at right angles to the teeth, so when the wagon man stuck it down into the load of hay near the front of the load, he would pull the lever part down, and lock it. Then, as the team on the mower (the derrick team) pulled up, it would raise it in an upright position, and would take out, average about three hundred pounds of hay to a load. It would swing on over the stack, then, as the team pulled up, swing on over the stack, and the stackers would guide it with their forks. They usually held it about seven or eight feet above the stack, or perhaps ten feet in some instances. They would guide it around to where they wanted the hay dumped. Then they would call, "Dump it," or, "Trip it," or whatever they might want to call it, and then the man on the wagon would pull the cotton rope and trip the load. Then he would pull the fork back to the wagon again for the second load. Usually about seven or eight loads of the fork would take all that there was on the

wagon. So this was the way that the hay was unloaded.

They usually ran it up to a height of about twenty-five feet, or sometimes thirty feet, before they finally topped it out. The stack was perpendicular up and down to a height of about twenty-five feet, and then it gradually rounded off on the sides. But the ends were kept perpendicular. So this would continue on. The mowers would be mowing on some new patch, and the rakers would be following the following day when the hay was just dry enough to rake,... so it would be picked up without dropping it, and not too green. If it was too green, it might mold or spoil before it was cured. Then, of course, there was the raker who would go around after the wagon men had passed over and pick up any scraps of hay that were left on the field.

Then they'd go from field to field, and usually a haying period was perhaps a month or so, depending on the amount of hay that had to be put up. It usually started right after the Fourth of July, ended up perhaps in August sometime. Nowadays, of course, it's all mechanized, and no more horses are used in haying time. That eliminates keeping a bunch of horses over.

Then at about eleven thirty, the boss would signal the various hay hands that it was time to quit. They would start for the barn, or stable—barnyard. As a usual thing, if it wasn't too far, the ones who had the mower and the rake would drive on up to the barnyard. But the ones that had the wagons would unhitch their teams and all the men would go to the barn with the one single wagon, leading their horses behind. At the stable, of course, they would unharness their horses because they always had fresh horses for the afternoon. No one ever worked a team more than half a day. And if they were good horse hands, they always washed off the shoulders of their

horses when they'd take the collars off and unharness them; that was especially true for horses that were just being broken in to the work from the previous year because they were soft. And if their shoulders got sore or their neck got sore, why, they wouldn't be much good for work any more until the sore was healed.

And at night, of course, the foreman or boss would signal time to quit. They usually quit at about six o'clock. They had one hour for noon, so it didn't really give them too much time for rest, because by the time they got to the stable and unharnessed their horses and went to eat and then got back to the corral and caught their fresh team and harnessed them, there wasn't really very much time for a rest.

There usually was a bunkhouse for the men, but in many instances, the men didn't prefer to sleep in the bunkhouse. They would all bring their own bedrolls, and as a usual thing they would roll them down outside someplace around the hay corral, which was all right, too, in the summertime, because a lot of people like to sleep under the stars anyway.

They cut just one crop up there. Of course, that was nearly all wild hay. The Sadler place, in particular, they had two crops of alfalfa; they did have one field of alfalfa, and they had two crops in that. But it was about half foxtail; this alfalfa, foxtail had crept in. Foxtail, of course, is a noxious weed. And if any horses or stock ate that, it would get in their mouth, you know, and—something like the cheat grass that they have today, only worse, and make their mouths sore. And, of course, the stock couldn't keep in shape on that. Even the pitchers there at the Sadler place and the wagon men had to tie their overalls down around their feet to keep the foxtail out of their underwear. And also, it was almost necessary to wear some coarse shirt of some type so that the foxtail wouldn't work through.

It was a miserable situation to have to work in the foxtail. I don't know whether it's still there or not. We had a little foxtail on our place there at Box Springs, and Father used to have us go down every spring as soon as the foxtail appeared, as soon [as] we were positive it was foxtail, and pull it out. But it seemed to come back every year. But after a period of years, it disappeared of its own free will. It disappeared, as the wild hays and grasses do; they change from time to time. One year, there'll be a lot of one type of grass, wild grass, and that'll gradually die out and other grass will take its place.

Did we call this grass by any particular name, or just wild grass? It was wild redtop. Of course, there's timothy. We had timothy in our fields. Father always, whenever he sowed anything, he'd sow a mixture of timothy and redtop, which made a wonderful all-around hay for all kinds of stock.

Fred and Ferris and I, of course, helped with the haying at home. Fred went out to work when he was about eighteen years old, after he'd finished with the work at home, putting up the hay. We didn't have a great deal; it didn't take us very long to do it. So usually by the first of August or before, he was ready to go out and help with the haying, sometimes by the middle of July. When he was about eighteen, and then when I was about eighteen and Ferris was about sixteen, we went out to work also. Ferris, at sixteen, got a dollar and a half a day, and we got two dollars a day, with board and room. We worked ten hours a day in the hay fields. Fred worked as a stacker; he got two and a half a day.

One place that we went to work, the first one, in fact, that Ferris and I worked at, they worked ten hours a day. They were up before daybreak and called us, and we went to the house after we caught our horses and got ready. It was still dark. [We] went to the house

and practically always for breakfast we had hotcakes with brown sugar and some kind of—perhaps bacon, but very seldom very much else. There was no meat, fresh meat, of any kind. The grandfather lived there also. He'd bring out a hot lunch for us at noontime. Then along about after sunset, the foreman—or he was the owner, in fact—he'd say, "Well, it's time to quit," and we thought so, too. It was always dark before we got home and had our supper.

Hay hands as a usual thing didn't work on Sunday. They took Sunday off and would take their baths and wash their clothing. There at the Sadler place, there was a big hot springs only about a mile and a half from the house. And people would come from long distances around to bathe and swim in that hot spring. It was a wonderful place, even in wintertime. I have taken a bath there—in fact, that's where I used to take my baths most of the time when I was going to school there at the Romano place and living at Sadler".

The brush and willows surrounding the spring might be covered with frost, but it was always warm down in the sheltered part, down around the spring itself, because it was down in a lower place and ran off into a big spring. It was deep there; the water was real deep out away from the surface, the shore. There were two Eureka boys went down there to swim when we were about in our teens. One of them drowned, and the other boy, attempting to get him out, drowned also. But that was quite a catastrophe.

Well, I was just going to tell about the Sunday meal. We had our breakfast just a little bit later than usual. Then we had dinner about one o'clock. The wife cooked up a good dinner; we had something really quite nice, a little something extra for Sunday. Then we didn't have anything else for the rest of the day. That was the way the setup was.

But we noticed that the rest of the family always had something to eat in the evening. So we worked out a little scheme. We decided that Ferris should go to the house and ask for a candle or something of that type; I think it was a candle he was to ask for. He knocked at the door and caught them all in there eating, and we weren't having anything to eat. So when they saw that we knew what they were doing, then they called us and said that we could come and have a little something to eat, too. And we were willing to eat because it's a long time from about two o'clock until the next morning, especially for young people.

Well, this one year, the first year Ferris and I were out, after we had finished haying at this one place—I didn't mention the name—we went to Edgar Sadler's. Edgar had some hay that he wanted to have baled; he had a stack of hay that he wanted baled. We could haul it to Eureka to have it there for their use in the wintertime.

Well, Fred and Ferris and I took the contract to bale the stack of hay. The baler that they used in those days wasn't the type like they have today, which bales the hay right in the field, takes it off from the windrow and bales it. It was a cumbersome arrangement. It was a heavy baler, was set on runners that weigh about five hundred pounds, I imagine. It was set on runners. It was sort of a box affair) with a lift that slid up and down on the inside of this box affair this heavy boxed affair with a big wheel on one side with a cable on it that operated this compressor in the baler itself. When the lift part was down, they had to thread through the baling wire or baling rope which was to be used to hold the bale. That was threaded through a place that was arranged for it. And the hay was pitched into the baler from the stack. One man would trample it down while the other would pitch it in. When we got it full, as much as would

go in so that the lid would clamp down, the lid was then locked. Then the man that was driving the team would start the team up that would pull this big wheel around and around, and lift the compressor up to a certain height. And then we would fasten the wires or baling rope on one side. Then the team would back up and the bale was let out through the side, opened up one of the sides and the bale was dropped out. The hay bales in those days were very much heavier and bigger. The bales usually averaged at least two hundred and fifty pounds apiece. So they weren't very easily handled. We didn't have to pile them; we just rolled them away and someone else did the piling after we left.

After we'd finished baling the hay (I've forgotten now where Fred and Ferris did go), I went over to Nels Toft's and did some baling over there, or helped with the baling. After we'd baled up a stack of hay, we hauled it to Eureka. Jorgen Jacobsen, my brother-in-law, and I did the hauling, as well as most of the baling. Pete [Gaetane] helped. Jorgen helped with two or three trips, and then I took the team myself and drive several trips myself alone, using eight or ten horses. don't pretend to be a teamster, but I herded them along and managed to get the hay to town all right, excepting the last trip. The hay, the baled hay, one of the baling binder ropes got loose. The hay was loaded on the wagon about four tiers high with two hundred and fifty-pound bales, about four tiers high and two tiers wide. Then the top tier, which would be the fifth tier, was piled through the middle, then a stake driven down through the middle of the hay, and a rope coming up from each corner of the rack was placed around this stake that was driven, and another bar was put into the end of this stake and turned around and around and around to tighten. The ropes were tightened on the stake itself by its turning around.



Anyway, the load got loose going up the old grade several miles from Eureka. The first thing I noticed, one or two of the bales had fallen off. I stopped the team and tried to get the bales back in shape; I couldn't, of course, lift the ones up that were on the ground. But in trying to rearrange the load, I sprained my knee. It never was the same after that. But I cared for the team, all the horses, alone on These trips and got the hay delivered as it should have been.

The water from the canyon was what we used to irrigate the fields there at our place. The spring was just large enough to supply water for stock that was in the pasture, or for irrigating the garden. The water from the canyon usually came down, usually about in June—sometime during June. It was always so soft and nice that Mother always was glad when the water came out of the canyon so she could use it for washing her clothes. And we always put our wash bench outside, too, for washing our hands and faces so that we could use the soft water for that purpose. We didn't usually use it for drinking purposes because we didn't know what might be in the ditch above. However, we kids didn't stop at that when we were out along a water ditch. We would always take a good, big drink of water.

Irrigating the land, of course, Father Dibble irrigated most of the land, especially when we were young. After that, Fred Started and helped out with the irrigating, too. But when we knew the water was coming from the canyon (we could usually hear it running. Especially at nighttime, when everything was quiet, we could hear it running up in the canyon), Ferris and I would go up to see where it was every day until it finally came down to the house. It would come down during the night always, because there was more evaporation during the day and the first appearance would be in the morning when

we'd get up; we'd find the water down. That was quite a day for us.

As I said, we'd go up, and as soon as we'd see the water we'd always lie down along the side of the ditch and take a good, big drink of that water. It really tasted sweet and nice, even though we didn't know what might be in the ditch above. It was always good—nothing that poisoned us, anyway.

Up along the water ditch grew all kinds of flowers, wild flowers. Among others were the sego lily, the poison sego, and the parsnip that grew farther up in the canyon. These were the two main poisons for cattle that we had to beware of. Poison sego grew down below the mouth of the canyon, while the parsnip was always found higher up in the canyons. Parsnip looked very similar to the garden parsnip. Poison sego grew out away from the brush on a multiple stem plant of light green usually, and had a flower which was of white and yellow, with quite long stamens. The sweet sego, or sego lily (we always called them the sweet sego) grew under the protective sagebrush, close in, and that way, got the better soil That was next to the sagebrush from the dropping leaves. The sweet segos grew under the ground about six to eight inches deep. We would dig them out with our pocketknives. We always carried pocketknives, even though we were quite young. We'd dig down, dig down; we had to be very, very careful we didn't cut the stem or break it off, because the stems were very delicate. And the tuber, or sego itself, was, oh, about the size of a small onion. It had a sweetish taste, [like] something rather starchy. But we really thought that if we could get a sego or two to eat, why, they were really good. I guess we knew that they weren't poison because I suppose Indians had told our folks that they were good to eat. But we didn't lose any time.

The parsnips and the poison segos didn't bother, excepting in the springtime when the ground was really soft and the frost was coming out of the ground up in the canyons, and the spring water along the ditches made the ground extra soft, and cattle would pull them up. It never bothered horses because—cows don't have teeth on their upper jaw, in front. They don't bite the food off like a horse does. Cows simply pull it out or break it off. They'll grasp with the gums of their upper jaw and then jerk their head sideways to break it off, whereas a horse will nip it off with teeth on both the upper and lower jaw. For that reason, why, cattle are much more susceptible to poisoning than horses are.

For fuel, we used the native fuel, native wood. When we were quite young, there was always plenty of wood that had been cut by the early woodchoppers who chopped wood for charcoal for the furnaces in Eureka. The coal, of course, that was made up near Eureka was used first. And then as the diminishing supply worsened in that section, they moved farther north and cut out the canyons toward the north end of the valley.

There was one canyon that Father Dibble found, down next to Five Mile Canyon, where the woodchoppers had cut the pine wood all down and cut it up into cordwood lengths but had never burned it. None had ever been burned in that canyon. But there was quite a plentiful supply of wood, chopped, and just left to lie on the ground. It wasn't corded or actually down into the bed of the canyon. So he told Uncle William Cox about it, and they decided that they would build a road up the canyon and haul their winter's fuel from there. So it did prove to be a source of fuel for a number of years. However, it was quite difficult to get at, even at that.

The woodchoppers in those days were nearly all of Italian extraction, or Italian

people that came over from the old country because they were expert axemen, and also, they could live under most trying conditions. Very few roads were built into the canyon until after the wood was cut. So they must have had to pack in their supplies, what they did have. And I'm sure they didn't have such [a] thing as canned goods because there were no cellars that they ever had; they must have had just dry goods, beans and bacon and things of that type for food. The coal was usually put into coarse sacks after it was burned, and it was packed out that way out of the canyon, and then loaded onto teams and taken into Eureka.

The wood, when it was made into coal, was piled in pits and then covered with brush and boughs, pine boughs, so it wouldn't get very much air. The air vent was controlled. It was fired then and kept with a minimum of ventilation until the coal was burned. They turned it into coal rather than taking the wood out because it was very much easier—lighter to carry and easier to get to the furnaces. And it also made a much hotter fire than wood does. However, some of the furnaces did burn wood in cordwood lengths up there, which was not too far from town; they didn't have to haul it very far.

In describing the method used by the Italian woodchoppers and coal burners to convert the pine logs into charcoal, I nearly neglected to mention the coal kiln, or coal oven, which was used when there was plenty of pine timber for building the coal ovens. These kilns, or ovens, entailed a lot of work in their building. They were usually the shape of a beehive, about twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter and about equal height, built of any available stone, and sealed or chinked with mud. They had three openings, one at the ground level about four feet wide and around six feet high. Most of the wood was loaded

through this opening, and through it the draft was controlled. There was a second opening of smaller size, about halfway up the cone-shaped structure. The upper ricks or layers of wood were loaded through it. The third opening was small and near the top and was used principally as a vent for the smoke. It was also left open at all times. The second opening was always closed. The bottom opening was left open until the fire was well started, then almost completely closed, allowing only enough air for partial combustion.

All the wood cutting in the canyon was done by hand and with axes; no saws were ever used. When our folks brought the logs home, they were well-seasoned and split readily with a sledge and wedges, then chopped to stove length.

Well, Uncle William Cox and my Father Dibble made a road up to this wood that had been chopped in this "wood canyon," we always called it. They went down and camped out. Fred took them down in a wagon with their camping supplies and their hand tools for making a road. It was all done by pick and crowbar and shovel. The road had to be made about a mile long, or a mile and a half, to get up into the canyon to where the wood was. Then, to get the wood out, they would drive the wagon up about halfway up the canyon to where it became quite steep, then turn the wagon around at a place where they could turn it around, and point it back down the hill.

Then Father Dibble had a sled which he had made out of heavy three-by-twelve planking shod with runners on the bottom, some old wagon tires. Then we would unhook the team from the wagon and hook it onto this sled and go from there on up the road, which was just in the bed of the canyon. From there on, it didn't require very much of a road, just a place to drag the sled.

They would take the sled on up to where the timber was, where the wood was cut down, and pitch it down from the sidehill into the bed of the canyon—or roll it down, whichever the case might be—and then load it onto the sled. Of course, they could come down quite a steep hill on a sled in the summertime without the sled running onto the horses. Then down to the wagon, they would load it onto the wagon. Fred and Father Dibble worked together always, and George and Uncle William loaded theirs. They didn't usually go on the same day; sometimes they were there at the same time, but they didn't help each other in that respect. They did their own work.

In loading it on the wagon, it would be loaded crosswise across the wagon bed. Then in order to provide a braking system for the wagon going down the steep canyon, Father Dibble would cut quite a large pine tree, snake it down behind the wagon and attach it to the wagon with a log chain. Then they would come on down the canyon with the drag on behind, which would serve in most cases as a brake. Some places, where it was extra steep, of course, they had to apply the brake, too. These were dragged down, down beyond the mouth of the canyon and left away from the regular road. And by the end of the season, there was quite a supply of trees down there, so that they would be left over until the next year, usually, to season and dry out. Then we would use them for wood for the next year.

I remember very distinctly Father telling about when he and Uncle William were making the road down there, and about some of the supplies. They had a chunk of horse meat. Horse meat had been given them by Mr. Taft who was killing some horses at that time. They were using it there on the ranch for meat and said, why, it was good, so just as well take a piece down there and use it down



there while they were doing the work on the road. So Father Dibble told about one night, they cut off a couple of nice steaks and fried them. It had tasted real good. But after supper, they were sitting around, he got to thinking (Father Dibble always smoked his pipe after supper). He said his stomach started to rile and he felt that he might lose his supper, [laughing] so he went over to the grub box, and Mother had put in a jar of pickled beats. So he said he ate several of those pickled beets and it seemed to settle his stomach, and he managed to keep it down. That was the only experience with horse meat; we never tried to eat any in the home. I guess there's no reason why it isn't as good as other meat, just the idea of eating horse.

Ferris and I were too young to get in on the wood hauling from the wood canyon, but we did wait for Father Dibble and Fred to come home with the load. As soon as they pulled up to the woodpile, we would be there on hand to get their lunchbox. Any crusts of bread or remnants of the lunch were just the most tasty morsels that could be imagined. And I fear that sometimes, the real workers often left portions for us which they otherwise would have eaten.

This fuel supply in this wood canyon, as we called it, lasted for several years, but eventually the wood got so high up, and there was quite a number of the logs that had rotted from standing out in the snows for many years. So we had to turn to other sources for wood. But nowadays, they don't use wood up there; they use oil in all cases. They get their oil in drums and use that for fuel for cooking as well as for heating. In later years, we had to chop our own wood, which I will tell more about in a later part of the story.

Mother, of course, was a homemaker, as mothers always were. [She and her sister] were both wonderful cooks, could cook and

bake most anything. However, they didn't cook or bake alike. You would never know they were sisters for one very important reason. When they were quite young, after their father had been killed in the Civil War and their mother was a widow woman, they had to go out to work. They worked for other people in the vicinity, ones that had larger farms or larger families and could afford to hire a girl to come in and do the cooking and other work—taking care of the children and things that were necessary to be done. My mother worked for one family, and Aunt Lila worked for another family, and they did that a large part of the time until they were ready to come out to Nevada, when they were a little older. I don't know just what age they went out to work, but they must have been fairly young, because they were out for a number of years that way. And, of course, they learned how to cook and keep house by instructions from the woman for whom they were working. So you can understand why their mode of cooking was different. For instance, bread making, why, their bread didn't taste alike. They were both good bread makers, but their bread just didn't taste alike. For that reason, when Ollie and Ferris and I were going to school, of course, we always carried our own lunches. And we always traded lunches. I think that Ferris and I got a little of the worst of that trade because we always traded two lunches for one. We thought it tasted better simply because it was something a little bit different. Mother was the homemaker, and she was always kept busy with various jobs. She was washing (I'll tell you how she washed in those days, too), and the ironing, and the sewing, the patching, the darning and mending and cooking and preserving and canning and jelly making, jams, milking of the cows during the summertime, making of butter, and cleaning

the house, and managing us kids [laughing] kept her busy at all times.

Breakfast at home was always a hearty meal. Father Dibble would always get up and help with the breakfast, and Fred usually did the chores outside while Father Dibble helped with the breakfast. We usually had hotcakes or French toast, always with syrup and plenty of butter; we had some kind of meat every breakfast—either ham or bacon with eggs, or hash, or sometimes steaks, or whatever we might have—and practically always had fried potatoes, which were the potatoes left over from boiling from the night before. There was always a pitcher of milk for us smaller folk and coffee and things like that for the older people and guests that might be there.

On Sunday mornings, sometimes, we had a treat of chocolate. We always called it chocolate. Very little cocoa was ever seen then; it wasn't known as cocoa; it was always chocolate. And it came in the bars as I mentioned about the supply that my father got when he went to Elko. This Baker's chocolate, my mother would have to either grate it up or cut it with a knife, and get a pan of milk and put the pan of milk on the back of the stove, and cut up the chocolate, or grate it, and put it in the pan of milk with the proper amount of sugar to sweeten it for us youngsters, and we would all have a treat then for Sunday. We didn't have it every Sunday, just once in a while, on treat days.

Lunch was a lighter meal. We didn't usually have a hot meal at lunchtime, excepting in haying time, which at that time was something more substantial because we worked early and later. But usually for lunch we would have something like stewed rhubarb with bread and fruit, or something that was not too heavy. And for supper—it was always supper, never dinner—our noon meal was always “dinner.” Lunch was something which

we always carried with us in a paper bag, or which was taken away from home. That was lunch; otherwise, it was dinner. And supper was the evening meal.

That was usually our main meal. We always had potatoes, either boiled or baked or prepared in some such way, and there was always meat of some type, roast beef or spare ribs or boiled meat. My Father Dibble was always particularly fond of dumplings, which Mother quite frequently made. She would boil the meat until it was practically done, mix up dough the same as she would make for biscuits and spoon it in on top for the dumplings. Father Dibble always called them “dumps?” And he always doted on those dumplings. And there would be garden vegetables, such as carrots and beets—anything in season—or what we were keeping over for the winter—squash, carrots.

And then for dessert we would have some sort of pie, pudding, cake, or something of that type—rhubarb pie, raisin pie, plum pie, lemon pie, custard, mince in season. Mother even made carrot pie. She would make it out of a recipe that could be used for regular pumpkin pie, only using carrots instead of pumpkins. And one would hardly be able to tell the difference, making it out of the carrots instead of the pumpkins. And when she didn't have any lemon, she would make vinegar pie, which tasted good to us. It didn't have the flavor of the lemon; she would usually put a little lemon extract in to make it taste something like lemon pie. But she would thicken it the same way as the lemon meringue pie is thickened nowadays, make the meringue for the top to cover it so that it was quite attractive.

The laundry was quite a chore. Mother, in washing all the clothes, used just the old-fashioned washboard, the hard way. She would set the large galvanized tub—she had

two of them—and set them, each one, on two chairs facing each other. The tubs would be in the middle, one for washing and one for rinsing. All the water had to be heated on the stove right there in the kitchen in a wash boiler or other receptacle that we might have on the stove, big kettles and things of that type. Usually, we had two coal oil cans that had been cut down, or the tops cut out, made into buckets which Father Dibble would put on the stove to heat for water. So she would have to build up a roaring fire which would always make the kitchen warm and extra hot in the summertime. Then it had to be dipped out of the wash boiler or the cans and put into the washtub or into the rinse tub. These were quite large tubs that were about two and a half feet across and I guess about eighteen inches deep, made out of galvanized iron.

She used Kirk's brown soap if she ran out of soap that she had made from our own fats. She always made soap from any extra fat that we had by using a certain amount of water and a certain amount of lye and a certain amount of fats that she had, and then putting them together and stirring them up and allowing it to set. And then after it was thoroughly set, why, it would be cut into chunks and laid out to dry. So there was no fats that ever went to waste. Any bacon fryings or drippings of any kind were always put in the grease can to be used for soap. But if she didn't have enough of her own soap, why then she would use the Kirk's brown soap which came in bars about the size of a large Ivory soap bar as made today. It was made brown; it contained considerable resin. You could smell the resin in the soap. But it was pretty good for taking out dirt from soiled clothes.

Those clothes that were badly soiled, like our clothes usually were—especially Ferris's and mine—she would put those into the wash boiler. The wash boiler would be about half

full. She would put this soap in there and Sal Soda, [an] extra amount of Sal Soda, to break the water. Our water there was quite hard, contained quite a lot of lime. So she used Sal Soda to break the water before she put in the soap. And she would put the handkerchiefs and the soiled clothes in the wash boiler and boil them for perhaps half an hour. They would usually come out looking real white and presentable again after considerable boiling.

When Mother washed our clothes, she did all the wringing by hand with a twisting method. And that's the hard way, too. Of course, from the boiler, she had to use a three-foot length of broom handle to put them in the tub of cooler water before she would be able to wring them by hand.

The clothes were always hung on the line outside to dry. The clothesline was made of a telegraph wire which had come out of the old Overland telegraph line that at one time went across the flat. When that was dismantled, the wire was rolled up and Father Dibble went out and got a considerable amount of the old wire that had been used to transmit messages across the continent in the early days.

Ironing was done the hard way, also. They were solid cast iron irons, of course, smooth on the bottom so that they would slide around on the clothes easily. Each iron weighed—oh, I imagine they were different weights, but they would weigh around four, five, or six pounds, I think; it seemed that way to me at least. They were solid cast iron, so the handle of the iron got just about as hot as the iron itself. There was nothing to insulate it, though she used to use a felt pad to hold the iron and take it off the stove. [She] usually had from four to six irons on the top of the stove at a time and would use them alternately, so that one would always be hot. So there was a great deal of walking from the ironing board back to the

stove to get a hot iron and put the cooler one back on again, and put more wood in the stove to keep the stove good and hot. It was almost unbearable in the kitchen at times. We would come in from outside, we realized how hot it was. But that was the way things had to be done in those days; summer or winter, it made no difference.

For starch, Mother used regular Kingsford's cornstarch, which was the old standby in those days as it is today for cooking purposes. Of course, the Kingsford's cornstarch was used for cooking then, also, as well as for starching the clothes in laundry purposes.

Blueing was not bottled blueing as we have nowadays; it was ball blueing, came about the size of marbles in little balls of blue. It came in a box, about half a pound to the box. It was ultramarine blue that was made into hard little balls and would dissolve very, very slowly in water. She used to take about six of those little balls of blueing and put it in a small bag, tie the end so they wouldn't fall out, and wash them around in the blueing water until it got just the correct blue tint to suit her. So that's the way she blueed her clothes. Of course, that kind of blueing would never freeze in the wintertime, either.

Mother made all the clothing; that is, the dresses for herself and dresses for sister Grace. She made shirts and overalls for Ferris and for me when we were younger. Of course, after we got about ten years old, why, we thought we shouldn't wear that kind of clothing any more. However, she did make all our shirts and overalls until we were about of that age.

Coats, I am not sure just where they came from; they were usually hand-me-down coats from someone else—Fred's, or someone else who had outgrown the coats and gave them to us for our own use.

We wore cowhide shoes. These cowhide shoes were very heavy, but they were solid

and substantial, unlined. Father Dibble used to buy them in Eureka from B. Berg's or M. Karsky's stores at a dollar and a half a pair. We wore those in summertime. In the wintertime, we wore cowhide boots. These boots, of course, got wet, just like all boots would, because we didn't have such a thing as an overshoe or a rubber boot in those days. We would come in from playing out in the snow all day; the boots would be soaking wet. Sometimes we would have a little time getting them off. But the old bootjack was always standing by the fireplace. And the bootjack came in handy, too. It was a piece of board with a V-shaped end on it and set up on a smaller piece of board so that it would be off from the floor. And we would kick our heels into that "V" end, and then pull up, and that way, why, pull the boots off. Then we would set the boots by the fireplace to dry during the night. And usually, they would be dry in the morning. In the morning, we would have to work and work and work in putting tallow on them, rub them with tallow and then work the tallow in by hand. Sometimes the tallow was melted and put on that way and then worked in, but it really did a better job if we rubbed a piece of tallow on the booty and with the heat: from the fire and the heat from our hands, work it into the leather. That way, why, if we worked it long enough, the leather would become soft enough that we could put the boots back on. When the grease was thoroughly worked into the boots, then, of course, they were ready for that day's wear. And this was repeated every day that we were outside. During the wintertime when there was snow on the ground, they would get really wet. Our stockings and feet would be wet and cold when we would come in. And chilblains were quite the order of the day, too, from cold feet. And chilblains are no joke. Sometimes our feet would become swollen and red so that

it would be hard to put our regular shoes or boots on. In fact, [there were] some days that we couldn't wear them. In those times, why, we had to stay inside.

Felt boots came in a little later, and rubber boots came in a little later. When we were about ten years old, for some reason or other, we received a pair of felt boots. Ferris and I each received a pair of felt boots. I think it was for Christmastime. And that was the only pair of felt boots that we ever had. The boot part was of felt, coming up almost to the knee with a rubber overshoe on the outside. The men right about that time also started to wear felt boots. Prior to that time, our only covering of our shoes or boots were barley sacks with the sewing taken out of the ends and sides, and then split from corner to corner, which would provide a covering for each shoe. We would put the shorter corner at the front of the toe and fold that back over the toe, then bring the long ends up across the front and around the foot and in back, and then back to the front again, and tie it in front. That provided a certain amount of warmth for our boots or shoes, but it did not provide any protection against the moisture, wet, or snow. It would keep snow away from our ankles to a certain extent, but—better than nothing, of course. The teamsters used those, too, almost exclusively, in the early days when there was nothing else available. They used their grain sacks in That way. One grain sack would last a day because it would be worn out by nighttime. Usually, there wasn't much left of the sole.

Any extra tallow that we had would always be put to good use. We had a candle mold which was used about the turn of the century and a little after the turn of the century. Each candle mold was made in the shape of a candle, and they were in clusters of about six or eight of these, soldered together into

one unit so that six or eight candles could be poured at one time. A wick would be put in from the lower end (which was the shape of the top of the candle) with a knot on the end so that it wouldn't come through the small hole in the end of the mold. It would come on up through the center of the mold to the top of the mold, which was the bottom of the candle. Then each one of these individual candle molds was inserted with a wick in that fashion. When the molds were filled with tallow, keeping the string, or wick, taut so it would come through the middle of the candle. The tallow, of course, would harden immediately. After a few minutes' time, perhaps ten minutes, the candle could be taken out, usually by immersing it in hot water to loosen it from the outside; then the candle would slide right out by cutting off the knot from the end of the wick and pulling it out from the back. They were used when we were real small, but after a few years they weren't used any more. But the old candle mold was still in the old cellar at home when we left. It would be quite a collector's item at the present time if we had that.

A few people had lamps such as lamps that we have known in later years. What lamps there were, were kerosene or coal oil lamps with flat wicks. We never saw the circular wick which came in later. No household had more than one lamp. That was for use around the table after night in the living room or perhaps in the dining room when we were eating after dark. But the lamp was taken from one place to the other as needed. We never had a lamp like that in the kitchen; they were always candles.

Candles were always carried to bed with us on candlesticks. Candlesticks were made of tin as a usual thing, with a little saucer-shaped receptacle at the bottom for catching the flowing candle grease that might run



down the side of the candle. And we were always cautioned about the use of candles and about the use of lamps, never to take the candle around where there was any chance of its catching onto a curtain or anything of that type, [and to] always be very, very careful of a lamp because lamps are subject to being upset; and then if the kerosene should run out, there might be an explosion. So we were very, very careful. And even to this day, a table lamp, if it should happen to get knocked over, there's a sort of a chill run through us, thinking that there's going to be an explosion.

Coxes never had a lamp in the house until the children were practically all grown, nothing but candles. They even read by candlelight. George's eyes got quite bad when he was in his teens and had to use glasses for a while, because just by using the candles—. Candles are a very poor light to read by. And I've often wondered how Abraham Lincoln could do his work by the light from the fireplace, flickering fire. You would think that he wouldn't have any eyes left.

Beds were not the type that we have today. Most bedsteads were made by hand, handmade or homemade bedsteads. The old cast iron bedstead came in a little later, with the suspension spring. But when we were kids, the only bedstead was a homemade bedstead of lumber, rough lumber, and, of course, I guess there were bedsteads other places, but I'm just describing the bedstead that we used there in the valley. There were the headboard and the footboard, with a great many slats across the bed rails as we had them made. On top of these bed slats, which were spaced about three or four inches apart, we had a tick, a bed tick. The bed tick was made of striped ticking. That was the only mattress that we ever used when we were small. These striped tickings were made in such form that the mattress, when it was first stuffed with

straw—usually wheatstraw—was about two feet thick. And put it on the bed, it would stand up and be quite soft and comfortable for a little while. However, after a few sleepings, it would gradually settle down. And after a month or so, it would become about as hard as the wood itself, the slats. Once in a while, they would have to be taken out and shaken up, or new straw put in. We usually had to put in new straw in the springtime and in the fall time, so it was changed about twice a year. Pretty hard sleeping, but we didn't know the difference; we thought it was all right. Just like a bird in a cage, tiff they don't know what freedom is, why, they don't know the difference.

Mother made all the quilts and bedding that was used in the house. In her spare time, she would make patchwork, take all the small particles and pieces of cloth that she might have, and even though they were of various shapes, sew the pieces together so that they would form one side of a quilt, which would be perhaps six by about seven feet. That would be the top of the quilt. For the bottom of the quilt, she would buy calico; usually [she] used calico for the bottom of the quilt. She had quilting frames, four two-by-ones about ten feet long, which formed a frame the size of a quilt, or just a little bit larger, with holes in it that were made for various sizes so that they could be put in or out to accommodate for the size of the quilt that was needed.

She would first put on the bottom, or the calico piece which she had sewed together to form that size. It usually came thirty-six inches wide, that is, the calico did. And it would take two of those, or sometimes a little bit more to make the bottom of the quilt. That was fastened quite securely to the frames all the way around. I think she stitched it to the frames. Then on top of the calico, she would lay cotton batts. We bought cotton batts which would come in perhaps

two-pound batts, fairly large batts, about eighteen inches wide and about two inches thick. If she wanted just an ordinary quilt, one thickness of batt was all that was necessary. However, on most of the quilts that were for use in the wintertime, she would make them two thicknesses, overlapping where the batts joined so that there would be no open space. Then she would carefully lay on top of that the piece of patchwork which she had made, spreading it out carefully. And that would be fastened on all edges, also, so that it would stay in place. Then, after we got large enough to help, we would help with the sewing of the quilt. It was done with a large darning needle. Mother would usually stay on top, and Grace would work from the top and push the needle down through, and Ferris and I were always glad to get underneath the quilt and push the needle back up. Then she would cut it off and tie it at the proper [spot], and at the proper place, why, she would push it down again. Grace learned to do that, so that she would operate on one part of the quilt and Mother on the other side, and Ferris and I would do the underside work. In that way, we did the edges—they did the edges of the quilt. Then one edge of the frame would be roiled up, and the quilt with it, to make it so that it would be more accessible to the one that was doing the stitching. In that way, why, we could reach the middle from both sides. And when that was finished, she would take it off and we would have a completed quilt. All she had to do then was to sew up the edges and the quilt was ready for use.

Any extra batts were stored at the foot of our bed, Ferris's and my bed. Pie, Ferris and I, occupied a bed in the bedroom off the kitchen, the stockade bedroom, which had been made last when Father Dibble and my father made it shortly before he died. Father Dibble also had his bed in the same room.

His was at the north end of the room, next to the door. And our bed was in the south end of the room. These batts were stored at the foot of our bed.

I remember very distinctly one day, Ferris and I thought we would have a little "game." So we took out those batts and I stood on one bed and he stood on the other, and we would throw them back and forth. And, of course, the batts would collide with the roof, which had no ceiling; it was just the poles going down to support the dirt and thatching which was on top. So Mother, when she went in there next time, found bits of cotton clinging to the rafters in the [laughing] bedroom. So she knew what we'd been up to. But we thought it was a lot of fun at that time.

Another bit of fun that we used to have was we'd get an apple, just used the one apple, in fact. We'd take it in the bedroom and each have a butcher knife. Ferris would stand on one bed and I'd stand on the other. We'd throw the apple at the other one, and the other one would slice off as much of it as he could with the knife as it passed. And then we were entitled to the piece that we'd sliced off, entitled to that piece. Of course, eventually, the apple got down to almost nothing. But it may have been covered with a certain amount of lint and other things it might have picked up in the process of being thrown back and forth, but we thought it was all right, anyway.

And speaking of quilts, Ferris and I had a special quilt. It was a special quilt in that it was not like any of the other folks had because it had a different use. Yes, it was used to cover us, all right, but Ferris and I used to play games, too. In the wintertime, we didn't use sheets. We had thin cotton blankets instead of sheets. They could be washed occasionally and kept clean that way. But Ferris and I kicked around so much that these cotton blankets didn't do us much good. Usually in the morning, they'd



be in a bunch at the bottom of the bed. Quilts didn't usually last very long. Mother had to contrive a special quilt, which I mentioned, by covering it entirely on both sides with pieces of denim that she had taken from old overalls, cut especially the legs out and sewed them together, and it made a pretty rugged quilt, which was needed in our case. We had battles in bed; we weren't angry, but [laughing] it was just a sort of game with us, but we had a lot of fun just the same. That was rather bad on the bedding [laughing].

In the wintertime, some of our diversions was comparing catalogs. We didn't have too much to do. At that time, there were three large catalog companies in Chicago—Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, and John M. Smythe. They had no branches, no small order houses as they do today, and no branch houses anyplace, or no warehouses excepting right there in Chicago, where they originated. They each issued a catalog of about the same size, almost the same as they are today. And it was quite a diversion to get those catalogs out, lay them on the table, compare the prices and compare the items that were listed in the catalogs for different merchandise.

We usually thought that John M. Smythe gave the better value. So as a usual thing, we ordered from John N. Smythe. John M. Smythe later became a wholesale house, and today they're a wholesale dry goods and furnishing house in Chicago, whereas Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward have branched out into various towns and cities throughout the country with smaller stores, retail stores, and also warehouses scattered all over the country.

In the fall, we would order merchandise. It would usually take about a month before it came; it would come usually by freight. We ordered most every conceivable thing outside of groceries from John N. Smythe, such as

clothing of all types, and anything else that we might need for the use in the home. Freight at that time was about four cents a pound from Chicago to our place, which seemed plenty at that time, but we would think it was really cheap now. Usually, the merchandise would come packed in big boxes. Sometimes, the box would be as high as the table or higher, four or five feet in any direction. Especially the lighter goods were packed that way, like cotton batts and clothing and any blankets, or anything like that that we might order.

There was also another mail order house which was located in Sacramento, California, which every household had a catalog of. It was Weinstock-Lubin. Their only store was in Sacramento, and it was a mail order house, strictly mail order at that time; I suppose they did sell at retail to customers who came in the store, too. Their catalog was not a big catalog, but it had a general array of merchandise for everyday use in the home. And nearly all the ranchers in our valley ordered from Weinstock-Lubin. There was Hale's, also—Hale Brothers, which was later absorbed by Weinstock-Lubin. And later, of course, Weinstock branched out to a certain extent and had a few other stores. And the name "Lubin" was dropped.

In the earlier days, there was always someone coming around to peddle different wares of different types, medical wares, or clothing. Ofttimes, perhaps once or twice a year, there would be a wagon pull up in the front of our place and the man would get out and start to list the things that he had—fine clothing of all types, fine dresses for the ladies and shoes for the children, and—well, he was never satisfied until he would bring his wares into the living room and spread them out for everyone to see. Of course, we thought that they were simply wonderful and he would always be able to sell something. How much

money he made, I don't know, because people lived quite far apart in our part of the country, and traveling with horses and a wagon was quite a thing, to go from one place to the other.

As I remember very well, there was another one who came by with all kinds of spices to sell—spices and extracts. My mother bought ginger and all things of that type in quite large cans. And for a number of years, she still had ginger in those big cans—I don't know—a pound or two cans. It was really good merchandise, but she bought a little bit too enthusiastically things that we didn't—more than we would need for several years.

In the way of medical quackery, there was one party came around peddling what he called [an] "electric belt." It consisted of a series of metal plates linked together by a metal chain. These plates were about the size of a silver dollar and extended around the body and hooked in front like a belt. It was supposed to be soaked during the daytime in a solution of vinegar and water, so Father Dibble bought that. And every day, he would take it off in the morning and leave it in this container of water with the vinegar. And at night then, when he would go to bed, he would take it out of the vinegar solution and dry it and put it around his waist. And he said there was a biting sensation; he knew that electricity was coming from that. It was supposed to revitalize the whole body [with the] electricity that it emitted during the whole night. It would vitalize the body and you'd feel so much better in the morning. And human nature is such that you always imagine you do feel better in the morning after anything like that. A person can let his imagination run rampant and think that you're really getting benefit from it. This electric belt he wore, I guess, for six or eight months, and finally it ceased to emit that little spark that he felt after he'd taken it out

of the vinegar solution, and he didn't wear it any more.

Another thing which was brought around and peddled was what they called the "Oxydonor Victory." Oxydonor Victory was supposed to take oxygen out of the air and give it to the body. That's the compound word of "oxy" from oxygen, and "donor" from donor, giving the oxygen. Mother bought that, thinking that it would help, perhaps. She wasn't unwell, but anyway, it was supposed to make you feel that much better. She bought this Oxydonor Victory and it was used as something which was in contact with the body, also, during the night, and allowed to recharge during the daytime. Fabulous claims, of course, were made for all these different things.

There was another man and his wife came around peddling a sort of vapor bath, vapor cabinet affair, with four sides and a top. They'd set up the four sides; it was rubberized so that it would hold in the moisture. There was also a little alcohol lamp that was supposed to be used in connection with this. The top part had an opening where the head would protrude, where the patient would sit on a chair, or stool, with the lamp under the seat of the chair, with his head projecting out through the opening at the top, and sit in there for about fifteen or twenty minutes. And [I] know when Grandpa Dibble used it (I think twice), after he had been in there for fifteen or twenty minutes or half an hour—I don't know just for sure how long—he certainly perspired a lot because the chair would be soaking wet, and the floor underneath would be wet from perspiration that had come out of his body. Think he used it twice. But it didn't seem to take down his weight to amount to very much because he drank that much water during the rest of the day to compensate for the water he'd lost [laughing]. That old cabinet was around the

place there until we finally left the place. And I guess it was destroyed at that time.

Well, one day, there was a buggy pulled up in front of the house, with a top and a nice team. And this man, all dapper and dressed up in a fine black suit, got out, with gloves on, and we wondered who that dapper fellow could be. He came to the house and wanted to know if he could stay overnight. He introduced himself as Doctor Herman, the German specialist from San Francisco. And he said that he would like to have a private room for himself, but his driver can sleep anyplace. If necessary, he could sleep in the barn—anyplace—as long as he himself had a room to himself. Oh, yes, we could keep him overnight as we always did everyone. And he came in the house then, and the driver put the team up. Doctor Herman was telling about his experiences as a physician, said his last patient was our neighbor up there, Nels Toft. He says, “Mr. Toft has a complication of diseases. But I am treating him and I’m sure I can do him a lot of good.”

So he was put up in our spare bedroom for the night. At suppertime that night, I remember, Mother had spare ribs for the evening meal. As we came to the table, he sat down; he said, “Ah, spare ribs.” He said, “Who told you that I love spare ribs?”

And Mother said, “Well, a little bird told me.”

And he said, “A little bird whispered in your ear, ‘spare ribs.’” He went to bed that night, and along about midnight, Father Dibble heard a noise at the door and went out. Here was Nels Toft with a barley sack slung over his shoulder. He’d walked all the way down from up there. There had been a little bit of snow on the ground, about an inch or two of snow, but he—Nels—walked all the way down there. He says, “I want to see that doctor.” He says, “Is that doctor here?”

Father said, “Yes, he’s asleep in his room.”

And he says, “Well, I want to see that doctor right now!”

So we let him in and he went in and knocked at the door and Dr. Herman came to the door. Nels forced his way in [laughing]. I don’t think the doctor considered him a very welcome visitor. Nels told him that he’d brought back this battery-type—something, a battery that he had left there for Nets to use as a sure cure for the disease that he was supposed to have. And Nets got to thinking about it and thought how he was bilked out of some money; I don’t know just how much Nets had paid him as a down payment on The treatment that he was supposed to get. The doctor was supposed to send him medicines also, and have him report his condition, and he would be back in a few months to revisit his patients again, and all that sort of thing.

Anyway, Nets finally got him to give his money back, and he left the battery there. And after Nels got his money back, Nets said, “Well,” he says, “you’ve got a big bed there. Can I sleep with you There for the rest of the night?”

The doctor said, “No.” He says, “I’ve paid for this bed.” He says, “You find a bed someplace else.” He says, “Time for you to be going.”

So while Nels was in there talking, Father Dibble had gone back to bed for the time being, thinking he’d see Nels when he got up and offer to keep him there for the rest of the night, not let him go back. But before he realized it, Nels was out and on his way back home. So he walked all the way down there, seven miles, and all the way back. So you can see, he wasn’t in very bad physical condition when there was mud and snow on the road (it wasn’t paved, of course) carrying that battery all the way down and [walking] back. I remember the next day, we could see

his tracks in the road, on the way down and back. I don't remember; I think that I was about ten years old, so it was right at the turn of the century sometime.

The next morning, Dr. Herman, the German specialist from San Francisco, wasn't so talkative. In fact, as soon as he had breakfast, he was ready to go on north. His driver was ready, also. They started off in the buggy.

We didn't hear about who became patients of his farther north, excepting when he got down the valley, he stopped at the Carvilles' place. Of course, we knew the Carvilles and they told us afterward about his visit there. So he treated Alyn Carville for some sort of hearing defect and left a battery or something, medication there also, but we didn't hear about his other patients or what he did or what happened to him from then on out. But he never reappeared on the scene. So he probably went some other direction the next year when he went out. We don't know whether he was from San Francisco or where he was from. But he was collecting up what money he could. He may not have been even a doctor. Laws were rather lax in those days about practitioners. Anybody could come around peddling eyeglasses, and all you do is try on a number of different ones, and the ones that seemed to fit would be the ones that you could take. There was no real test made of eyes.

There were always plenty of coyotes around our place, as well as the other places in the valley. They would usually go in packs of a few coyotes each, and we could hear them howl; especially at nighttime they would howl out toward the flat. And when the snow was quite deep, we could usually see them going in packs down along the edge of the flat. They were hunting, hunting for rabbits. However, rabbits were mighty brainy, too. After a

snowstorm, as soon as the snow stopped, they had an ingenious way of getting out in packs and packing a trail. That would always happen just as soon as the snow stopped. They would pack a trail so that they could travel over that trail without sinking down into the snow. And that way, they would outrun any coyote. So the coyotes would have a hard time catching them, unless the coyote did it by—they were pretty cunning, too. Sometimes, one coyote would wait at the other end of the trail while one of the coyotes would go someplace off, and scare the rabbit. When the rabbit would come running along the trail, why, the coyote would be waiting for him. That was one way the coyote had of outsmarting the rabbit.

Then springtime would come and the flowers would grow up along the water ditch and other places. And Decoration Day would come on the thirtieth of May every year, as it does today. We called it Decoration Day; we didn't know it as Memorial Day. The day before, usually on the twenty-eighth, the evening of the twenty-eighth, we would go up along the water ditch and along the hillsides and on the ground between our place and the hills and gather wild flowers to take into Eureka for Decoration Day.

Among other flowers were the "Indian pinks," as we always called them, which were the paintbrushes, Indian paintbrushes. There were the "lady bonnets," as we called them, which are corn flowers. Then there would be the sego lilies, which I have mentioned. And down around the spring, there were the iris (we always called them "flags") and the rooster combs, which was a delicate little flower shaped something like a rooster comb. It grew in the marshland around the springs. It was a purplish-red with a yellow stamen, yellow center. So that way, we would gather flowers, usually a couple of washtubs full, and bring them down and make them into

bouquets and put them in the tubs of water for the night.

Then early the next morning, the morning of the twenty-ninth, we would start for Eureka to celebrate Memorial Day and to decorate the graves. Usually, the weather was good, but on one occasion, the year of 1896, when I was seven years old and my brother Ferris five, we all went to Eureka excepting my father. He wanted to stay home to do the irrigating and take care of the things at home. We got Mary White, who lived across the valley, the oldest of the White girls (she was sixteen years old at the time), and she did the driving for us. Our team was quite spirited. We had a horse that we called Bige and Lady C. Lady C was the mother of Prince. They were both quite spirited horses. That's the team that we took. And they came off the pasture and were quite soft; they hadn't been used, and being on fresh green grass, were quite soft, too.

It looked rainy when we left home, and by the time we got to the Rolando place, which was ten miles from home, there was a big rain just starting to come from the west. So we left the buggy and tied the horses to the fence and went in until the rainstorm had passed. However, there was a series of rainstorms between there and Eureka which made the roads very muddy and sticky. tip around between Diamond City and Eureka, there was a place called Black Point, which was a hill that came down from the mountains, a small, low hill. And the soil there was of such a nature that it would become very, very sticky and muddy when it was wet or when a rainstorm would come. When we reached there, why, it was muddy, and the horses slipped and slid around. And being soft, they grew really tired, almost ready to stop in their tracks. Mary had to lean out over the dashboard and whip them to keep them going. It was very, very seldom that we had to touch either one of those horses

with a whip. So you can see how really tired they were.

Finally, about dark, just before dark, we reached what we called the Mau place, which was ten miles from Eureka. There was only one man living there at the time, the caretaker, and he was out turning the water which was coming down from the mountains in a regular torrent from the heavier rain that had just passed through there that day. We told him that we couldn't go on; the team was tired and we couldn't get them to go any farther, and just had to stay there for the night. Well, he wasn't very happy about it, but he said we could put our team in the stable and come in the house and keep warm if we wanted. He did have one spare bed. I'm not sure just what we had for supper, but I know sister Grace had a stomach ache, and Mother asked the man whether he had anything in the way of Jamaica ginger or anything that would be good for a stomach ache. And he said, well, he had some Worcestershire sauce; that's about the only thing that he had in the way of anything hot. But Mother didn't think that Worcestershire sauce would be very good for Grace's stomach ache, so she gave her some hot water. And he said we could use the bed if we wanted, but there was a small cot, also, in there. We had some covering with us, and I think he supplied a quilt or so. Fred slept on the cot. And the rest of us slept in the double bed—Mary White, my mother, and Grace at the head of the bed, Ferris and I at the foot of the bed, with our feet sticking back up toward their faces [laughing]. I don't know how we all managed to lie in there, just like sandwiches in the bed or sardines in a can. But we spent the night, and by morning, the team was fully rested, and the water had drained off, and the road was firm and hard from there on to Eureka. It didn't take us long to go into town.



When we got at the top of the grade, reached the top of the grade, we could always look down and see Eureka. And our hearts were thrilled at the sight of the town because we didn't get to Eureka very often. To see something like a town was something out of the ordinary, for us. Well, there was always the city band composed of various townspeople who had some musical talent which formed the band which was quite appropriate for the town. They always marched ahead of the procession leading from town up to the cemeteries. Everybody else would march behind. As a usual thing, the people would go up before and put the flowers on the graves, decorate the graves before the time for marching. But in marching up, why, the band would play appropriate music practically all the way up to the cemetery, and everybody else would march behind.

There were no cut flowers; nobody ever had cut flowers; they were always the wild flowers that had been gathered, the native flowers that were really—to us, meant more than the cut flowers. And most of the bouquets were really quite pretty and served the purpose equally well.

Our Memorial Day celebrations bring to my mind a lovely old poem written shortly after the Civil War at the time of the first Memorial Day. I think the poem was in our Scranton's Fifth Reader, and we youngsters in the lower grades used to hear our older brother and sister and Minnie Cox read it aloud at reading recitation periods. It made a profound impression upon our young minds, because at that time, we were only just a few years removed from that awful struggle. A large colored picture, a reproduction of a painting depicting the horror of the Battle of Bull Run, hung in our living room, and in school we still sang "Marching Through Georgia.") These are the first and last verses

of the old poem as I remember them from the readings well over seventy years ago:

### The Blue and the Gray

By the flow of the inland river  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave grass  
quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day.  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray.  
No more shall the war cry sever  
Or the winding river be red.  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our  
deed!  
Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the Judgment Day.  
Tears and love for the Blue,  
Love and tears for the Gray.

About the year 1900 was the time of the Goldfield and Tonopah excitement, when gold was discovered in that area. And there was a lot of teamsters, immigrants, people migrating to the Tonopah-Goldfield area that passed our place; many of them stayed there overnight. It was a very busy time on the road. A great many families also came in covered wagons, much as they did in the early days when they crossed the country for the Gold Rush in California. Whole families would go in wagons, usually two horses, but sometimes four horses. And they would camp on their way to the excitement in Tonopah. It was very interesting to us also to have so many travelers on the road.

George Cox, about 1900, or 1901 or '02, also thought perhaps he could do better by going down to Tonopah, might get a good job



down there. So he went on down to see what he could find. It was just at the time that the smallpox broke out there, while George was in Tonopah. And the town was quarantined; no one was to go out and no one was to come in for some time there, unless it was in emergency cases. They did that so that it wouldn't spread to other places. And George was really frightened. So one night, he sneaked out and went through the sagebrush and finally got back onto the road and left town. I don't know just how far he walked, but he was on foot. He didn't have any other way of getting out. And eventually, he turned up at home. I suppose he caught a ride someplace along the way.

The Indians around our section of Nevada were the Shoshones. There were Indian camps scattered around the country—Indian camps down, of course, around Elko and around Mound Valley, and there was one just south of Sadler's place there in Diamond Valley. There were others around Duckwater and another camp over in Newark. No reservations at that time. But these camps were just simply where the Indians lived during the wintertime. In the summertime, they would usually travel around to different places.

These Indians, the Shoshones, were not exactly like the Paiutes; most of them were a little taller, not quite so squat, and I think a little lighter. Their features were perhaps a little different from the Paiutes. There was quite a camp of them down at Duckwater, that being a logical place. It was a little warmer down there, and there were a great many ranches in that section of the state.

About the oldest of the Indians that I remember was one we called Old Yank. Then there was Pat and Josephine, who were man and wife; there were others, like Suzie and Maggie, and there was another faintly, Johnny and his family; he didn't have any surname. Indians didn't have any surnames in those

times; they were just given names. All the Indians had names of their own, of course. Like I had mentioned, in going to school at Romanos', the Indian boys and girls had been given names which they used in afterlife. The Indian names were different.

The Indians traveled. In summertime, why, they would help to put up hay for different people, and the squaws would help with the families. One time, Ferris and I, in the fall of the year, got quite a fright. Father and Fred, I think, were after wood; Mother was down in the garden; I think Grace was down there also, doing something in the garden, and Ferris and I were left alone at home, in the house. We were playing around in the house, and we heard some sort of noise outside and looked up from our play and saw two or three squaws looking in through the window. And they were talking and jabbering in their own language, and, of course, we were just plumb frightened to death. We didn't know what they intended to do with us. They saw us in there, and they were motioning and talking to one another, and we just didn't know what to do. So we ran in the bedroom and got in under the quilts and covered up. It was only a little while after that that Mother and Grace came back from the garden and came in and wanted to know where we were and found us there. They wanted to know what had happened; we told them. They told us, well, there was no danger. They were good Indians; they wouldn't hurt us at all. After that, we weren't really afraid of the Indians any more. It was their gesticulations and facial features that scared us, I guess.

The Indians, along in the fall, in September and October, would come over on our side and gather up pine nuts. There were still quite a number of trees left that hadn't been chopped out in groves which hadn't been profitable to be cut for coal burning. So the

Indians would come over there and gather up pine nuts. But they were not destructive; they had long poles with hooks on the end, something like a shepherd's crook, which they'd pull the pine nuts off the trees with. And then after they got a quite a few pine nuts, they would dig a shallow pit, put the burrs in the pits, and cover them over with pine twigs and pine boughs, and leave them until they had finished their harvest of all the nuts in that part of the mountains.

After they had completed the crop of pine nuts, perhaps two or three weeks later, they would come back and gather the pine nuts out of the pits. By that time, most of them had started to shell out. They would take them and shell them all out of the burrs and winnow the bad ones out, and then they would have a crop of pine nuts. They weren't roasted; they were raw pine nuts. Whenever we went past the Indian camp, we would always go in and buy some pine nuts. The way of selling them was usually by the five-pound lard can, which they would fill up for twenty-five cents. There were perhaps about three pounds of nuts in a five-pound lard can for twenty-five cents, and they were all roasted and ready to eat, the very best grade of nut. The nuts nowadays sell for not less than a dollar and a half a pound, and they're not as good as they were then, at least. Those nuts in the Diamond range were exceptionally good, as were also the ones in the Ruby range.

But the Indians never killed for sport, either. They would hunt deer, usually in October. They'd come over into our mountains and hunt deer. The mountains there were higher, of course, than the ones on the west side. In the west side of Diamond Valley, there were no deer because the mountains were so low, much lower. But there were always plenty of deer in the mountains above our place, and all through there.

They would hunt the deer and bring them down out of the mountains, and they would dress them, and they would jerk the meat, smoke it over lines strung out, and preserve it for winter in that way. The deer skins, they, of course, tanned with their own method of tanning. I never witnessed their tanning, but I did witness the process in a way. They would use the brains of animals and other portions of the animal itself. I think they used liver, too, in some instances. But especially the brain was the part that they used for tanning purposes. They would rub that thoroughly into the skin, and then work it and work it by hand, at the same time holding it over a sagebrush fire to get the benefit of the smoke and perhaps the creosote from the burning sagebrush. That way, they would get it very, very soft and pliable. They would make the skins into gloves, moccasins, and sometimes into jackets and pants for sale.

The Indians in our valley did some beadwork, though not as fancy as the beadwork we see sometimes now at the festivals that they have, or on some festive occasions. But they were quite handy at beadwork, nearly all the squaws, at that time.

They never wasted any of the meat, and they also gathered currants and serviceberries, chokecherries. Whenever they came to the house, they would beg for bread and for coffee. And Mother used to tell the story about how my own father, when he was still alive, was missing a horse. The horse had strayed away, and he had hunted for several days, trying to find the horse. One of the old Indians had come up from Huntington Valley and stopped at our place. My father asked him if he had seen the horse. And so he started to describe the horse that had strayed. He said, "A big bay horse, he has one white foot."

And the Indian said, "Yes, mm hmm, mm hmm, mm hmm." He would nod his head,

“Oh huh, uh huh.” And Father went on to describe the horse, “uh huh, uh huh.”

And after he'd finished, well, Father says, “Well, where did you see him?”

And the Indian says, “Me no see him. Me heap hog-a-die. Gimme bisikit.”

“Hog-a-die,” of course, was “hunger,” or “hungry” in Indian.

The Indians, in eating chokecherries, would eat chokecherries, seed and all. They didn't bother about spitting out the seeds, especially some of the older ones.

Well, Mrs. White used to tell the story that one time, she had a big bowl of mashed potatoes left over from the family dinner, and Indians came there. That was after they had moved from the ranch and were in Palisade. They ran a boardinghouse there, a lodging house, in Palisade for a while after they left the ranch. They had this bowl of mashed potatoes left over, and several Indians came to ask for something to eat. And so Mrs. White brought out this big bowl of mashed potatoes and she said, “Well, here's something to eat,” and she also brought some other things with the mashed potatoes, I suppose.

Anyway, the squaw had something in her apron. And she unloaded the apron into the bowl of mashed potatoes. It proved to be a whole apronful of crickets. And she mashed them down into the potatoes with her fingers; she said, “Oo-oo-oo,” as the crickets would try to get out. But she mashed them all down into the bowl of mashed potatoes. And then, of course, she had meat as well as potatoes to eat. That augmented her diet.

The jackrabbits they would shoot, also, and they would jerk the meat, hang it out to dry for winter use also. And they made fur robes out of jackrabbit skin. Jackrabbits' skins were so thin that they couldn't open them up. They were too fragile. They would strip these, cut down the hind legs and pull the skin over

the back, and open it up that way, leave it for a few hours to dry. The skin being so thin, it would dry in just a short time. Then they would pull it back so that the fur would be on the outside. Then these fur strands would be twisted and sewed together to make robes. They were very, very warm; I don't know how long they would last, but the fur was exposed, of course, on both sides, being sewed together in rolls, strips like that, the entire skin.

Old Yank trapped squirrels, too. He had his own homemade trap. I don't know just what it was, something the type of a “figure four,” and he would hang them on the fence to cure until they were thoroughly cured and dried for the winter use. And I guess they were cured, too. I don't think that worms bothered him at all.

The squaws, of course, would help to tend the babies for some of the ranchers around there, and help with the washing, and the Indians themselves would get out and help with the ranch work, especially during haying time. Then after haying was all over and they all accumulated a little money, why, there was always a fandango, a big Indian fandango in the fall, usually in September. Sometimes the fandangos were down at Duckwater, and again they'd be down around Mound Valley, around Skelton, or in various places—North Fork. The Indians would get in a spring wagon. The bucks (the Indian males were bucks, as they always called them) would always sit in the seat. All the squaws would sit down, squat down in the bed of the wagon behind. They always had gaudy handkerchiefs over their heads and gaudy skirts made out of some gaudy material, calico or something like that. But that was the way they would go to these fandangos. [They] usually had a couple of old scrawny horses that managed to pull the wagons all right and get them there. Then at the fandangos, they would gather,

especially at night, and they would gamble. They'd gamble with some kind of stick games, which was an Indian gambling device. I don't know exactly how they played their games, but that was a great time. Then they would have their dances, and I suppose there was a certain amount of firewater that they had, too, when they could get hold of it. Of course, it was prohibited, but then Indians (were) always able to get firewater when they really wanted it, get somebody to buy it for them.

Indians usually had small families. I don't know of any of them that really had large families; from two to three or four children was the limit. Most families had only just two or three. The white people wondered what system they had for birth control. But one of our neighbors tried to find out and was asking one of the squaws what she did to control birth and have small families. And she simply laughed and shook her head and laughed some more. She said, "You white man, you pretty smart. You find out."

The Indian before the turn of the century, as a general thing, was not educated in any way. A few of them did attain an education in one way or another, but that was just something unusual. The average run of Indian didn't go to school until after the turn of the century. At about the time of my generation, the young children would go to schools which were nearby the Indian camps or Indian villages if it were possible to send them. The school districts were also glad to have the Indians in attendance because it helped to build up their number of children who were going to school, and that way, kept the schools in operation longer than they would have been otherwise. When the Indians started going to school, they had to be given names, of course, because at that time they were just known as "Charlie" or some other name which the whites had given them. There was

never a surname because they didn't have surnames at the time. About the turn of the century, the Indian was always accepted by the white people. We never felt that we were so much superior to the Indian. While they were not really accepted in the home as a white person would be, when they would come to our place, we always gave them something to eat and always talked with them and mingled with them in various ways. When they wanted something to eat, they usually wouldn't eat with the family. Our family didn't invite them in to eat at the table with them when we were real small. They would set something in the kitchen for the Indians after we were through eating. With practically all the families, that was their relation with the Indians along about the turn of the century.

Later on, after the Indians began to mingle more freely with the whites, they became more intimate, and especially when they worked in the hay fields or worked in the homes. Then, they would eat right with the man, and also the squaws would eat right with the mother and the children in the homes. So, in that way, why, they worked in so that they were not an outclass people.

After the Indians got to attending schools, of course, they became more like the whites, as they are today. Most of them do attend schools and go to colleges.

Then we were quite young, and especially after we had been to Eureka for Decoration [Day] times, we were rather impressed with graveyards and things of that type. So Ferris and I established a little graveyard of our own above the house where we would bury chickens or anything else in the way of small animals that happened to die on the ranch. We would usually put them in a tin can and dig a little hole in our graveyard about fifty yards above the house, and smooth it all over, and we would find a little board and take

it to Father Dibble and have him write an inscription on it, "A little chicken died on such and such a date." And he would whittle it off; he always had carried a sharp pocketknife. He would whittle it off to a point at the bottom and make it a little fancy at the top so that we could stick it in the ground at the head of the grave. That was quite a little graveyard that we had in that plot up above the house.

People in those days visited differently from the people of today. Things have changed very, very much. We were very, very friendly with all the neighbors around the valley. When people came to visit, they would usually stay overnight, and sometimes into the next day, and then go home. But it was quite a festive occasion when ranchers came to visit. They didn't do it really often, but we would make it a point to visit back and forth. Especially the folks across the valley would come over.

We, as children playing around, would always have a weather eye on the flat. It seemed like we were always watching out on the flat to see what was going on out there. We could always see anyone who was crossing the flat. They always appeared as a black speck out there. We could tell whether they were coming from Sadler's or from Bailey's or from White's. And if we saw a speck out there about the middle of the flat, we would run in and tell Mother, "There's someone coming from White's." So Mother and Grace would hurry around and sweep all the rooms, create a big dust, [laughing] in preparation for the visitors. They would then rush and put on clean aprons and be all ready by the time it would take about a half an hour before they would really be at the place, so that was always a good warning, that they were always ready to prepare themselves for the visitors. Usually, [it was] the whole family excepting Mr. White or Mr. Bailey, or the head of the family. They

would usually stay at home, the menfolks, whereas the women would come to visit.

It seemed that Ferns and I, and Fred to a greater extent, also, were very, very bashful. And most of these friends that lived across the flat were womenfolk. There weren't very many boys when we were young children. They would come, and come in the house and visit. Fred and Ferris and I would stay in the back room; we would stay in the bedroom. Of course, we put on our clean clothes. Fred would come out. Mother would tell him to go on in and help entertain the visitors. He was seven years older than we, and he should be in there entertaining. He would stand at the kitchen door going into the living room, and stand and stand and stand. And he usually couldn't get up courage enough to go in there to visit with all the girls in there in the other room, the living room. Ferris and I would hide in the bedroom until mealtime came. Then when Mother called the folks for dinner, we would rush in and stand at our place at the table while the other visitors would come on in. Then we would just say, "How do you do," or "Good day," or "Good morning," or "Good afternoon," or whatever it might be. That way, why, during the bustle and hustle of getting to the table, we didn't have to really shake hands or undergo any kissing, which was quite the vogue at that time. It seemed like all the women had to kiss one another and also kiss the youngsters. We didn't fancy that very much. But eventually, we outgrew it. It took a lot of years and a lot of experience to outgrow our bashfulness. And for us, we didn't outgrow it entirely, even to this day.

At the age of about eight or ten, Ferris and I started to trap gophers. Gophers were a pest in the fields, especially in the meadows where they would throw up their piles of dirt. And then when Father would mow the grass, the sickle bar would run through these piles and



it would break the sickles and chip them and ruin a sickle. So he gave us five cents apiece for every gopher tail we could trap. That was the bounty. We cut off the tails; as I say, instead of trying to scalp them, we cut off the tails. And we presented the tails to Father Dibble. He would allow us five cents apiece for each tail.

These gophers would dig underground, and when they would come to a root of an alfalfa, they would cut it off and store it away for winter use. We found runways under the ground, perhaps eight or ten inches or a foot deep, where they would have whole burrows stored with roots that they had cut off from alfalfa. Of course, when a root was cut off, the alfalfa would die. And so you can see why people didn't like gophers.

We used usually the Number "0" trap, Victor trap, to catch the gophers. When they'd throw up their pile, they would always leave a little ring at the edge of the pile where we could see the entrance to the hole. The hole was closed by the last diggings that they would bring up. They always pushed the dirt ahead of them; when they started to dig, they would push the dirt quite a little way away from the hole, perhaps a foot or so, and then bring it back to the hole as they dug farther and farther on. Each time, they would come up with a load of dirt, pushing it ahead of them until they closed the hole, leaving this little ring.

This little ring, we would always run a stick down that, and usually there was only about two inches of dirt that stopped the hole. We'd dig that out and set the trap down in the hole. Sometimes we had to enlarge it a little to set the trap. Then we would run a piece of metal or a stick through the ring on the trap chain so that they wouldn't carry it back down the hole with them. This wasn't always successful because the gopher, in coming out, would bring the dirt ahead of

him. Sometimes, he would come out ahead to investigate to see why his hole had been opened. In that case, why, of course, we always caught him, where if he brought dirt ahead of him, the dirt would sometimes get under the plate of the trap, and then it wouldn't spring. He'd bring the dirt up and fill the hole. The next morning, we'd find the hole the way it had been before we ever dug it out, and our trap thoroughly covered up with dirt.

But there was a spring trap that came out afterward which was arranged with a jaw on each side and a plate in the center, which, when the gopher came up with a load of dirt ahead of him, he would set off the plate. He would push the plate ahead and release the two jaws. The two jaws would then clamp together and catch the old gopher.

We rather delighted in catching a great big gopher and then bringing him out and teasing him. They would sit up on their hind legs and puff and blow and show their teeth, and, of course, they'd bite if they ever had a chance. And our dog would get a lot of fun, too, circling the old gopher. The dog would try to get at the back and grab the gopher by the neck. Why, sometimes, the gopher would grab him by the lip, and he'd hang on. And the old dog would have to shake his head, and finally the gopher would let go, but after he'd done some damage to the dog's lip. And when he let go, why, the dog would shake his head so violently that he would throw the gopher for several feet, and the gopher would usually land on his back. And before he really hit the ground, the dog would be on top of him and have him between his jaws and thoroughly crushed.

The water coming down from the mountain in the springtime would run onto the fields and run into the gopher holes, of course, and we had great sport then in drowning the gophers out. We'd turn a flood



of water onto the field and have our dog stationed around; he would watch around to see any gopher that came out. He'd poke his head out of the ground, why, the dog would start to bark and make passes at him, trying to get him out of the ground. As a usual thing, the gopher would only emerge part way, just had his head above the waterline so that he could breathe. But the dog would have a lot of fun trying to grab him and take him out of the hole. Then, of course, we would go over there and take our shovels and get the gopher out. That way, sometimes, we would drown out a hundred or more gophers in a day. It was rather wholesale business, and Father Dibble on more than one occasion thought, well, that was going to break him up in business at that rate. So he asked us if three cents a tail wouldn't do for drowned gophers. So we thought that was fine, too. So after that, for all gophers that were drowned out, he paid us three cents, and five cents for all gophers that were trapped. That way, we made a little money, and at the same time, we kept the gopher population down pretty well. We attended to our traps regularly every morning and every evening so that we caught as many gophers as possible; we didn't want to leave them in the traps to suffer.

When we were about ten and twelve years old, we started trapping coyotes, bobcats, and badgers. And occasionally, there would be a mountain lion get into the trap, too. For trapping coyotes and cats, we used the Number Three Newhouse trap, which was made by the Oneida Community of Oneida, New York. They were a good, reliable trap. Oneida made the Victor trap, also, but they were of second grade.

In trapping coyotes, we would build a little corral about four feet in diameter in among the sagebrush. Usually if the sagebrush were quite thick, there would be very little building,

just to fill in between the various brush to make the circle, leaving a little opening about a foot and a half wide at the mouth of the corral. We would use some sort of bait, usually a piece of rabbit or something of that type, at first. Later on, we sent to some of the trapping houses, fur houses, and got bait, which was made principally of oil of anise, and things of that type, which was a pungent oil to attract the attention of the keen sense of smell of the coyote. The coyote was very, very keen and cunning. In handling a trap, we always tried to use gloves because they could sense a human on the trap if we handled it with our bare hands. Right in the opening of the little small corral, we would hollow out a place in the earth and set the trap in this little hollow. We would cover the trap with sagebrush leaves, even putting them under the plate of the trap, but rather loosely. The trap was concealed entirely. Then the chain would run out from the trap, covered with earth, and beyond that, at the end of the chain, we dug a little trench and buried a piece of stick, or board, usually a piece of cottonwood pole, about three or four feet long, which was used as a drag.

Then when the coyote would come in to investigate, a great many times they would step clear over the trap. They would sense where the trap was. Especially if they had been caught before and escaped, they would know what it was. Sometimes they would even claw from the back and claw the brush away and get at the bait and take it away, without ever having gone through the front of the corral at all. If they stepped on the plate, of course, they would be caught. In the winter, sometimes there'd be snow or heavy rain, and it would freeze, and the plate wouldn't go down and the trap wouldn't spring. But when a coyote was caught by the foot, of course, he would immediately jump and start to run. If the trap were anchored securely to a peg, he might

jerk his foot out and escape that way. If it (as we did) were anchored to a stick which could be easily pulled out of the ground, the trap would work more tightly on his foot and it wouldn't pull off. The coyote couldn't go very far because the drag, or stick, was anchored in the middle; that is, it was attached to the chain of the trap in the middle, and would catch on the brush as he passed through, or between two brush. So as a usual thing, he wouldn't go very far from the place where the trap was set.

We, of course, then had our .22 Stevens rifle. We would shoot the coyote between the eyes and reset the trap. We would hang the coyote up in a tree or sometimes bring him home to skin him. Coyotes were skinned—they were cased; it was what we call cased." They were split down the hind legs and up to the tail. Then the skin was pulled over to the front, and pulled off the front feet, and cut at the ankle. Then it was pulled clear over the head and skinned out that way, so that the entire skin of the head was left. That way, if they wanted to reuse the head for any purposes, it could be used. They were put on a stretcher, something similar to the stretchers which we have nowadays for men's overalls, which kept them stretched out, and they would dry, then, on all sides. After they were thoroughly dried, then they could be turned back so the fur would be on the outside.

The cats were also handled in the same way; bobcats were caught in the same way. Sometimes there would be a bobcat in the trap, sometimes a coyote. Sometimes Mr. Badger would come around also and get caught. As a usual thing, the badger, then, would try to dig himself in. And by the time we came, why, the badger would be under the ground, but, of course, the trap would show where he was. And we'd have to pull him on out. It was no easy thing to get a badger out of a hole. They had a way of bracing themselves

by extending their sides in some way, so that there was a lot of friction. And it took all our strength to get the badger out. Sometimes, we'd have to dig the hole larger in order to get him out of the hole.

Coyote skins in the early days of our time sold for about fifty cents apiece, and cats around a dollar apiece, and badgers only about twenty-five cents per skin.

To get rid of these skins, sometimes there would be fur buyers come around, but as a usual thing we shipped them by mail to various fur houses. There were plenty of them that advertised for skins. They would be sent by mail in packages after they were thoroughly dried. As I said, the price wasn't very high at first, but they increased in price as the years went by. And eventually, it became worth around seven or eight dollars a pelt. After about 1900, they were a better price.

If a mountain lion happened to get into the trap, of course, he would take it for quite a long distance sometimes. Sometimes, he would break the trap on a rock or something in going over the stones, depending upon the country and where he was trapped. A few mountain lions were captured that way. I remember Ollie Cox caught one one time who was really a great big one. It must have measured about eight feet from tip to tip. But he caught him in a regular coyote trap, Number Three Newhouse.

Fred did a lot of trapping before Ferris and I started trapping. And, of course, all the Coxes trapped, even Minnie and Auntie Cox trapped. They got to be good trappers, also. In fact, in later years, Ollie Cox and George trapped for the federal government. And Fred also trapped for the federal government. 12. R. Sans, here in Reno, was the federal government man in charge of our predatory animals. They would ship their furs to him, then, when they were working for the government. But in the

earlier times, when we were rather small, even Auntie and Minnie trapped for a little extra money because money was very, very scarce. And in order to buy a few extra clothes or some things that they needed for the house, they would trap and send the furs away, and that way realized a few dollars to enhance their supply of clothing and things of that type—small income, but nevertheless handy.

Wild horses or mustangs which were native to Nevada could be found in the Diamond range in practically every canyon. We don't know how they originated; perhaps they were descendants of the old horses or mustangs that were brought over here by the Spaniards. That is a logical conclusion. However, they were common, found in practically all the canyons of the Diamond range, and also out on the flats. Horses that were raised in the mountains had very strong, hard hoofs, well rounded by the contact with the rocks in walking through the trails. A horse that was raised in the flats had flat hoofs which would break off and sometimes leave their hoofs in bad shape. In breaking horses, we always tried to get the mountain horses because their hoofs were so much more stable, hard. And that way, they were a good deal stronger, made better horses.

These horses that lived in the mountains came down to the flat, alkali flat, for salt on occasion. No animal can get along without salt for very long at a time. They had regular trails that led down to the flat for salt. I think they would come down perhaps about once a week. Along the heads of the canyon, along the ridges, there were trails on both sides of the ridge, on the Newark Valley side and also on our Diamond Valley side, where horses traveled back and forth, from north to south, along the ridges. And if we would scare them down in the canyon, as a usual thing they would take off and go up on these ridges and

travel along the well-defined trails up there near the ridges of the mountains themselves. Now, these trails were probably used for centuries. They were perhaps made by deer or other animals that frequented the mountains at that time. Anyway, these trails were very well-traveled.

So, of course, we knew where the horses ran, where all the herds were. We knew where they would usually go if they were disturbed or scared. So there was a place in Four Mile Canyon, a pass on the north side of Four Mile Canyon, going over into Willow Canyon, and then down onto the flat where the horses always went to get salt. And when they were frightened or disturbed in Four Mile or Five Mile [Canyon], they would usually run down and run through that pass and out onto the flat to get away, especially if we were on the south side of them to prevent their going back up onto the ridges. So we decided to trap some of those wild horses. We hear today about wild horses in large bunches, seventy or so. Like down on the Pine Nut Mountains, [it was] said there were seventy horses trapped down there by the snow, deep snows. Well, I'm quite sure but those were several herds which have perhaps mingled together on account of the snow, the deep snow that has come down there this year [1969].

Horses in our day traveled in bunches of not more than ten or twelve, sometimes only six or eight in bunches. We didn't call them "herds" of horses. We always called them "bunches" of horses. There was, of course, always the stallion who was the dominant figure in the bunch of horses. When we came over a hill or a pass and frightened the horses, the stallion would usually cover their retreat while the rest of the bunch would take to the trail, and he would follow along behind, turning around once in a while to whinny and see what was coming. Then, of course, he

would run ahead, catch up. Of course, there were other smaller herds of horses, too, where some of the older or younger stallions and some of the older horses would gather. But you never saw bunches of more than eight or ten horses together when they were feeding.

So our decision, to trap some of these horses and see if we could make a little money shipping them, was made. And George Cox and Jorgen Jacobsen helped us. We went to Four Mile Canyon in this pass and built a corral right on the trail leading over the pass, near the summit of the pass. The corral was built out of heavy fencing wire, about six feet high. We set posts in the ground quite deeply, made the corral about fifty feet in diameter, with a gate, a heavy wire gate, which, of course, we opened when we wanted to run the horses in. Out from the gate, projecting out at each side, we made wings from cedar or juniper boughs, extending out for perhaps a half a mile from each side of the gate.

Then in order to trap them, one horseman would station at the end of one of these wings. And the other drivers, or drovers, would go on around a bunch of horses, perhaps in the next canyon, to start them down on the trail and follow them as fast as they could, keep as close to them as possible, crowding them all the way if they could. Of course, the horses could run faster than the man on horseback. Then, as the bunch of horses neared the corral and got inside the wing, the man stationed at the wing behind a tree out of sight would jump on his horse and follow them closely to the corral, and jump off his horse and close the corral gate, thus trapping the herd in the corral. This was quite successful. We captured quite a number of herds this way. Sometimes, some of the horses didn't come out of the corral all in one piece. I remember two or three of them broke their necks when they would come in contact with the wire fence on

the other side. Of course, it was a sudden jolt and threw them right back. But they were so bewildered that the one who followed them in usually had time to close the gate.

Then, in order to get them out and take them home, we roped them in the corral, tied them down, and tied up one foot. We would bend one of the front legs at the knee and tie a cord or string or rope around above the hoof at the ankle and around the leg, so that one foot would then be tied up. We did that with all the horses that we caught. Then, as we would turn them out of the corral gate, they would start to run, but they couldn't go very fast on just one front foot. They could go uphill fast enough to almost keep out of the way of a man on horseback. But coming downhill, it was a different story. They had a hard time coming downhill. It was quite a strain on the horses that had their foot tied up in that way. And usually, after about a mile, they were just ready to quiet down. So we would ride up alongside of them when we could get close enough; we would reach down with a knife and cut the rope that tied their legs up. In that way, why, they would go on home. We could herd them on home, then, without any trouble because they would usually be a little stiff and sore from having their leg tied up.

There was no sheep in the valleys at that time, none in the mountains, and the feed was good, so that the horses were always fat in season. And none of the horses ever died in the winter that we ever knew about. There was always plenty of dry grass on the hillsides, and there was sheltered places where they could stay during the real winter weather.

We drove the horses home, then, and put them in corrals. Then, the next day, two men would herd the horses while others would go out and capture another bunch of horses in the same way and bring them back. And

that way, eventually we got a herd of several hundred horses. And these herds of horses, we would herd out on the open range, then, during the day so That they'd get plenty of feed.

And after we got a herd of from one hundred to two hundred horses, we would get some of the other horses that were ranging in the valley. They would come in to the springs, there, in the valley, for water, once a day. And as we could see them coming in to the springs for water, we would maneuver our herd around on the trail that they used for coming in, and most of the men would stay on The rear side of the herd while two or three other men would go on the other side of the spring, opposite side of the spring, and start the horses. But we didn't start those horses back on the trail until they had thoroughly tanked up with water. And they were so full of water, usually, that they couldn't run very fast. That way, we could herd them pretty well into our regular bunch of horses that we had herding on the trail. And as a usual thing, these wild horses could be run right into the big herd and captured in that way. Of course, we built the herds up to quite a number of horses, both mountain horses and horses from the flat.

I remember one instance where we sold the horses to two men who came out from Hammond, Indiana, and bought them to take them back. They sold them there for uses on the farm; all the farmers around in the state, see, used them for horses that were for farm work and different things. I suppose some of them were broken for saddle and different uses on the farm. But Fred and George went back with the horses to take care of them on their way back. There were several carloads; I'm not sure just how many. They were loaded on the cars of the E and P Railroad, which was a small, narrow-gauge road running

from Palisade to Eureka. And at Palisade, then, they were reloaded onto the SP cars and taken back. They had to, of course, stop overnight at one or two places on the way back. I remember they said Grand Island, Nebraska was one of the stops, and I think they also stopped in Wyoming one night. They would help take the horses out of the cars and keep them in corrals for feeding and for watering overnight.

We also had corrals, tried to make corrals at the springs out in the middle of Diamond Valley. There were several springs out there where the horses, the valley horses, would come in to water. We built some corrals around these springs and laid in wait for them to come to water at night, thinking we would close the gate and trap the horses in this way. It was not very successful because the horses were pretty keen; their sense of smell is quite acute. And, of course, we couldn't hide the fact that people had been around there doing something, building the corrals. So it was not a very satisfactory undertaking. We didn't get very many horses that way. The ones driven into the wing corrals, that system, was very, very much better.

In riding after these bunches of horses, especially driving them into the herds on a dead run, was quite an experience. Following behind the horses as hard as the horses could run in a dust cloud, why, we couldn't see a thing either way, up or down, or on either side. Frequently, our horses would step into a badger hole and take a tumble. And we didn't know who was coming right behind us. So we had some pretty rugged falls that way. However, we never broke any bones or never were very severely hurt, but I don't see now how we didn't suffer bone breaks and fractures and every different thing on account of the dust clouds and all the badger holes that there were at that time.



In the spring of 1903, we had a distant relative that had corresponded with us for a number of years. She wanted to come out and spend the summer with us, and we were glad to have her come, because we wanted the company and thought it would be quite pleasant to have someone there to visit on the ranch. She was very pleasant at first and we were glad to have her. But after a period of time, several weeks, why, it seemed that she lost a good deal of her pleasantness. And about all she thought of was dolling up and waiting for the cowboys that happened to come around, to strut and parade in front of them. She would stay one week at our place and go up and stay one week at Cox's place. And when she'd leave our place, she always left a week's washing for Mother and Grace to wash and do up and have ready for her when she came back. Mother and Grace and Father Dibble, of course, working with their heads together, decided that they ought to teach her a little bit of a lesson. So Mother and Grace washed her clothes and put in an extra supply of starch in her bloomers and other dainties, and stood them up on the bed. I don't remember whether—there were several pieces, anyway, that were stood up on the bed. So when she came back down and went into her room and saw her starched underclothes all standing up, ready for her, she was pretty much perturbed about that. She grabbed them up and brought them out, and her face was pretty black; she didn't say anything, but she shoved them in some water to wash the starch out. We thought it was quite a joke.

When Fred was about nineteen years old, he went to Simonsen's in Newark Valley, about December, to feed the stock, or help feed the stock during the winter. We didn't have much work at home. Father Dibble and Ferris and I could easily feed the stock that was at home. Fred worked over there for four or five

months, feeding, at twenty dollars a month with board and room. He came home in the springtime with about a hundred dollars in his pocket. And he'd been wanting for a long time to get a talking machine. So he sent away to someplace—Montgomery Ward's or John Smythe—and got a Victor talking machine with, oh, about two dozen records. It had quite a large horn; however, the horn wasn't as big as some that we had seen before. The old Edison, with the great big morning glory horn that was on a tripod, was the type that Sadlers had had a year or two before that. This tripod was about five or six feet high and was attached to the end of the horn. The morning glory horn was painted like a morning glory, and it was, oh, about five or six feet long and about two feet or three feet across at the large morning glory end. Of course, the records were small. They were wax records, cylinder records. They were only about three inches in diameter and about six inches long. They were very fragile and had to be handled with extreme care or they would break. But that was the type of the old Edison, first Edison phonographs.

The Victor talking machine that Fred got was a different type. That used the flat records, and they were much more substantial. You could store a lot of them in a small box, whereas some of the wax records took up a great deal of room. The horn on this Victor wasn't anywhere near as large as on the old Edison, and it didn't require a tripod; it was supported by the machine itself. It was a pretty good little talking machine.

Among the other records that we had that we played over and over and over again were band pieces by Souza and by Arthur Pryor(s) band, "Stars and Stripes Forever," and a lot of other tunes of that type. Then there was "The Preacher and the Bear," I remember; that was a song. And another one was "Meet



Me in St. Louis.” Then there were a number of Harry Lauder records; one of the ones that we remember best was “I Love a Lassie.” And there were other records by John McCormick and a number of waltzes and polkas and two-steps and other dance tunes that we later used for music when we had dances in the valley. We played these over and over again, usually morning, noon, and night, until they were pretty well worn. We were the only ones on that side of the valley that had a talking machine. Some people would come to hear it.

In wintertime, one of the recreations—and about the only recreation we had—was dances in the homes. There were dances at Romano’s and Bailey’s and Sadler’s, over at Nels Tofts; we had a dance in our home once or twice, and [at] Simonsen’s over in Newark Valley.

Then we decided to give a dance, we would send out the invitations by letter to all the neighbors and other people in the valley that we wanted to attend the dance, and tell them where it was going to be and when. They always brought a basket of food. The food would be placed on a table, and we’d always have this midnight supper. The owner of the ranch would supply coffee and hot drinks or cocoa, something like that, for the ones who came. As a usual thing, there wasn’t very much room; usually (we) would dance in the living room, take up the rug or carpet or whatever it was, roll it up, and open up the living room. And if they had a dining room, the kitchen, and, of course, the house was pretty well filled with people. But everybody had a good time.

For music, some people could play the accordion. Fred played the accordion, and then the Simonsen boys could all play the accordion or harmonica. Then, of course, there was the phonograph. After we had the phonograph, that was used quite extensively for music. No professional musicians, of course.

One of the dances I remember the best was one down at Valentine Walthers’ when Ferris and Ollie and I were perhaps twelve years old or maybe thirteen. The Walthers family had been gathering up logs for years to build a house. Then they hired a carpenter and built this new home just a short distance from their old home. The process of building took about a year, I guess, but when it was finished (it was finished during the winter sometime), we received a letter of invitation to a big dance that Valentine Walthers was giving. I think it was on Washington’s birthday in the year 1903. Anyway, it was Washington’s birthday and this letter came, said, “Come one, come all, to Valentine Walthers’ magnificent hall, a big dance and party on Washington’s birthday.” It had rained and rained and rained and was still raining, but we hitched up the team and got down without any trouble. There was a big crowd gathered. The dance was upstairs; above the rooms of the entire size of the house was one floor up there, and when everybody got to dancing it was quite a vibration. Anyway, why, we all had a fine time. Ferris and Ollie and I were too young to dance, but we enjoyed ourselves anyway.

One of the disturbing elements at most dances of that type was some outsiders would bring a bottle and cache it someplace outside., And every once in a while, they’d have to go out and take a nip, sometimes an extra large nip, and [laughing] sometimes they’d get to feeling pretty good, too. And, of course, there was usually a fight or two with nearly every dance which added to the excitement.

One of the fellows, he was a cowboy, I think (he wasn’t one of the regular ranch hands), he got his bottles mixed up. Anyway, he got ahold of a bottle of sheep-dip, and he must have taken several good swallows of that sheep-dip. He already had had enough whiskey that he wasn’t able to taste, perhaps.

And he came back up to the hall and sat down on a bench, and I was watching him. Pie seemed to stiffen and just keeled right over. The sheep-dip had some Lysol preparation or something in it to kill scabies, or scabs on sheep, and it was poison. After he'd keeled over, why, all the men grabbed him and dragged him outside, and Charles "Pappy" Toyne got up on his chest and started to knead him and they poured oil down him and poured milk down his throat, and finally, with Pappy Toyne's kneading his stomach with his knees and his hands, why, it started to come up out of his mouth. It smelled just like Lysol. He kneaded and kneaded and kneaded, and finally, this fellow came out of it. It was just a wonder he didn't die, because it was a deadly poison.

I was mentioning the entertainment that we had, the dances that we had in the valley. There was also dances at Skelton, which was halfway between our place and Elko. Skelton was quite a colorful place. And to understand something about Skelton, I think that I should tell you a little bit of its history and the people who were there so that you'll understand better about how things were when we used to go to the dances at Skelton. What I am about to read, or tell you about, was contributed by my brother, Ferris, who now lives in Albany, New York. But he's never lost his love for the West. I'll read it in part and interject a few of my own observations [consulting paper].

When the West was young, it lured many people from the settled portions of the country. Some went to get a rest, and some went to avoid arrest. In any event, they stopped at the fringe of civilization. These people were called "drifters. Drifters they were, in a sense, yes, but they were all enterprising people wanting to get up and do something different from what had been their lot before. People drifted from the East as my brother said; they

also came from Europe. The people who came from Europe came from all countries over there—England and Ireland and Scotland and Wales and Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, to say nothing of France and the other southern countries of Europe—all came to the United States. They were more enterprising people; more [like] people who wanted to get up and do something, something different from what they had been used to doing, or their people, predecessors ahead of them, had done. Many of them who arrived at New York or Boston or the ports of entry weren't satisfied to stay there; they drifted on west in search of something bigger and better, same as the people who lived in the eastern United States who decided they wanted something different. These so-called drifters—the word "drifter" might lead one to think that they were of the poorer element. Perhaps some of them were. Some of them came to avoid arrest, too, as my brother put it. Well, they perhaps had a little brush with the law and decided to come west and hide themselves away and get lost in the wilds of the untamed country and escape from the law that way. However, most of them were not really of the bad type.

In the same sense of the word, my own father and stepfather were drifters. They came west for excitement and the lure of gold. However, my father and stepfather never went to the mining towns. They came west, and just by chance, came as far as Ruby Valley and never went back east again. It was just the lure of the West and a wanting to do something different that brought them, the same as it did other people from the East who settled in the West.

One of the so-called drifters of the same type was John J. Hylton, always known as Johnnie Hylton. He drifted in from his native state of Texas, and as my brother put it, "One

such drifter was John J. Hylton, who had the wanderlust and left his native Texas and wound up in ranch and cattle country, cattle raising country of Elko County, Nevada, known as Skelton. Hylton was a man of medium height with a blond mustache and pointed nose. He also had a nose for business, and before very long began to acquire ranches and cattle. He went to work when he first went there for the ranchers, and as he got a few dollars ahead, he would eventually buy cattle and then a ranch, and eventually he wound up owning practically all of Mound Valley, a large part of the ranches that were adjacent to Skelton. He needed efficient help, so he sent to Texas for his brother Riley and another brother Dow.”

Riley Hylton was a man that was given to quarreling a little bit. I’ve seen him when he gets a few drinks in a saloon, knock a man down and then kick him after he was down, and stand over him with his hand on his hip, waiting for the man that was down to draw if he dared.

Dow Hylton and John Hylton were men of peaceful mien. They didn’t bother anyone or they weren’t of the quarrelsome type. Johnnie was more or less a loner; that is, he seemed to be a man who was thinking deeply at all times. You’d never see him talking to anyone or mingling with a group of men. He always seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts. I guess he was thinking about operating his many ranching interests, and he certainly had plenty to think about. He was able to acquire all these ranching interests and stock through loans from the Henderson Banking Company in Elko who recognized the fact that he was a good man with stock and a good man at managing real estate, ranches, and things of that type. So they were glad to lend him the money to operate. It was all done under Hylton’s name. Of course, the bank was in

the background and furnished the finances to carry on these operations.

After Riley and Dow came to help Hylton with his various interests, his brother-in-law, George Hanna, came. George Hanna was a man about medium height, rather dark, very mildmannered man. He and Hylton operated the store at Skelton. They had a general merchandise store and carried practically everything that anyone would need in the operating of a ranch. The store was known as Hylton and Hanna. In fact, Johnnie Hylton had started the store before he sent for his brother-in-law, George Hanna. But he found that he needed someone to run the store, and he couldn’t have found a better man than George Hanna.

They had an eight-horse team which hauled the merchandise from Elko to stock the store, and the team going back to Elko would take grain and things of that type that Hylton would take in from the ranchers in exchange for other materials that the ranchers needed, so that there was freight both ways, which made for economical use of the team.

This team was driven by a man named Harry Reynolds. He was a master teamster, a rather large man with a full beard. He was married to an educated girl of Shoshone extraction, and they had a family of two boys and a girl. The boys’ names were Dale and Man. Harry Reynolds, as I said, was a master teamster; he certainly knew horses and knew how to handle them. He drove the eight-horse team with four pairs of lines, and he was able to handle those lines in an expert way, even in the wintertime when he used gloves. There was never a loose line, or never a line that couldn’t be handled when necessary to do whatever he wanted with the team. It was really quite a pleasure to watch him handle a team of eight horses.

When John Hylton needed more men to handle his cattle, he sent for his brother-in-law, Bud Woods. Bud Woods had married a sister of John Hylton back in Texas, and she had recently passed away, leaving three young daughters. When Bud Woods came to Skelton, he brought the three young daughters with him. They lived with some of the relatives there around Skelton who had come before. There were two other men that came to help, Frank and Bob Porter, who were good cattlemen, and they usually did some of the riding. And there was Tom Tennell, another man with quite a family.

One of the Tennell boy's name was Andy. He was a boy of about my own age. I wasn't there at the time it happened, but he was using a muzzle-loader shotgun, too, shooting jackrabbits—I suppose that was what he was shooting. The muzzleloader, (as) I said, was always loaded from the muzzle, with the powder first—the charge of powder put in each one of the barrels, then the wad, then the shot, another wad on top. Well, inadvertently, he charged one barrel with the double charge and left the other one with nothing in it, so that when he fired the shotgun, the barrel exploded and blew off all except the index finger on one hand. That seemed pretty terrible to us, and it was quite a lesson, too. But That didn't come until after I'd had my experience with trying to shoot Bailey's bull. And perhaps if I'd known about it, I wouldn't have bothered fooling with the old shotgun.

Johnnie Hylton married Addie Garrett, and they had a daughter, Jessie, and a son, Lee. Addie Garrett was a very lovely woman who always made friends and was very friendly with everyone with whom she came in contact.

Nearly all the men who came from Texas were married before they came excepting the Porters. Bob Porter, to my knowledge, was

never married. Frank Porter, his older brother, married Lillian Jones from Eureka. She was a teacher down at Skelton, over in that vicinity, and That's where he met her. In fact, there were so many of the Texas people that came to live in the vicinity of Skelton it became known as "Little Texas." There were many others besides the ones I have mentioned, of course.

At Skelton itself was a dance hall, and the store, the general merchandise store, and a saloon, and a brick hotel. A brick hotel was constructed there about this time, or just a little bit later, it's still standing, even though Skelton itself has faded into the background. There was a blacksmith shop run by Sam Gauldager, and his wife, Mrs. Gauldager, and her two daughters operated an eating place where you could get a good meal, a rather hospitable place.

There was a drifter who drifted into Skelton about this time, about 1902. Nobody knew just where he came from, but he married one of the local girls there. He was a man who usually minded his own business, excepting when he got a drink or two. Then he would become rather quarrelsome and would go out to try and pick a fight. And he was quite a gun toter. He tried to stir up trouble so he could find someone to fight him. But most men were rather shy; they didn't want to bother. They thought that perhaps he was really better with a gun than he was. He thought he was a gunfighter when he got a few drinks.

But one day [there] was another drifter came into Skelton. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from. His name was Fred Stone. He was a sort of a calm, peaceful sort of fellow; he wasn't quarrelsome. Anyway, he and this Connelly were in the saloon one day, and they had an argument. And Connelly seemed to bully Stone a bit, and Connelly, having a six-shooter, it got so rough that Stone went from the saloon to the store (as my

brother put it) and bought a six-shooter and the ammunition. And he loaded the gun and went outside, and Connelly was standing in the saloon door, and he saw Stone come out of the store. And he started out to meet him, and they paused in the street about sixty yards from each other. Maybe it wasn't quite that far; I don't know just how far. Anyway, they met each other in the street and they both pulled at the same time, and Connelly's bullet didn't take effect, but Stone's did. So it proved that Stone was really a better marksman than Connelly, or it may have been just a chance on either side. Anyway, Connelly was fatally wounded and died shortly afterward.

Fred Stone had a trial, but he was freed because it was said that he did it in self-defense. Stone continued to work around the Skelton area and never bothered anyone after that. Eventually, he disappeared. But we went down to a Fourth of July celebration and dance there at Skelton shortly after he was exonerated. He was there at the dance. And at the Fourth of July celebration, we had games of various kinds and horse races and foot races and other things that they always have at a Fourth of July celebration. In the afternoon, we had a baseball game, and that night had a dance in the community hall. Well, Fred Stone seemed to be one of the most popular ones there, especially with the native girls. He was considered quite a hero, apparently. (A complete and more graphic account of this incident may be found on page 475 of Patterson, Ulph, and Goodwin's *Nevada's Northeast Frontier*.)

At that time, the whole family excepting Father Dibble went down in the spring wagon the day before the Fourth, on the third. And we stayed at Ed Carville's place. Carvilles were friends at ours. The oldest boy of the Carvilles was E. P. "Ted" Carville, who later was the governor of the state of Nevada. He

was a district attorney in Elko for a number of years before he became governor of the state of Nevada. We stayed there overnight, and then the Carville family and our family all went to the doings at Skelton the next day, took in all the games, and all went to the dance that night.

So after a time, after the period of which I am speaking faded away, why, as my brother put it, "So Skelton settled down to peaceful stock and grain raising and eventually lost all of its colorful frontiersmen. It even lost its name, which was changed to Jiggs by suggestion of the Post Office department."

We frequently went to dances at Skelton. By frequently, I would say perhaps two or three times a year. They always had a real good time; everybody entered into the spirit of the time and they tried to show us boys from the other valley the good time. There were two especially, Hansford and Maude Bolton, who were some relatives of Hyltons. They came from Texas, but they were wonderful people. They would always see that we had partners and see that we got a chance to go to the supper at midnight with a partner. And they were wonderfully hospitable people.

The roads going down in the springtime used to be plenty muddy and rough. The roads were never graded; they never had any graded up roads, to say nothing of surfaced roads like we have today. In the spring, they would be full of mud and water, and, oh, sometimes two feet deep, these ruts—the ruts where the wheels would run. But nobody ever thought of grading them or graveling the roads to make them more passable. And they didn't have the equipment or the money to do it, so people got along the best they could as it was. We would go in the spring wagon; it didn't have any cover over it, and as a usual thing we'd drive all the way down. Fred was older; of course, he did the driving. And Mother



usually liked to go along, but Father Dibble usually stayed home. We would get down there in the evening in time to get supper and clean up and then go to the dance.

They had little square dances and waltzes and polkas and schottisches, Chicago glide, two-steps, and another dance we always called the "Vesuvienne"; it was a French name. I think it was "Put your foot down, put your foot down just so." [Laughing] That was the dance. And we always had a wonderful time there. The music was always furnished by Bill Hanson; he was the violinist; he played the fiddle. He knew all the old dance tunes and was just the man for the place. They had a piano which was usually played by one of the girls from that section, or someone there. Maude Hanna, George Hanna's daughter, played it quite frequently to accompany Bill Hanson on the fiddle. Bill Hanson was part Indian, but he certainly knew how to handle the old fiddle.

For square dances, Dan Riordan was the one who always did the calling. He was one of the four or five Riordan boys, and [there were] several girls in the Riordan family. They lived there near Skelton on a ranch. But he was the chief caller for all the square dances.

At midnight, they usually had supper at the back of the hall. There was a dining room at the back of the hall where supper was prepared. The usual price was a dollar and fifty cents a couple. And I remember very well the first partner that I ever took to supper. I was in my early teens, and I was bashful, and it was a new experience to me. They served the supper and we had coffee. In my nervousness, I upset the cup of coffee right in front of us, all over the table. I thought everybody was looking at me; I don't know whether they were or not, but I guess my face turned all shades of color, but I don't think half as many people were looking at me as I thought there were. I

thought I was the center of attraction at that particular moment. That's something that one isn't apt to forget.

We danced until the sun was up. Nobody stopped dancing. They went all that way to dance and so they were going to dance as long as possible. We danced until the sun was up, and the last dance that they would play would be "After the Ball." And when we heard them come on with "After the Ball," why, each one, then, would go get his partner for the final dance of the night, usually his midnight supper partner.

I mentioned the saloon that was around there at Skelton, also. It was about fifty yards, I suppose, from the dance hall. And there was always a more or less rough element that were over in the saloon. Some of the men also would go over there that were dancing to get a drink occasionally, too. But there was a rough element that was over there that didn't come to the dance. They just came because there was a dance on and there was more or less excitement. Well, Ferris and Ollie and I, of course, had to go over and see what was going on once or twice during the night. But we didn't dance very much when we were young, in our early teens. Some of these rough characters were Texans, and some came from other parts of the West, and there were some regular drunks, also. So, of course, there was pretty tough language and fights and things of that type going on over there—gun pulling. But we never saw anyone killed. But we did see some rough scuffles.

Then after the sun was up and "After the Ball" was played, we'd go get the team and were ready to go home. We were plenty tired, but Fred did the driving; I guess we did some sleeping on the way home. We were certainly plenty tired, but we were always ready for the next dance whenever it came along. Whenever we got an invitation to a dance at



Skelton we were always ready to accept. So it was quite a day for us always. We crowded a lot into those two days. Then we got home, why, we were ready to go to bed, a good sleep.

In Eureka, of course, they had dances and things of that type, too. Fourth of July was always quite a day in Eureka. We aimed to go to Eureka for the Fourth of July. Sometimes the womenfolk didn't go, and if they didn't go, we young fellows would go on horseback and go to Eureka for the Fourth of July celebration, usually go in the day before. I remember they had a home talent show one night in the Opera House there in Eureka. Opera House was supposed to be quite a building. It was quite a hail for a town like Eureka, anyway. They had a home talent show the night before. And one act in particular that I remember was' staged by one of the Johnson boys, Adams Johnson, who was a native boy there. He was colored up like a darkie and came riding out onto the stage on a tricycle. When he got out in the middle of the stage, he made-believe upset, and he fell on the stage. He was calling, "Whoa, whoa, whoa!" making believe that the tricycle was a horse. And he started talking, and he said that he was goin' to rahd his hoss in the hoss races the next day. He says, "The'as two men around heah that wants to rahd mah hoss, but Ah's goin' rahd mah own hoss!" He said, "Dese two men want to rahd mah hoss," and he says, "Ah have letters raht heah to show." He pulled out one letter, and he made-believe read it. He says, "Ah heahs you's got a good hoss, and," he says, "Ah wants to rahd yo' hoss. Yo's truely, Billie Lochman." It happened that Billie Lochman was one of the most corpulent men in town. Another letter was from T. A. Burdick, who was another man of large proportions. Anyway, he said he was goin' to rahd his own hoss; he didn't want to trust that hoss with nobody else.

Now, on the morning of the Fourth, of course, there were, as usual, salutes. At daybreak, there was the anvil firing up on the hillside where they put a charge of powder in an anvil and set the charge off with a fuse, and it would reverberate through the canyon. That would usually wake us up as well as anybody else in town. And they would set off some other noisemaking paraphernalia. T forgot to mention that the night before, they would always have rockets and things from the hillside, rockets and other fireworks that would light up the canyon. On the morning of the Fourth, after the anvils were discharged, they gave us time for breakfast and then they had a gathering at the Opera House and a patriotic oration by someone (usually the district attorney or someone who could deliver an oration) and a patriotic talk or something of that type. Then they would have the races—horse races and foot races and greased pig, where they would grease a pig and turn him loose, and anybody who could catch the pig and hold him would not only get the pig, but they would also get a prize. Well, if the pig was thoroughly greased with axle grease, he was a pretty hard animal to hold. And usually the ones that tried to catch him would be well greased before they got through. One young cowboy that was there (he was an Irishman), he was the one that caught the pig one Fourth of July, I remember. And they said, told him that the pig wasn't his, that he would get the prize but he was supposed to give the pig back; that belonged to a rancher. And he said, "No, no! Me pig! Me pig! I caught this pig!" He was going to have the pig! [laughing]

One Fourth of July that we attended in Eureka (it was one of the first; Ollie and Ferris and I were in our early teens), in walking tip and down the street to see what was going on the night before, we saw young Anderson. He

was a colored boy and he had two sisters. He was walking along the street, and we decided that he was something different. And Ollie Cox made a proposition: he says, "Now, I'll go up and I'll go and hit him." And he says, "Then you and Ferris help me after I get him started." He says, "We'll just give him a little going over."

So we said, "All right, Ollie," we says. "You go and hit the young Anderson."

So he sneaks up behind. Young Anderson was walking with his sisters, and he gives him a kind of a tap on the shoulder, and young Anderson turned around and they started to cuff one another a little bit. We didn't go to his assistance, though. We were too busy laughing. We thought it was the funniest thing we ever saw, was to see Ollie cuffing this colored boy and calling, "Come an' help me," and the colored boy cuffing him back. Anyway, the colored boy took it more or less as a joke, I guess. Pretty soon he took off and joined his sisters going down the street. Ollie was surely sore at us because we didn't help him [laughing].

I want to describe Eureka a little bit as we knew it in the days when we were young. Going to Eureka, the first thing we would see on the left-hand side was the grade going down from the top of the hill down into the canyon itself. We always called that "the grade." And about halfway down the grade was a sort of a dug-out place, which my mother told us was at one time a toll gate. It was built by a private interest, no doubt, and a toll was charged for anyone passing in or out. In that way, they had paid for the toll gate and eventually gave it up and left, went away.

As you go farther on uptown, some of the important places were Frank Lewis's stable, which was principally a feeding stable. Then there was Biale's grocery and general store, which was one of the main stores in town.

Farther up was the Eureka post office; Mr. C. L. Broy was postmaster there for a number of years. It wasn't usually crowded very much until in the afternoon, when they expected the train in. The train would usually reach Eureka about four-thirty. And the people would gather around, waiting for their mail. So the lobby of the post office was usually filled by the time the mail came in.

Then a little farther on up was the Brown Hotel, which was managed by Martin Brown. He was called Martin Brown; Brown was his stepfather's name, but his real name was Martin Mahoney. And after the stepfather died in later years, he changed the name to Mahoney because that was his name that he was christened by. He was a sportsman and liked to go out hunting and shooting, fishing. And he had a regular dog, a retriever dog that he always took with him. He often came down to the valley and stopped at our place on his way down to Mound and Huntington valleys.

A little farther on up, then, was the Opera House. The people of Eureka thought they really had a fine opera house, which was, of course, quite good for a little town like Eureka. We thought it was really large, and, of course, it was a little large for Eureka but not very large when we consider other buildings that we know nowadays. The Opera House was on the left-hand side. As you enter the building, there was a balcony over the entrance, about almost halfway around, perhaps a third of the way around, this balcony extended for anyone who wanted to get up there and view what was going on downstairs or on the stage. The stage was at the rear end; that would be on the east end. They used the Opera House for dancing or any show that happened to come to town.

Phil Paroni's store was a little farther up. I told you about Phil Paroni. Then there were numerous saloons, among others, Brossemer's and Rapetto's saloons. Farther up, then, were

the slag dumps and other things in the upper end of town. The county hospital was above town, on the left.

Coming in from Diamond Valley on the right-hand side, just at the foot of the grade before you go up over the raise, there was an old (you might call it) watering place. It was known as "the Willows" in those days. They used to have all kinds of festivities out there, races—had a racetrack for foot races as well as horse races. That was in the early days of Eureka.

Mother used to tell about a George Ham that she knew very well, who was quite a foot racer, and he used to practice with heavy shoes, and then, of course, on the day of the race, why, he was much more fleet because of the fact that his feet felt that much lighter. He was quite a foot racer, apparently.

There was a tragedy out there [at the Willows]. There was a well on the property. The only water available was a well which had been dug to a depth of three hundred fifty feet. When we went by, oftentimes we'd stop and throw some rocks down there, down the well, and hear them hit the sides and finally, after it seemed almost an interminable time, strike the bottom. But Mother told of someone who had jumped down the well to commit suicide. And no one wanted to volunteer to go down to retrieve the body, excepting George Ham. George Ham volunteered and was lowered to the bottom of the well and fastened a rope to the body; it was brought to the top.

But it was all grown up with sagebrush around there; the track had grown up, so that no one would know, even in our time, that there had been a racetrack there at one time.

As you went over the top of the grade and down into town, the railroad depot and passenger station were in separate buildings. They were the first buildings on the right. A little later, Standard Oil Company put

in a filling station there, a supply station, wholesale station, a little farther south.

A little farther up, then, was the Fletcher's livery stable. They boarded horses as well as had a livery business, rented out rigs, and they also ran a bus line down to the railroad depot, taking passengers down and back, and also carrying the mail and express that was to be brought into the express office.

There was an express office there in Eureka, too, on the left-hand side; I didn't mention that. Mr. I. C. C. Whitmore was the agent in the early days.

Then there was the hose house, or the volunteer fire company. The Rescue Hose Company was the name of it. There was no paid firemen. People just volunteered to serve in emergencies. One young fellow that we knew was run over and killed by the cart. There would be a dozen or so men would grab the tongue and run ahead, and there'd be others pushing behind. This young fellow fell down, and the cart was pulled over him. And with the hose on there, it was quite a heavy load. So Clay Sims was killed.

Then there was the old courthouse, just across the street from the Fletcher's livery stable. The old courthouse, it had the date of its being built on the front of it; it was 1879. The old courthouse never had been remodeled or renovated to my knowledge as long as we were around Eureka. Still had the old wood stoves and the old corridors just the same as they were, so that it was reminiscent of old times.

P. H. Hjul's store and undertaking parlor was just south of that also. Zadow's butcher shop was in that section, in that block, too. And the Zadow Hotel. Mrs. Zadow ran the hotel, or operated it, whereas William Zadow operated a butcher shop.

Up above town were slag dumps which covered several acres of the canyon up

there, and there were also slag dumps down below town. And there was one mammoth manure pile up there at the south end of town, where, for countless ages, perhaps, the stables had taken their old manure up there and dumped it every day. But it built up to a quite a sizable pile which was perhaps about four feet deep, and I should say it covered, oh, over an acre of ground, perhaps two acres of ground. When we were there at last, it had entirely disappeared, and we surmised that perhaps someone from Ely had come over and appropriated it and hauled it into Ely as fertilizer. It was a nice little sun of money that they could realize on anything like that, because it was certainly well-rotted.

On the extreme left-hand side, opposite the old furnaces, there's still remains of a[n] old smokestack which was built up the side of the hill. In the early days, the smoke settled over the town like a pall. There usually was a little draft going up and down the canyon, as there usually is in most canyons. But sometimes there was no draft, and this smoke, as lead-laden smoke, would settle over the town, and many died from lead poisoning as a result. So the smelters built smokestacks up above the furnaces, and also, this one that wandered on up the hillside. It was covered; there was perhaps a trench dug in the hillside itself, and then covered over with some sort of covering. And the smoke had an exit that way, so that it didn't settle over the town like it used to do.

Away from the main street, there was the old Sentinel building which is sort of an old relic in Eureka and is visited by many tourists, even today. It was a big brick building. To go inside and see all the old equipment that he had and all the old papers that were on the wall—. They tried to make it a state monument, but there was never any money appropriated for its purchase or preservation,

as far as I know. In the early days, the type was all set by hand, and Ed Skillman, the printer and owner of the place, hired girls to come in and set type. And the rate of pay for the girls was fifty cents a day.

The old school building, which was used before the one that is presently in use was a brick building directly west of the Sentinel building. That had a bell tower on it, and about the time we left Eureka it was declared unsafe, so that a new building was constructed a little farther to the north.

My wife's father first came to Eureka in 1875. He came from Copenhagen, Denmark, stopped over in Iowa on a farm for a period of time and worked on the farm. Then I guess he had heard something about Eureka. I'm not just sure what brought him to Eureka, but he came about in the year 1875. He got off the stage in the lower part of town, and as he walked up the main street, he saw a dead man lying on the sidewalk. So he didn't lose any time in going back to the bus station and telling the driver that he wanted to go back on the stage tomorrow morning. So the driver said, "Well, I'll reserve a place for you to go out." Anyway, the next morning came, he thought better of his decision, thought he would stay for a day or two and see how things were going. He might find something that would be more interesting than the dead man. He stayed to work in the furnaces and in the shops, all of which were operated by the mines.

On my wife's mother's side, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Geraty first came to Eureka in 1877. They had been in various mining towns before they came to Eureka, like Grass Valley, Austin, Belmont, Virginia City, and finally they wound up in Eureka. The mother came first because she was the business woman. She came there and found a place, a boarding house, is what their operations were, or was.

She found something that suited her, so she wrote down to her husband, Owen Geraty, and told him to sell out everything in Virginia City and come to Eureka, which he did. So they operated the boarding house there for a number of years.

After the smelters closed down, which was perhaps in the 805, the ore that was mined was treated, and the concentrate was put into sacks, into coarse bags of about a hundred pounds each, and these were hauled down to the depot and sent out on the narrow-gauge railroad to Palisade and then had to be transferred by hand to the railroad cars of the Southern Pacific, and shipped to Salt Lake City to the smelters there. So you see, the handling would require that they be quite rich in ore content in order to warrant its being handled so many times. Frank Kopp, he operated a team of twelve to fourteen horses, and three wagons, and hauled the ore mostly from the Diamond mine down to the depot.

From Palisade to Eureka, a narrow-gauge railroad was built in [1875]. It was eighty-four miles from Eureka to Palisade. When we were real small, the rate on most freight was eighty-four cents, or one cent a mile, eighty-four cents a hundred. It was more later than that. As the old railroad went out of town, passed down through the canyon and onto the valley floor; it traversed about twenty-five miles until it came to Garden Pass, where it passed Through the range of mountains and over into Pine Valley. It was just a low pass and didn't require much grading to bring it through there. This pass was about eighteen miles from our place at Box Springs. It was about eighteen miles southwest of us.

In the mornings, in the wintertime, it would leave about eight o'clock, and when the air conditions were just right, we could hear it running on the track. At a distance of eighteen miles we'd hear that rumbling on the track and

look over there and we could see the smoke of the old E and P railroad going down, entering Garden Pass. But the air conditions had to be just right. It wasn't the wind that carried it; it was just the air had to be just stable, just right, in order to carry that sound.

Eureka's first automobile came in about the year 1906. It was a Stanley Steamer that was purchased by Oscar J. Smith, the banker there in Eureka. There was a mechanic that came with the machine from the factory to set it up in Eureka, and to run it and see That it was always kept in operating order. Smith had told The Stanley people that he would take the Steamer if it proved satisfactory under the conditions it had to operate under out there in the valley.

So he sent out word, he was going down to Squaw Mountain, which was down in Mound Valley, just a little west of Mound Valley, not too far from the Cortez mining section, just east of that. He sent out word that he was going down to inspect his sheep operations around Squaw Mountain, and if anyone was on the road with a team and saw him coming, all they had to do was just turn the team around, face the opposite direction, and he'd be by them in a second. He was going to be a "gee whiz!" on that.

We were at home when he came by there, and it was in the springtime when the water was running across the road. Well, the driver didn't know anything about conditions in Nevada; he felt the road looked better outside, away from the main traveled road. He thought it would look safer to leave the road and cross it just above, which he tried to do. So, of course, he mired right down to the axle, the bed.

Well, he and Mr. Smith worked and worked and diverted the water and changed it so it ran down another channel, and by dint of a lot of hard work and sweat and one thing and



another (and they also poured out a good deal of their water that they had in the boiler), they managed to work out, put a lot of sagebrush and other things under it, finally got out, came on down to our place where they filled up with water. They left the motor running, the engine. I know that our dog—we had a dog, and he was over there smelling and sniffing around, and it blew off steam and scared the old dog, and he [laughing] ran out of there with his tail between his legs.

They left and went on down; they apparently got down to Squaw Mountain all right, and in coming back, after they came through Railroad Canyon, they decided they would go around the north end of the valley and come up on the west side of Diamond Valley. The road around there was all right for wagons, but it did have some scrub sagebrush in the center of the road which was not conducive to good operation of the Stanley Steamer. It had chain drive. The chain got wound up in the brush that it contacted around there and broke the chain, and the car wouldn't go any farther. So Smith said, "Well," he said, "I think that I know about how far it is to the next ranch." So he left the mechanic with the Steamer, and he walked to Sins. That was the old White ranch. Bernard Sin had purchased it in the meantime. And he induced Sin to go down the next day with the team and haul the Steamer back to the ranch. Well, he took the stage into Eureka the next day, and had the Stanley Steamer towed into Eureka; it was recreated and sent back to the factory, or back to the assembly place in San Francisco. One trip was enough.

In the year 1896, Howard Cox, who was a nephew of Uncle William Francis Cox, came from Trenton, New Jersey to visit his uncle. He came by train and I think that George went over to the station and met him and brought him home. He was quite a dapper fellow, and

I suppose he was pretty much surprised to find out the way that his uncle lived there in Diamond Valley. Because Uncle William Cox was an educated man, and he could have done most anything with his education. He stayed a few days, and then George took him back over to the station; he went back to Trenton, New Jersey.

He had a camera with him, and when he came to our place on the way back, we children—in fact, the whole family—got out on the south side of the house, and he took our pictures. We were quite disreputable looking characters, I think. I still have the picture. I'll have to dig it up and show it to you some day. That was in 1896.

We were talking about dances and things that we'd had at different places. We also had dances over in Newark Valley. Fred and I were over at Newark in April of 1906, when some people came out from Eureka to the dance there at Newark told us about the earthquake and fire in San Francisco. And the report was, they said that San Francisco had gone under from an earthquake and fire. Of course, we knew it had burned, but they said "gone under," so we naturally thought the whole peninsula had sunk.

Diamond Valley, of course, had some of its characteristic people who lived there, odd characters who were a little different from most people. One of the characters that was a little unusual was John Aitken. He was a big, raw-boned Scotch-Irishman, a man I should judge in his sixties or perhaps early seventies. He had at one time been stabbed by someone and the knife had entered his lungs, and when he breathed there was always a rattle down in his lung. [Laughing] That was quite intriguing to us children. He lived at Four Mile Canyon for a time and ran some horses. He had a bunch of horses. And he was always present whenever there was a horse roundup or rodeo



to take care of his interests. And he was quite quarrelsome, too. He would claim sometimes colts that really other ranchers thought were theirs, and I guess were. Anyway, he didn't get along with the ranchers very well, but we got along with him fairly well. He took meals with us quite frequently. One thing we remember very well was that whenever we had boiled eggs for breakfast, which we did quite frequently, he would take the whole egg and crush it in his cup. And then he would take a big spoonful of the crushed egg, shells and all. And [laughing] we could hear him crunching those shells in his mouth. He said that it helped his digestion. We wondered if he thought he was a chicken and had a gizzard [laughing]. But most anyone else would have certainly had indigestion if they'd eaten the eggshells like he did. But I guess his stomach was pretty well hardened, because he did get away with a lot of whiskey.

Whenever he went to town, he would usually get on a drunk, usually take a demijohn or a bottle when he left town and start out coming our way. Sometimes we would see the team coming down in the bend of the road south of the house and we would run in and tell Mother that it must be Aitken coming because it looked like his team; we couldn't see him anyplace. The team would come to the house, come to the corral gate and stop. The lines would be down dragging on the ground, perhaps one on each side, and we would go out to investigate, and here we'd find Aitken, lying down in the back of the wagon, dead drunk. Father Dibble would usually take the bottle away from him if there was any left, take it out and destroy it, pour it out. But as a usual thing, there wasn't any left; he was able to get away with it before he was rendered so helpless that he had to lie down in the back of the wagon. Well, then, Mother would get a pot of strong coffee and Father Dibble would

get coffee down him, and after a while, he'd come around so that he was able to drive the team on to Four Mile to his place.

He said he always had a dread that he might die in that cabin and the wood rats would eat him. But he didn't. He died in the hospital in Eureka. He was a big raw-boned fellow with blue eyes; he had an aquiline nose and quite a pronounced chin. He had flowing white hair and beard. And when we'd see him coming from his place in Four Mile going to Eureka, he'd usually stop in front of the house and water his team. We would go out and ask him, "Would you like some milk, Mr. Aitken?" He always liked milk.

He would say, "Ah, aye, and God bless ye."

So Mother would get a pitcher of milk and a glass, and we would take it out to John Aitken. And he'd usually finish off the whole pitcher of milk before he was ready to go. After he talked a little while, he'd drink more milk, and talk a little while, why, There wouldn't be any more milk left.

He was quite a character. He took on a partner one day; this fellow was a big Irishman, too; he was a kind of a bad character. But he said that this fellow could take care of his interests, says nobody would be afraid of him. He would see that his horses, his herd would be built up so that he'd have more horses in the future. Anyway, why, we didn't like him, either. We found where he had butchered one of our calves that belonged to one of our cows. Fred and I were down at the mouth of Four Mile Canyon one day and we saw the cow coming out of the canyon; she didn't have a calf with her. So we followed on up, found the trail where she had come; we had followed her trail back up the canyon. And there in a clump of juniper we found where they had apparently butchered the calf. And we dug around and found where he'd cut the brand out and cut it up in pieces and

buried it. But we didn't follow it up, because we didn't want to create any trouble. But he didn't stay with Aitken very long because the two Irishmen together, they certainly had a falling out before very long, and this new fellow left, and Aitken had to take care of his own stock after that.

There was another rather odd character. We always called him Pete. I have mentioned Pete before. He lived at the Diamond Springs place, Diamond Springs ranch. Tie came, I guess, in his early years. Now I don't know whether he was one of the coal burners or woodchoppers or not, but imagine perhaps he was a woodchopper in the early days. Anyway, he came to the Diamond Springs ranch about 1875. He was uneducated, but he could sign his name. The Taft girls had apparently taught him to sign his name, which was Ramondina Gaetane, which is not an easy name to write, especially if you don't know one letter from another. But he had practiced it with the instruction of the girls; perhaps they'd written a copy, and he copied that; he knew just where to go. He could sign his name quite legibly.

He was a man of medium height but rather stockpile built. He never had a long beard, but he never shaved, either. He used scissors, a pair of scissors, to cut off his mustache and beard, and that way kept it so it didn't get very long.

On the ranch, he was a general ranch hand. He did labor work for whatever was to be done, digging ditches, and he pitched the hay, and he chopped wood—cut wood up in the mountains for firewood, and chopped posts, and helped haul the wood. As far back as I remember, his pay was twenty dollars a month; that's what his regular wages were. In the summertime during haying time, he was paid two dollars like the rest of us, but not during the rest of the year.

Pete never wore any socks. He simply wrapped a rag around his feet (one rag for each foot, of course), and stuck them in his old brogans that he had. I don't think Pete ever took a bath. But he did change his clothes occasionally, and he would put them in a bucket of hot water and maybe a little soap and leave them soak for about a week, and then rub them around a little, not too much, and hang them on a line to dry. That was the extent of his washing. Of course, they were never ironed.

Pete liked to chew tobacco. He bought this Horseshoe Plug, which was one of the strongest plug tobaccos that was made then. However, it was rather sweet; it was made with licorice and a certain amount of sugar or honey or something to make it taste good. But it was powerful—a powerful chew. Pete always had a quid of it in his mouth; usually his cheeks stuck out as though he had a toothache. He would chew a big quid of it for some length of time, and after he got tired of chewing it, would take it out and put it on a windowsill or someplace to dry. After it was thoroughly dried, he would smoke it in his pipe. Then, after it was all smoked, about once a week he would take his knife and ream out the inside of his pipe. It was that black sooty stuff, which was no doubt charged with nicotine. He would scrape it out into the palm of his hand and then put it into his mouth and chew that. I think he must have eaten it entirely because he never did spit any of it out. So you see, Pete got full value for his tobacco that he used. It served for smoking and chewing, and also for the heel of the pipe that he dug out and put in his hand and then ate afterward.

Well, Ferris and Ollie and I saw that Pete really enjoyed that tobacco. One day, I thought that I would see what it was all about. We found one of his plugs of tobacco lying on the

table, so I remember very well I took a good, big bite. And I started to chew a little bit, and I suppose I swallowed a little bit; I don't know, perhaps I did. Anyway, I started to feel dizzy. I got rid of the tobacco pretty fast when I started to feel not just right. Then as I got to feeling worse, I went and lay under one of the trees; they were great big poplar trees in front of the house. I lay under the trees, and it was nice and cool there. And as I opened my eyes, it seemed like the whole surface of the earth was undulating up and down. I don't know whether I vomited or not, but I was a sick boy for two or three hours. That was the first and last time I ever tried to chew tobacco.

Sometimes my Father Dibble used to have his Bull Durham for an occasional cigarette, and [laughing] we would sometimes get a sack of that Bull Durham and sneak it off to school when we were going to school up at the schoolhouse halfway between our place and Cox's, and we would have a little smoke. But we didn't get to do that very often because Father Dibble watched his tobacco pretty carefully. And we tried smoking cedar bark and one thing and another like that, too [laughing], but it didn't taste too good, so we never acquired the habit. Ferris or I never acquired the habit of smoking; Ollie did acquire the habit of smoking in later years and became an inveterate smoker of cigarettes.

The people in those days didn't have tailor-made cigarettes like we have today. Everybody has his sack of Bull Durham with the tag hanging out of his shirt pocket.. It was a tag, a little round tag about the size of a twenty-five cent piece with a picture of a bull on the tag. That was the trademark of people that smoked. They used a tan wheat-straw cigarette paper which came in a little package, so they would peel off one sheet of this little wheat-straw cigarette paper and put it in their fingers deftly and roll—half roll it,

and then pour the tobacco in, and finish the rolling so that it was nice and firm and round. Some of them became so expert that they could roll the cigarette with one hand. After they'd rolled it completely and just one little edge was exposed, then they would moisten that edge with their tongue and stick it down, and then proceed to smoke. But no one ever had cigarettes as we do now, the tailor-made cigarettes. But most of the boys, cowboys, and full-grown men of those days did smoke Bull Durham tobacco.

Pete, whom we were talking about, had horses, also. He had a few horses with his own brand, and whenever we had a horse roundup, he would go out to help, also. So he didn't know very much about riding, but he was able to stay on a horse as a usual thing. And in following a herd, especially when we were after a bunch of wild horses, running them into a herd, or trailing a herd at full speed, well, Pete would let the reins go and grasp the horn with both hands [laughing], and he usually wore a denim jacket and the old jacket would trail out behind; sometimes his hat would fall off. But we always had a lot of fun with old Pete.

In going out in the mornings, usually on our way to chase the horses, we had a little bottle of what we called "high life," which was carbon tetrachloride. We would ride up alongside of Pete and talk, and drop back a little bit and take the bottle and take the cork out and drop a few drops on the horse's rump. It didn't harm the horse at all, and it wouldn't take effect for about a minute or so after it was poured on his rump. But after a little bit, it had a very, very cold sensation, and also an itching sensation. And his old horse would start to hump and dance and make-believe buck around a little bit. Pete thought that the horse was getting too much oats, So he cut off the oats. But still the horse didn't

seem to be any better after he cut down on the oats. So [laughing] Pete pulled out all the hair out of the horse's tail, thinking that the [laughing] horse's tail was catching the bushes or something and [laughing]—and caused the horse to buck. That was quite a time that we had with Pete.

And I remember Governor Reinhold Sadler quite well when we were really small; we were only young boys when Reinhold Sadler used to come to the ranch. He would come to Eureka and visit in there, and then come out to the ranch in Diamond Valley, and when he came there he usually took the team and came on over to our place and down to the ranch in Huntington Valley to visit that, because it all belonged to the Sadler interests. Someone else lived down there; they had the ranch rented, but he would go down to see how the ranch was getting along and how the renter or leaser was handling affairs. He would usually stop at our place for lunch, usually drove two quite nice horses, which Edgar maintained on the place, and a nice buggy. But Governor Reinhold Sadler was quite a corpulent man; he wore a suit always whenever we saw him, and he had quite a large stomach and also had a vest with a watch and fob. The chain ran across the full front of his vest with some kind of a fob in one pocket and the watch in the other pocket, on the right-hand side, with some sort of insignia that dangled from the chain at the center, which perhaps was a Masonic insignia. Anyway, it was quite intriguing to Ferris and to me, because we didn't know what that lettering stood for. He tried to explain it in his own fashion as to what it meant, but it really didn't mean much to us. The lettering was something that he would describe in a comical way, which interested us, also. Of course, he gave a false meaning to the lettering. When he would come to Eureka to visit, why, he would

also go to visit all the schools; he seemed to be quite interested in the schools. Me would visit even the first graders and all the grades in the school, and I suppose the high school, too. He would usually give a little talk and talk to the children and to the teachers, quite interested in school and quite an interesting character, too. But it was said that Sadler would become tired of Carson City life and would come up to Eureka to have a little fun with the boys, go out a little bit. But he always seemed to be welcome in Eureka; everybody liked him and he was a good friend and a good fellow. That is about all I remember about Governor Reinhold Sadler.

Our own uncle, William Cox, was a man that was a little unusual, also. He was a rather small man, not quite of ordinary height; he was perhaps about five feet four or five. He had a beard and was partially bald and was sandy complected. He was a Columbia graduate. He was a scholar and intellectual, and he loved to talk. He, as I have told before, was the one who was sent out to take charge of the telegraph station there at Diamond Springs when it was in operation in the early '70s. He loved to talk, but he didn't care too much about work. In fact, he was quite improvident. And we always wondered why a man of his intellectual ability and education settled down on a little place like they had there in Diamond Valley. The family, in fact, had quite a difficult time making a living, making ends meet, until George became of sufficient age that he could go out to work and make a few dollars to help maintain the family. Auntie Cox and Minnie had a garden which was just north of the house. It was in quite a damp spot, so after the garden was well started it didn't need watering. But in order to start the plants when seed was first put in, or the cabbage plants or the cauliflower plants were set out, they had to dip the water out of a spring that they had.

The spring was not a real spring, but it was a hole that George dug in the ground in one edge of the garden, and they had to go down a few steps to dip up the water into coal oil cans and then carry it out and scatter it around to water the plants to get them started. So, you see, they raised a garden the hard way. had a wonderful garden. Auntie Cox also had an asparagus patch which was just west of the house on a quite a damp place. And they had the most wonderful asparagus. She used to send asparagus to Eureka in season and sell it in there for quite a fancy price for the time, because it was far better than any produce that could be brought in. In fact, in Eureka there was very little produce that was ever shipped in on account of the railroad and the long distances to carry. Nearly all of the ranchers in the vicinity, of course, had their own gardens. There were also truck gardeners around Eureka, down the canyon and above, who raised gardens and would peddle their garden produce there in Eureka to the residents around town. That way, why, they helped to make a living and helped to supply the town with vegetables.

Now to return to Uncle William, Father Dibble always smoked Union Leader cut plug in his pipe. That was a rather coarse tobacco and it came in one-pound cans with a big picture of a Negro on the front on the lid. He also had a little buckskin pouch that he'd take some of the tobacco out and put in this pouch for the use during the day. Sometimes when he'd be going to Eureka or going up the valley, he would pass by the Cox place, and Uncle William would see him coming, he would always make it a point to meet him at the road, as he did most everybody else that came along. So he would stop Father Dibble and start talking, which he dearly loved, to talk. He would start to talking, and after he'd talked a little bit, he'd say, "Well, Dan, lemme

see your tobacco." So Father Dibble would hand down his pouch of tobacco, and Uncle William would open it up and take a pinch and put it in his mouth and chew and chew. Every once in a while he'd take another little pinch until he got a good, big chew of tobacco in his mouth.

And Father Dibble would get anxious to go, and he'd say, "Well, I can't stay any longer. I got to get going."

And Uncle William (we always called him Uncle Billy) would say, "Well, lemme see, if you don't mind, can I take just a little bit of this?" So he'd pour out some in his hand. That way, I think he kept pretty well supplied with tobacco from the various people that came along.

In Eureka, there weren't very many colored people. As I remember, [there were] just the Anderson boy and the two sisters that I mentioned before, and there was another one named Jackman. And there was another colored man; we always called him One-Arm Johnson. He was a veteran of the Civil War. He had fought on the Union side, and he had lost one hand; it was cut off somewhere between the elbow and the wrist. He was quite a colorful character. I don't think he ever worked. He received, no doubt, a pension from the government for his disability. And especially on Fourth of Julys, he was always quite prominent. He would come out with a big flag and march up and down the street with a flag and get a few free drinks from people who happened to be in the saloons where he would frequent. As he'd march up and down the street with the flag, he used to sing [singing]: "I never like a Rebel and I hope we never shall, / Feed 'em on grapeshot and bombshell!" He lived there for a number of years and was always quite prominent, and especially when a celebration came along.



There was another old time merchant in Eureka. His name was Phil Paroni. He was an Italian man. He had a grocery store as well as a butcher shop. He was uneducated, and he never kept any books, but he did write down the orders for groceries that people sent in. He had a delivery boy that would take the groceries out to the different places. But they never kept the books so that there were a lot of bad accounts that he was never able to collect. Of course, the people in Eureka, some of them, weren't able to work, couldn't find work, but Phil Paroni always kept them going. He was always willing to advance groceries for them, especially for families. So he really was a good man for Eureka during the lean years. Like my wife's folks when she was little, they used to send her down to Paroni's after a soup bone. She said they could get all she could carry in a paper bag for twenty-five cents, which was practically a whole leg of [laughing]—of beef.

Anyway, in the meat department, he always wore a white apron, which was white when he started out in the morning. But he would cut meat and then he would go into the grocery store and dish out candy and [laughing] groceries. Everything came, of course, in bulk in those days and had to be dished out and put into paper bags. So it wasn't very appetizing, but nevertheless, Phil Paroni over there was a good man and a good man for Eureka and the people of Eureka during those times.

William Zadow was a rival butcher. He had a rival butcher shop across the street a little bit farther north, and he and Paroni were quite rivals. Each one would try to get the customers to come to their place. Zadow didn't operate a grocery store; he just had the butcher shop. He kept a quite neat shop and he, himself, was always neat and clean about the shop.

Another character in the old times of Diamond Valley was a man named "Salty" Williams, at least he was termed "Salty" Williams. I'm going to read an article which my brother Ferris contributed when I told him that I was going to give some of the history of Eureka County and Diamond Valley. He says that:

The earliest attempts to commercialize Diamond Valley were made by a man named Williams; perhaps Henry Williams was his first name. However, he wasn't known by anything except "Salty" Williams. And he set up the salt factory, or salt plant, near the north end of the alkali flat, on the east side and about three miles from Railroad Canyon. (It would be about three miles southwest of Railroad Canyon.) Mr. and Mrs. Williams lived in a small cabin made of logs, and their equipment consisted merely of two large sheet iron pans about six feet wide and around ten feet long and perhaps a foot deep. They were made out of quarter-inch thick sheet iron. And Mr. Williams had these pans set on stone foundations, and he would build a hot wood fire under them after filling them with salt brine obtained from a shallow well at the location. When the water was evaporated, he obtained a fair grade of salt, which he put in bags and sold in Eureka and other markets. He was known as "Salty" Williams to everyone. And sometimes friends or people would come to the house wanting to see Mr. Williams, on business or otherwise. They would come to the cabin and Mrs. Williams would come out and the men would



ask, "Hello, is Salty Williams in?" And she would say, "No, Salty Williams ain't here, but Henry Williams is eating supper."

That was before my time. I just heard my mother and father tell about it. He discontinued before we were born, I think, because I don't remember him personally at all.

That was soon after the Civil War. "Salty" Williams had to give up as he could not compete with others, although salt was shipped into the local markets in fifty-pound jute bags from England. It was marked, "Liverpool, England, 100 percent pure salt." (I can remember that very well when we were real small.) When he left the salt works, he left the sheet iron pans there. Elwood Bailey took one to his ranch on the west side of Diamond Valley (so says my brother), and the other pan remained by the caved-in well. I saw it there last time in 1911 when I was trapping in the neighborhood.

To continue with another article which my brother contributed, about Oliver Riffe, who was another old timer in the valley. He, of course, came after the time of "Salty" Williams, and I remember Oliver very well.

One of the earliest of Elko County ranchers (he ranched in Elko County and also was in Eureka) was Oliver Riffe. He was a rather tall, thin man with mustache and a goatee. He had a family of two boys and one girl. Rosie was the girl, and she was the eldest. And Emerson, or Em, was the eldest boy, and Jim was the second boy. Mr. Riffe ranched on a small scale in Huntington Valley. And there was a tragedy in the family about the

time that we were real small. The youngest son, when he was three years of age, wandered away from the ranch and became lost. When the Riffe family could not find him, they procured Indian trackers who diligently followed his little tracks and saw where he had tried to climb out of a dry wash and kept sliding back again. After what was judged to be about twenty miles that the little fellow had traveled, he was found, but it was too late. They carried his little body home, and he was buried there on the place. Mr. Riffe was a true frontiersman who frequently mingled with and dealt with the Indians. I can plainly recollect his account of having a heavy cold and the resulting bad chest cough that hung on despite all that the doctors of that day could do for him. And finally, a bunch of Indians came along and talked with Mr. Riffe, and noting his cough, (they] said to him (according to his testimony), "You cough, cough, cough. All time cough. Sagebrush fix tem, sagebrush heap fix inn Injun." So Mr. Riffe says, "So I got a can and put a couple of handfuls of sagebrush leaves in it and boiled it a while, and then I put the hot leaves on my chest and covered [them] with flannel. In a few days my cough was gone. And Mr. Riffe had a set of upper dentures poorly fitted, as was the rule in those days. And when he talked, the air made a whistling sound as it passed between his teeth, much to the delight of us small fry.

Mr. Riffe was a very, very hard-working man. That is my own observation. He worked

like a horse. In fact, he worked too hard and didn't get much out of his hard work.

When Father Dibble first came to Ruby Valley in early 1872, there was a small settlement where everybody used to gather, on Saturday nights especially, from far and near.

Among the buildings in this little settlement was a general store owned and operated by Ira and Norm Wines, two brothers. They also had a saloon owned by them and a blacksmith shop owned by a man named Pike. I don't know what Pike's first name was, rather Dibble always referred to him as Pike, and I never heard his given name. The goods sold in the saloon was hard stuff, and beer could not be hauled for such a long distance. So all the men drank whiskey, and sometimes wine or brandy. Of course, that was rather rare. Whiskey was the going drink. It didn't take long for things to liven up, and there was always something doing. A month's wages could be lost, and were lost, in a short while at the card table.

And one night, Pike lost his money to a man named Armstrong. He protested, and there was an argument and a quarrel which resulted. He protested that he was robbed. And so he and Armstrong got into a tussle, and Armstrong, being a much bigger man, beat him up and threw him out of the door. Everything seemed to quiet down for a while, and finally after a time, after a few minutes, why, somebody was heard to say, "Give me back my money!" They turned around and looked, and there standing in the door was Pike with a shotgun leveled at Armstrong.

Somebody nearby knocked the shotgun down, and it was taken away from him by the men in the saloon. So Armstrong proceeded to beat Pike up again. And Father Dibble, in telling the story, said, "I see Pike was fighting back this time. In a little while, Armstrong

reeled back and came to the back of the saloon with the blood running off his fingertips. Pike had hidden a knife on himself and he used it on Armstrong. Armstrong was badly cut on the arm above the elbow, and they put on a tourniquet, tried to stop it. But we couldn't stop the flow of blood. He was too far from town or from a doctor to think of moving him that far because it was a full day's drive with a team to go to Elko, about fifty miles or more by the shortest way."

The tourniquet—they thought perhaps if they could keep Armstrong quiet that the blood might cease flowing and that he would recover from the loss of blood. But he didn't, and he was dead before morning. Nothing was done to Pike, as it was said that it was in self-defense. Everyone agreed it was self-defense even though he did use a knife, which was not absolutely necessary.

You've also heard about Tom Short in one of our previous stories, about Tom Short and a man named Cracker Johnson. Tom Short was one of the ranchers which I have described before. He was a big, raw-boned Irishman, according to what my brother Ferris has to say about him, who liked to mind his own business and also some other people's businesses as well.

And one day, he had a real spirited argument with Pike, the same man who had cut Armstrong, in which Armstrong bled to death. The blacksmith was Pike; Pike was the blacksmith. Tom Short and Pike had been drinking hard stuff together at the bar, [and it] ended with Tom throwing Pike out of the saloon after a spirited quarrel. Everything seemed to quiet down, but finally Tom edged over to the door and took a little peek out through the door and he saw Pike standing in the door of his blacksmith shop across the street with a shotgun in his hands. Well, Tom Short wasn't the man to take a bluff—that is,

to run from a bluff, Of course, Pike didn't mean it as a bluff, either. Tom said, "Well," he turned to the men in the saloon, he says, "I'll have to see about this."

So he called over to Pike. He says, "Pike," he says, "Hello over there! What're you doin' with that shooting iron?"

And Pike answered, "That's none of your business! You just mind your own business and I'll stay over here and mind mine. And if you come any closer, I'm going to shoot you right through the head!"

Well, Tom Short wasn't going to take that lying down, so he started on over toward Pike. At the same time, he was talking every step he moved. He moved very slowly, and he said, "Now, Pike, you're a friend of mine. I've been a friend for many years. You're one of my best friends. You wouldn't shoot me, I know you wouldn't shoot me, Pike." He kept calling him by the name Pike. And he would advance, never stopped, moved ahead a few steps without stopping and then would say, "Now, Pike, you're a good friend of mine."

Pike would say, "If you come any farther, I'm going to blow your head off." And all the time he had the shotgun leveled right at his head.

But Tom, of course, had a few drinks, which made him all the bolder and also more rash. He never stopped moving and never stopped talking. As he got close to Pike in the shop door, Pike said, "One more step and I'll blow your head off!" But Tom kept on talking and kept on moving. When he got close enough, Pike backed up to the other side of his blacksmith shop and called out, "If you come through the door, I'm going to shoot your head off, right there in the door!"

But Tom kept on going, went inside the door, went across the blacksmith shop, went over to Pike, grabbed the gun away from him and kicked him out of his own blacksmith

shop. I don't know whether he kicked him out or not; he threw him out, anyway. But it showed how much grit Tom Short had.

I haven't mentioned the birds that we had in our days. might say a few words about some of the birds. In the summertime, chicken hawks bothered our young chickens. Not the great big hawks; the real large hawks usually stayed on the fields and hunted for mice. But there was a medium-sized chicken hawk that really were quite swift and the ones that really bothered the chickens. They would swoop down and hit a brood of chickens with their wings, usually would kill perhaps three or four, or mangle them, so that—. Then on the second time down, why, they would come down and pick a chicken or two up and carry it away. We were always on the watch for chicken hawks, and also the dog that we had was always on the watch. Whenever we saw a chicken hawk around, we would run and tell Father Dibble about it. He would come in the house and take down his old shotgun, the same old muzzle-loader shotgun that I used, learned to shoot jackrabbits with. He had it on a rack, way up high on the kitchen wall. And he always kept it loaded because—of course, it was dangerous, but still, we were always cautioned never to touch that shotgun. But he had to keep it loaded because it took at least ten minutes to load it the old fashioned muzzle-loader way. So he would come out, and if he got within range at all, if the old hawk came by or flew down, he'd usually let him have it. It was very seldom he ever missed. Then the dog and Ferris and I would run over there and pick the old chicken hawk up. They had sharp claws and sharp beak and eyes that [laughing] would really almost scare a kid.

One of the other birds that we didn't like were what we called "butcher birds." Not a very large bird, but they were a carnivorous bird; they killed other little birds. They were

a black and white bird and sat around on the fences and seemed to be harmless birds. But we knew, and we had seen them kill little birds quite often, so we had it in for them. And whenever we could get near enough with our flippers or air rifles, we let them have it. They sat on the tops of fence posts quite frequently. We used to set traps on the fence posts where we knew that they were in the habit of sitting.

Then there were, of course, the meadowlarks which were on all ranches, were very much in evidence in those days, too. We liked to hear them sing in the springtime. They were always happy. And we wondered what they said, so I remember very well asking Mother what they were saying in their song, and I was quite small. But she said, "Well," she said, "now, you listen." And she said they said [singing], "Freddie and Gracie and Andy, too—." That was before Ferris's time. And we listed and it seemed that that's what they did say.

Killdeers were another bird that were interesting. They were down usually around the pond. They would have their nests in a flat place, just right on the ground. And when the old mother bird would see anyone come around, she would start flapping her wings and making believe that she was crippled or injured, to lead us away from the nest. So we always knew that the way she was going was the opposite from the place where the nest would be, so we'd hunt around the opposite direction. She'd come back and flop her wings on the ground and make believe that she was just about ready to die, and if we'd go over there toward her, why, she'd start to fly away then. They were very interesting birds.

In the late spring or early summer, the nighthawks would come to the valley. These nighthawks would usually sleep during the day and then they'd come out in the evening and swoop down out of the sky to catch

insects that were out flying around after the sun had set. We called them "spags," because when they would swoop down after a fly or moth or whatever it might be, as they came out of the dive, their wings would make a sort of noise which sounded to us like "spag." So we called them spags.

Swallows, of course, were on all ranches, and Box Springs was no exception. The swallows built their nests around the eaves and in the stable. There are always a number of swallows' nests in the stable. One of our main pastimes during the noon hour in the summertime was to go out and investigate those swallows' nests. In doing that, the roof of the old stable was built the same as the roof on the house that I explained, with the small cottonwood poles running up and down over the rafters. Then on top of that burlap, and then cedar bark, and then the dirt on top of that. But there were always places in these cottonwood poles that were bent down and afforded a hand hold. So we could walk all over the stable on our hands, swinging from one of these handles to the other in visiting the various swallows' nests around.

There was another bird—I've forgotten exactly what his name is. Oh, yes, the kingbird. He was very familiar to us, too. We liked that kind of bird because they built their nests usually on high places, up on the top of the fence, or on the beef gallows, or some high place. If they'd see a hawk coming around, both the mother and the father bird would leave the nest and get right close up to the tail of the hawk and pester and worry the hawk until he was glad to get out of there. Sometimes there'd be two pairs, or three pairs, of these birds that would chase the hawks until they chased them away.

When we were real small, there weren't any quail in Diamond Valley, or the ranges of Diamond Valley, but after a few years, quail

did start to come in so that they' seemed to increase quite rapidly, and along about 1910 or '12, there was a quail covey in practically every canyon. But then there came a hard winter, and the quail apparently either froze to death or starved. I'm not sure which; perhaps it was a combination of the two. But they would come down on the feed grounds and hunt for seed (we tried to feed them in a way) from the hay that had fallen off. We'd find them dead under the shed where they'd tried to find shelter, up someplace in the roof of the shed. But no more quail after that. I don't know whether they've ever come back or not.

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## CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTION OF LIFE IN DIAMOND VALLEY: SCHOOLING AND OTHER ADVENTURES, 1889-1908

My earliest recollections, I think, were at about the age of three, and I had a rag doll which I called "Dickie." Dickie was just a respectable doll, like any other rag doll. His colors were painted on. He had no suit or anything to change so that eventually he became very disreputable in appearance because I used to take him to bed with me, and I used to "feed" him and carry him by—usually by one arm or one leg. But Dickie had to be every place that I went.

At the age of three, as I remember it, we were taking a little trip to Conover's to visit friends in Newark Valley. And to go there, we had to go down through Railroad Canyon, turn right at the far entrance of the canyon across Huntington Creek, and then on up the creek. Then we were all seated in the spring wagon, ready to leave on the trip, my mother noticed that Dickie was along. And Mother says, "You can't take that dirty old thing over to Conover's." And she grabbed it by the two legs and threw it out on the doorstep. Well, I set up such a wail of remorse that she finally relented and took Dickie back in the wagon,

but only with the agreement that he was not to be taken out of the wagon when we got to Conover's. Well, so Dickie made the trip to Conover's.

As I said, we were proceeding up south, along the Huntington Creek, and along about noontime, we came to a deserted cabin. We were all hungry and rather cold because it was rather chilly, and so we got off. Father Dibble made a fire in the fireplace that was on the north side of the building, north wall. Fred helped him make the fire, and pretty soon the fire was crackling and roaring in the fireplace. And I can remember very distinctly standing before the fireplace, and I can also sense my diminutive size, being only about three years old. That was my first recollection. I don't remember going on beyond or going to visit to Conover's, but I do know that Dickie came back with me.

And it wasn't very long after that that I carried Dickie around with me all summer, but in the fall when the snows came, one morning Dickie was missing. And we wondered where Dickie was. In fact, I couldn't



find him to take him to bed with me that night. We wondered where Dickie was, and we hunted and hunted, to no avail.

We still hadn't found Dickie when Christmas had come and gone. And on Christmas morning, we always, all four of us, would get up early in the morning, before anyone else was up, and see what Santy Claus had brought. Santy Claus to us then was a legend. Of course, we never saw Santy Claus like the boys and girls today see Santy Claus.

We always hung our stockings around the fireplace in the evening before we went to bed. Anyway, when we came out that morning and held our candles high above our heads to see what Santy Claus had brought, well, there in my stocking was a doll, another doll, a colored doll. It wasn't a rag doll; this was a doll that was made of composition. I eyed the doll first for some length of time, then finally took him out and put him on a chair in the entrance between the dining room and the living room, put him on a chair, sat him straight up. And I moved around and around the chair, surveyed him from every angle. But he didn't fill the bill. I never could warm up to that doll like I had to Dickie. And I don't remember just what ever became of the doll. It really didn't mean much in my life, anyway.

And when the spring thaws came, why, we found Dickie alongside the trail which ran from the kitchen door out to the corral. Apparently, I had placed him down on a snow bank, and the snow had come and covered him up. But he wasn't any Dickie to me any more because he was all faded out and soggy. And I was an older boy by that time, and it seemed the doll didn't mean quite so much to me.

About at this time, there was a man named Macnamara from Ruby Hill had bought a place down in the valley (I think it was in Mound Valley) and was moving his household effects down by wagon, two wagons with racks

on the wagons. And all his furniture was loaded on These wagons. Six horses he had to pull the wagons. And as he was approaching our place from the south and about a half mile from our home, a young cowboy, or vaquero, as we called them in those days—buckaroo—came riding by. This young fellow's name was Bernie Burns. And we had employed him there (my father had employed him) to break some of the horses to ride so that we'd have plenty of saddle horses. He was in a hurry to get to our place, and he started to ride out around The team. And as he ran his horse through the brush—he had long taxpayers on his stirrups which hung down perhaps a foot below the stirrup itself; these were used to keep the snow off of the rider's feet when he rode through brush. In riding through the brush, he created quite a noise and scared the team, frightened the team. They started running. Mr. Macnamara attempted to stop the team, running to catch the lines and put on the brake. His head came in contact with a corner of the rack on a wagon with such force that he was knocked to The ground, and one leg was under the wagon. The hind wheel of that wagon and the other two wheels of the trail wagon ran over the leg and crushed it. He was also delirious from the fractured temple. The team ran to the house and stopped at the corral gate.

My folks went back to see what was the matter and found Mr. Macnamara lying in the road. And they took him home, made a bed on the floor, because being delirious, he wouldn't stay on a bed; he thrashed that broken leg around all night and moaned and groaned. And although there was two doors and a dining room between where he was on the bed in the bedroom on the floor, his moans and groans were plainly to be heard out in the kitchen where we children were crouching and huddled. We couldn't escape

the groaning and moaning of poor Mr. Macnamara.. In the morning they rigged a bed on a sled and started to town, into Eureka, but he died on the way. That was an experience that we children never could forget, because something like that always strikes at a young heart more than it would a more mature person.

Our first schooling was when I was perhaps about six years old. My first teacher was Miss Gertrude Wilson. That was in our old home and was for a three months' term. All four of us children went. Ferris did some little work; of course, he was quite young yet to go to school, but he did some little work at school. The teacher kept him busy at something. Anyway, we all thought a great deal of Miss Wilson as a teacher, and she was quite a likable person.

I don't remember very much about the lessons, but I do remember that one day when we were out in the brush, Ferris and I found a lizard. And I guess I was the one who made the decision to take the lizard down and let it loose in her bedroom. We carried the lizard down, and Ferris released the lizard through an opening in the door. And shortly after that, we heard a screech, and the door flew open, and Miss Wilson was so terrified. And we were sorry that we had ever tried to play a trick on her.

I want to relate a little incident which happened while our teacher, Miss Wilson, was still teaching us—that is, in our first term. Ferris and I were quite young, of course. And one day during the fall, when Father and Fred were digging potatoes down at the potato patch, which was just below the calf pasture, school let out about three-thirty, and I conceived the brilliant idea of having a little camping-out party for just Ferris and myself. So accordingly, I went to the house and got a frying pan and some bacon and eggs and a

loaf of bread, and I sneaked them out of the house without Mother's knowing about it. I don't know how I was able to do that, but I did. And he and I went up by the wagon shed, which was north of the other sheds, and it was connected to the other sheds, however, and started a little fire to cook the bacon and eggs. Well, everything was quite dry, and the fire got out of hand before I had a chance to put the frying pan on the fire. It started toward a pile of cottonwood poles which my father had stacked up alongside the wagon shed. Well, I realized about that time that there was trouble brewing. I called to Ferris, "Run and tell Mama!" It happened that my mother was outside the kitchen door at that time and heard me say that. She was looking to see where we were, what we were doing.

Ferris moseyed on down toward the house, and she called to him and asked him, "That is it, Ferris? What does Andy want you to tell me?"

And Ferris's reply was, "Oh, we got a little fire up there." He was noncommittal, wasn't excited a bit about the thing.

So, anyway, she ran up and saw how the fire was spreading, so she called my father and Fred from the field. And just at that time, why, the teacher came out also, out of her room. She went to the well and pulled the water while the rest of the folks carried water to the fire, formed a bucket brigade, in other words. That was my father and mother, and brother Fred had carried the water. Ferris and I were almost too young to do any water carrying.

Eventually, the fire was put out, but only after quite a struggle. It had burned over quite a little distance and was very, very near the poles. If it had ever got into the poles, why, it no doubt would have burned the wagon shed, and then being connected with the rest of the sheds, it would have followed on down. It would have been a regular conflagration.

But about the time it was finished, why, my stepfather left two big buckets of water, coal oil cans of water. Coal oil cans were the only type of bucket that we ever had in those days. We would cut the tops out of the five-gallon coal oil cans and put a bail in for a bucket. Anyway, There were ten gallons of water left there. And I was instructed that if I saw any smoke or signs of fire to immediately quench it with the water.

As I looked out across the flat, we could see a little dot, perhaps halfway across the flat, a horseman coming. And it proved to be Homer Wilson, which was Miss Wilson's brother. Ferris and I always thought a lot of Homer Wilson, and that was one of the greatest punishments I could have had, was to have to stay up there and watch the fire site while the rest of them visited with Homer Wilson. But there was no more recurrence of the fire, and we had learned a good lesson.

Anyway, Miss Wilson wore a diamond ring, which was very interesting to us children, because we hadn't seen a diamond ring before that. This diamond ring was an engagement ring, She was engaged to Captain Seabury—Captain Ben Seabury—of the Dollar Lines, which at that time plied between Seattle and the Orient. And he came to the ranch to see her on one or two occasions during the time that she was teaching in the valley. She had taught previously across the valley at the White place. We had heard that a diamond would cut glass, so we induced her to carve the date on the window of her bedroom, which she did. And it was there as long as I can remember. Even when we left the place, that pane of glass was still in there, and I just wonder if it still is, because the old building, that lower part, is still intact, or it was two years ago when we were there.

Captain Seabury was a tall fellow, quite a dapper man. And he was rather lean and long-

legged. And just at this time, the springtime, my Auntie Cox always set a number of hens with eggs for hatching small chicks. We always raised a number of chickens for our own use. One of the chickens seemed to be without feathers. He had down when he was real small, but as he grew up, he didn't have feathers to take the place of his down. So his legs were quite bare and naked. So Auntie made a little suit out of denim and sewed it on the chicken. She named the chicken Ben Seabury, much to the chagrin and disgust of Miss Wilson. But we thought it was a lot of fun to call him Ben Seabury [laughing].

After the term there, there was no more school for a couple of years. Then Father Dibble and Uncle William Cox tore down the old schoolhouse which was between the Cox place and the Taft place. The Taft place was the old Diamond Station. A man named George Taft and his family lived there at the time. They had bought the place and lived there for a number of years. Then they had sold the place and moved away to California. And when they left, I remember very distinctly, they brought a little old express wagon down which the children had used, and they gave it to Ferris and me.

The Taft family consisted of a boy, Archie Taft, and there were three or four girls. And during the time that they were there, the children attended school at this school building halfway between Cox's and The Taft place. And also, Minnie and George Cox attended at the time.

As I said, my father Dibble and Uncle William took the building down because it wasn't used any more and moved it down to a spot halfway between our place and Cox's, which was three miles from each place. So we children had three miles to go to attend school.

The old building was built of cottonwood logs with a dirt roof, and the floor was made of

one by twelve lumber. It was heated by an old Buck stove, kitchen stove, which someone had discarded; it had a broken door, oven door, which was all right, too, because that way, the oven heat came out to warm the schoolhouse. The seats—Father Dibble made the seats out of planking, and also the desks, about six feet long. But there were no cushions of any kind, of course. We sat on the planking.

The blackboard was simply boards, planed and painted with a couple of coats of black paint—no blackboard as we know them today. Sometimes, the paint would come off on the chalk and gum up the chalk so that we had to chip off the paint that was on the chalk. The books were not new books; they were old books which had been discarded by the Eureka school district. So my father had procured them from the school trustees in Eureka for use at the school.

The school was not graded in any way. The books, as I said, were old. I can remember the Swinton's readers. None of the: readers were above the fifth grade, and that was the highest grade of reader that we had during the time that we went to school there.

The pupils in attendance were George and Minnie Cox, and also Ollie Cox; and my brother Fred, and sister Grace, and Ferris, and myself. One term of school, why, Martin Johnson also attended school there because he was staying at the Nels Toft place, which was the old Diamond Station place.

Now the books were old, but we enjoyed them. There were no grades as we know grades today. We went through the books simply as they were.

In our class, Ferris and I and Ollie Cox were together. The schoolhouse was, as I said, located halfway between the two places. For water, the folks had dug a hole about fifty yards below the schoolhouse, and it was carried to the schoolhouse in a bucket. We always kept

a bucket of water and a dipper on a bench at the north wall of the schoolhouse. There was a hitching rack for a horse. But there were no toilets of any kind, no toilet facilities.

George and Minnie Cox and Ollie always walked to school because they had no method of conveyance. The teacher always stayed at our place because we did have a buggy. We rode to school in a buggy, drawn by a big white horse, Old Tom. He was a faithful old horse. I remember very distinctly one morning, going to school. We hadn't left the house much more than—weren't more than a hundred yards from the house when the hames came loose and slid back over his withers and onto his back. And Old Tom stopped dead in his tracks. Most any other horse would have started to run and run away with us and perhaps smashed up the buggy and the rest of us with it. But Tom had a lot of good sense. He seemed to have human sense, it seemed, although I guess we didn't hardly appreciate Old Tom for what he was really worth. He stood out hitched to a hitching post all day and didn't even have a blanket on him, which I have always thought about in later years.

During the noon hour and recess periods, Ollie, Ferris, and I would always run around in the brush, hunt lizards and arrowheads, anything else of interest that we might find. And we also went down on the field and stuffed the old horse skulls and cow skulls with manure and fired them so that they would make a smoke for the rest of the day.

Well, down on the field there was a spring. And this spring ran water down for a little distance below the spring itself, and cattle in that vicinity came there to water during the day. They would lie around on the field for a few hours during the heat of the day, and then in the afternoon would go on out to the flat to feed for the night.

In one of the bunches of cattle that used to come in there to feed was an animal that we for some reason or other took a disliking to. He was Bailey's bull. Now, why we disliked him, he seemed to be the lord and master of the herd, and so we thought we would get even on him. So to accomplish that end, we put our brains to work. At home, I found a piece of tubing perhaps eight or ten inches long. And I also found a bullet that would just fit the end of that tube. And my brother Fred had some gunpowder that he used for reloading some of his shotgun shells. So I filled a cap box full of the powder and took this contraption to school with me. We'd attached the tubing to a piece of board to stabilize it. [When] it was filled with powder, why, Ollie, Ferris, and I contrived a sort of wick affair, which ran into the powder and projected out on the outside. Then we stuffed it back in with wadding so as to prevent its shooting out backward. And we took good aim, aimed it at the bull, Bailey's bull. And Ollie proceeded to light the wick while I held the cap box full of the remaining powder at the back end of the contraption to keep it from firing out back. Well, the bullet never left the barrel, but the powder all blew out back. And my hand was severely burned. The whole palm of my hand was a solid blister, from the tips of my fingers clear back to my wrist. And that was painful.

I set up a howl and ran to the spring and put my hand in the water. And the teacher wondered what was happening, so she came down. She told Fred to take me on home, took the water bucket and filled it with water, and I held my hand in the water while Fred took me home.

When we came home, my mother saw me with my hand in a bucket, and she was wondering if I had fish or something in the bucket. And she soon found out what had happened.

I kept my hand in the bucket of water all afternoon, and Mother frequently changed it so that it would be colder and it wouldn't burn. But when it came bedtime, I couldn't sleep with my hand in the water very well, so she persuaded me to take my hand out, and she bandaged it up in Vaseline and a cloth. And the burning started; it burned like fire. I couldn't stand still or sit still, the burning was so intense. I got up and went out to the big corral, and I ran around and around that big corral until I was just about exhausted. And Father Dibble was afraid I might run away, or something, so he came out and watched. He eventually persuaded me to go back in the house when I was about exhausted from running around the corral. I came in, and they put me to bed. I cried myself to sleep. It seemed that the next day, why, the burning had abated and I was able to go back to school.

My cousin Minnie Cox had met with an accident when she was some years younger; in fact, she was only about five years old. As I said, she lived on the Cox ranch, one mile north of Diamond Station. Diamond Station was then owned by Mr. George Taft, whom I have mentioned before. And in order to procure water for the household use, he had installed a horse-driven pump down by the spring, some fifty yards below the house. This pump was of the type where there was a tongue projecting out. On the tongue was fastened a ratchet race on which the cog wheel, which was stationary, ran. The horse was hitched to the end of the tongue and also tied back, then, to the pump so that he would go around and around and around. The driver would sit on the tongue. There was a seat attached to the tongue up near the pump where the driver would sit and keep the horse in motion. And this machine would pump water to the house.



One day when Minnie came over, about the age of five, Mr. Taft saw her coming down toward the pump where he was when he was operating it. So he invited Minnie to take a little ride on the merry-go-round. And Minnie sat in the seat, and Mr. Taft sat on the tongue just outside the seat with his arm around her and started the horse.

Well, during the 'round and around, Minnie inadvertently put her hand out on the race, and the cog wheel passed over it, crushing her hand so that it was impossible to save it. Mr. Taft took her to Eureka and the hand was amputated at the wrist. She was quite young at the time, and learned to use the other hand and was able to do most anything that anyone else, any other girl, normal girl, could do in afteryears. But she was always quite sensitive about her hand and kept it behind her.

After a few years there (I guess it was perhaps three or four terms), George and Minnie Cox, it was thought, were too old to go to school any longer. And my brother Fred and sister Grace also were getting quite mature, it was thought. So there was left only Ollie and Ferris and I to go to school, of school age. So the school was abandoned. And there was no other school, then, for several years.

During that time, our teachers were Marie Wittenberg, Ruby McCharles, Flora Wittenberg, and Kate Huebner. The terms were about six months in length, each one. The teacher received a salary of sixty dollars a month, of which she paid twenty dollars a month for room and board at our place. Theresa Romano, then, about the year 1904, taught three months at our place. And Lillian Porter, in about 1905, taught another three-month term at our place. I don't know just how the money was procured to pay the teacher at the time, because it required five pupils to hold a school.

About the year 1907, the spring of 1907, which was two years later, Father Dibble decided that we would have to have more schooling, especially Ferris and I. And since the Romano school on the other side of the valley was in a rather precarious position because most of the students there, the pupils, had left the school and there were only three of school age; that was John, Mary, and Albina Romano.

Prior to that, the other children had been in attendance, and also Indian children had attended school there, too. These Indian children lived at the Indian colony just south of the Sadler place. Then They started to school, the teacher had to give them English names, because all they had was the Indian names, like Not-a-chee and other Indian names of that type. Anyway, they acquired names which they kept for the rest of their lives at that time, when they started to school.

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Romano were glad to have us help them out in the way of school, and we were also glad to do that, too, because the outcome was that Ferris and I went to school that year on the other side of the valley at the Romano school. district. Ferris stayed with Wallace Bailey at the Wallace Bailey place, which was about four miles from the Romano school, and I stayed at the Edgar Sadler place, which was about six or seven miles from the school, farther north. We rode horseback to school every day. The teacher was Elizabeth Rand. It was her first school. She was a graduate from the University of Nevada.

During the weekends, Ferris helped Wallace on the place, on his ranch, with his various ranch work, and I drove the stage, which Edgar Sadler had a stage contract running from his place to Eureka, going in on Saturdays and back on Sundays. I drove that going in on Saturdays, staying at the old Sadler



place in Eureka (that's where I slept), and took my meals down at the Zadow restaurant.

Ferris and I and Johnny and Mary Romano were all in the eighth grade, and all took the same subjects at the same time, excepting that I had two other subjects. I took two first-year high school subjects, which I think were English and history, if I remember correctly, in excess of the regular eighth grade work.

Along in March, we came home to my sister's wedding. She and Jorgen Jacobsen were married in March of 1907. Jorgen Jacobsen was the nephew of Nels Toft, who was at that time the owner of the Diamond Springs ranch. He had purchased it about the year 1896, and being a bachelor with no wife or children, no family of any type, was, of course, lonesome. So he sent to Denmark for his nephew, Jorgen Jacobsen, who was anxious to come to the United States and Nevada, also.

They were married at our home, there on the ranch. The minister—Fred brought a minister out of Eureka, and they were married there in the presence of nearly all the valley people. It was quite an event. Then after the wedding, they went on a honeymoon trip back to Denmark.

Just to mention some of the things that happened during the time that I was attending school and staying at the Sadler place, Edgar Sadler and Ethel Eccles were married that fall, just before school, as I remember. Edgar was also a member of the Nevada state assembly, elected from Eureka County. So on their honeymoon, they attended the session of the legislature in Carson City. She went with him and lived in Carson City during the full term. Edgar was always pretty much of a politician, having followed in his father's footsteps in that direction.

When he was gone, he left a foreman in charge of the ranch, and there were several

employees, some to do the ranch work, feeding the cattle, and others were of the cowboy type that took care of riding after the cattle and working the cattle in any way that seemed necessary. Edgar ran quite a bunch of cattle (up near a thousand head at the time), so there was always a lot of work to be done there and several employees at all times. He had a cook employed to do the cooking. She was really a good cook, too, and also took care of the house.

We slept in the bunkhouse which was separate from the house itself, I and the rest of the men. It was a stone building with walls that were at least three feet thick. So you can see it was a real warm building. Later on, the frame building which was the stone house burned down, and they lived in this stone building for some time until they could get a new one built.

So there was always a lot of people gathered there, especially at night. They would gather there from the ranches around and play card games and talk and have a general good time, especially that Edgar and Ethel were away and there was no one to really put any brakes on. So it was—sometimes, they got—there was no drinking to amount to anything, but nevertheless, they played cards during the night, sometimes quite late.

One of the men was a man who had a dislocated shoulder, and overtimes, he would dislocate the shoulder without knowing much about it until it was dislocated. When he first dislocated his shoulder, why, he used to have to go to town to Eureka to have it reset. But it was found that by pulling it a certain way, the shoulder would go back into place.

Edgar was always a good provider, and the cook was also a good provider, as I said. So she would always make out a list of what they wanted, and I would get the groceries in

town and bring them out to her. And she set a very, very good table, much better than most people would at the time.

Now I think as long as we have finished our schooling in the valley, we'll go back to our early, more formative years and tell something about that.

Often, I heard my mother tell about Fred at the age of three [when he] became lost. He wandered out of the yard and away from home. And when she missed him, she called my father and the hired man, and they set up a search to see if they could find him. There were also one or two others who happened to be there at the time, the teamsters who had come in. They set up a search, and my father got on his horse and rode around and around trying to locate him in the sagebrush, which was quite high around the old home. And after a while, my mother (and she had been out looking around, also), she thought, "Well, if I would come back to the house and get on top of the house, crawl up on the house, I would be able to see out for quite a distance. And I might see him walking through the brush." So she did this, and looking way off to the south, perhaps three hundred or four hundred yards from the house, she could see a little pink sunbonnet bobbing up and down in the sagebrush. She motioned to my father, and my father went in that direction and found little Fred. He was wandering farther away all the time. But that little sunbonnet perhaps saved his life.

Well, I mentioned about the living room, which Nels Ouderkirke had put on the house; it was a stockade room about sixteen by eighteen feet, I think, in size. There was no lining of any kind in this living room, either ceiling or sides. And the same applied also to the two rooms which my father and stepfather had built after he came back from the Coeur d'Alenes; no lining on the ceiling or side walls.

In later years, burlap grain bags were ripped apart and put on the walls, and newspaper was applied to the walls. Paste was made out of regular flour. And I can remember very well that at night, we could hear the mice chewing on this paste, getting their evening meal. They would come up from the inside and crawl up on the logs and eat the paste. And I can remember, too, also, my sister, in washing dishes, she would oftentimes take a handful of dishes, and when drying them, would go over and start to read the news on the newspaper on the wall. However, during our earlier days, there was no lining whatsoever in those rooms.

We certainly enjoyed our big living room fireplace for warmth. It was—we had no stove at that time. I, as a youngster, was subject to croup. I never forget the attacks of croup that I used to be subject to. And the fact that we didn't have warm or dry footwear at that time was perhaps contributory toward the croup, which I usually got when I got a bad cold. I can remember very well I slept with Father Dibble when I was quite young, for the first two or three years, or four. And when I'd get croup, why, he would take me out by the fireplace and wrap me in blankets, and Mother would get out the camphorated oil, and they would rub my throat and chest until I felt better. But I was usually afraid to go to bed when I had the attacks, because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to catch my breath. Anyone who has ever experienced croup knows well enough that it's a frightening thing.

Then we were quite young, we had a runway around from the kitchen to the living room, from the living room to the dining room, and the dining room back into the kitchen. Those rooms were quite long, and so that was quite a—we called it the "circle run." And we had an express wagon, this one that the Taft family had left when they

sold the Diamond Station place and went to California. I think I mentioned that prior. We would load things on this, dolls and one thing and another—anything—and run as fast as we could run, and just circled around. I don't know how Mother ever stood the noise and commotion that we created, especially in the wintertime when snow was on the ground outside and we couldn't get out very well, so most anything for diversion.

One day when we were making the circle run from the kitchen to the living room, then to the dining room and on back to the kitchen, pulling the express wagon, the commotion jarred a butcher knife off the shelf in the kitchen, where all the knives were kept. The point of the knife struck me on top of my head, inflicting a deep gash in my scalp. However, my skull was tough enough so that there was no further damage, but the commotion did end then and there for that day.

During the long nights, usually there was someone there. If there were no teamsters, why, there were other men from the joining ranches gathering cattle and staying overnight in their quest for the cattle that had been strayed.

We children played with beanbags; we had no ball at that time. If we did, why, we would lose it before very long, anyway. Mother used to make little muslin bags and fill them with beans, and we would play with those beanbags.

And Father Dibble made a swing, attached it to the rafters, which were, of course, bare. So we had a swing right in our living room and spent a lot of time on that swing, too, which was—you see, we really lived in our home.

Mother and Father, of course, told stories of the old days back home. Mother told a story which I remember very, very well. It seemed to be her favorite story, and also, it appealed

to us children: After the Civil War—and my grandfather had died in the Civil War and was buried in Chattanooga—his brother was also in the Civil War at the same time and was seriously wounded. I'm not sure whether it was a battle at Chattanooga, or where, but anyway, I think it was Tennessee. He was seriously wounded and lay on the battlefield. And, of course, the stretcher bearers came around after the battle and picked up the men that they thought would be able to stand an operation and perhaps recover. As they passed him, he begged them to take him in and see if they couldn't do something to help him. He was shot in the head. His skull was badly fractured. He lay there for three days. And on the third day, the stretcher bearers consented to take him in because they had taken in all the others whom they thought would survive. The surgeons at the hospital removed the broken, shattered skull—the parts that were broken and shattered—and inserted a silver plate, which was perhaps crude for facilities that they had in those days. Anesthetics were in extreme short supply.

After he recovered sufficiently, he was brought home, or sent home, and lived there not too far from Iowa City on a small farm. What was attributed to the fact that the silver plate was pressing on the brain, he had nightmares and would get up and walk around at night and even straddle the foot of the bed and think he was riding a horse.

One day, during harvest time, it was nice and clear in the morning. They mowed the hay, and by afternoon it showed sign of some storm. So they bunched all the hay up in small cocks so it would shed any water that might come and it wouldn't be damaged. They went to bed that night, secure in the notion, the idea, that everything was in good shape for the storm if it should come that night.

During the night, he had a dream. He dreamed the storm had come and everything was soaking wet, and now he would have to go out in the field and spread the hay out over the ground so that it would dry so that it could be brought to stack. So with this in mind, still asleep, he got on his clothes, went out to the field, got his pitchfork, and scattered the hay, all the hay piles, out all over the field. And when he had just about finished the job (I don't know how many hours he worked at it), why, a clap of thunder and a bolt of lightning and the splash of rain awakened him. And he realized what he had done, but it was too late. He hurried back to the house. There was a heavy storm that night which soaked the hay so that it was badly damaged. So that was the result of his injury.

And Father Dibble's favorite story that impressed us most was: When he was a young boy, he used to walk on the rail fences. In walking on the rail fences one day, he jumped off the top rail just after the corn had been harvested. The corn had been cut, the stalks of corn, at an angle so that the stubble was quite sharp. And when he hit the ground, he ran one of these corn stubbles into his heel.

He limped to the house and told his mother about it, but the mother looked at it, and she couldn't do anything. She called his father from the field. His father came in and decided that young Andrew would have to go to town and have the surgeon or family doctor remove the stubble part. So it was done. His mother held him on the way to town. His father drove the old horse.

When they got to the doctor's office, there was—anesthetics had just begun to be used. They were first introduced about the year 1841, but were not very commonly used by most practitioners at that time. That was also the case in the Civil War. There was a

certain amount of anesthetics, such as they were at that time, but they didn't have nearly enough to use on the many soldiers who were wounded during the War, so a great many of the operations had to be performed without anesthetics. And that was the case also with Father Dibble when he had the stubble removed from his heel. His father had to hold him while the doctor removed the stubble, and it was quite a painful ordeal, no doubt.

Anyway, on the way home, my stepfather became quite thoughtful, and his mother wanted to know what he was thinking about. And he replied, "I wonder what God thinks about people who kill little calves and hurt little boys." The calf that was in his mind was a calf which had been taken from one of their milk cows and taken to town and been butchered. My father had quite a liking for the calf, and it really hurt him to know that eventually the calf had found his way to the butcher.

Well, of course, there were other stories that were told, but I just mentioned a couple of the ones that had stuck in our minds more than any of the others.

Sister Grace was quite a reader, and she read stories aloud to us from the *Youth's Companion* and the *Comfort*, which we subscribed to. And we also subscribed to the *Farm Journal* and the *Weekly Examiner*. The *Weekly Examiner* was the only news media that we took at that time. And, of course, there was no such thing as radio or TV.

On Sunday evenings, our teacher usually conducted a type of Sunday school for us children, and she read from Bible stories, and we sang some of the most common hymns. And she interpreted the stories for us. Of course, we always had questions to ask about the stories. This particular book that she read from had illustrations, also, showing the stories that were told in this book.

There were other diversions that we had at night. Also, the older ones would play cards. And some of the games that were played in those times were “High Five,” “Pig,” and “Pedro,” and card games of that type. We younger ones, of course, didn’t take part in the card games because we were too young to understand and to be partners of any consequence.

At that time, we got our mail across the valley at the White post office which was eight miles west, across the alkali flat. The James White family operated the post office. Mrs. White was the postmistress. Frank Lewis of Eureka, a longtime Eureka resident, was a driver of the stage at that time which carried the mail from Palisade to Eureka. They also carried passengers, any passengers who wanted to go. This stage was run because of some sort of a misunderstanding with the railroad. The railroad wanted too much for carrying the mail, so it was given to this stage, and they carried it instead.

Father Dibble usually carried our mail at the beginning. He would usually go over on Sundays and get the mail. He, as a usual thing, drove the team and the buggy. Sometimes the family went along to visit with the Whites, also. Father always carried a compass with him in the event that a storm would come up out on the flat. His compass he used on several occasions when a storm hit suddenly and he was unable to see, because when a storm hit there, there was no way of seeing any road. There was nothing visible to guide you in any way. He carried the compass in his hand and always headed straight East if he were coming home, which was the way home, so that, several times, it came in good stead. I still have the old compass that he used at that time.

Several years ago we took a trip—in ‘61—up into Canada, to Alberta and up to Jasper. I took the old compass along, thinking it would

be of service in determining the directions. Up in Idaho I took it out to see where north was. And no matter how we turned, it always pointed toward the front of the car. So we decided that the motor of the car drew the magnetized needle that way. So it was of no purpose to us on the trip.

The Whites sold the place when we were about ten years old and moved away to Palisade, so that the old White post office was abandoned. Then we made arrangements with the Sadlers to keep our mail there. So we would go to Sadler’s every Sunday to collect the mail.

When I attained the age of about ten, I thought I was old enough to carry the mail, so I persuaded my father to let me carry the mail. He got a good empty gunny sack, barley sack, for me and tied it on the back of the saddle in back of the cantle, and told me to be sure to tie it securely there after I got the mail.

We usually didn’t have too much mail because we didn’t have much in the way of parcel post, and there were usually a few papers and the occasional letter that we got from someone.

On my first trip across the flat to Sadler’s, the road entered the lower pasture at a gate on the north side of the fence, pretty well toward the east end of the pasture. It was a wire-type gate, with a stick at the end which was put in a loop at the top and a loop at the bottom. I, being rather small, had to put it in the loop at the top and then the loop at the bottom, whereas grown people would do just the opposite.

My steed at the time was Old Prince. Prince wasn’t very old; he was perhaps about four years old at the time, but he’d been broken. He was a colt from one of our work mares, Lady C by name. I always called her Lady C. He was weaned from his mother when he was quite young and raised on a



bottle for a time, and then weaned from the bottle and put on a bucket. So we would take a bucket out. At first the milk was warmed, but after that it didn't have to be warmed any more. He would drink it whether it was warm or not. So every time that Prince saw us coming—. My mother and sister Grace would have to go across the big corral to gather eggs in the barn; there were always some hens would stow their nests away in the barn and laid their eggs in the mangers. And so my mother and Grace would have to go over there to gather eggs every evening. And Prince would see them with the bucket, and he'd come running and had to see what was in that bucket. And if they showed him that there was nothing in it, why, then he would go off and be satisfied. But if they were in a hurry and ignored him, why, he would put back his ears and nip at them or turn around and kick his feet in the air, making believe that he was going to kick them. So, you see, he was rather spoiled [laughing].

And he never lost his liking for milk. And as I said, we put the milk out for the chickens in iron troughs which were at one time molds for bullion at Ruby Hill and Eureka. We had two of those troughs and filled up those with clattered milk every morning for the chickens. Well, Prince found those troughs, and he'd drink the clabbered milk away from the chickens, so we had to move them away where he couldn't get at them. He got so that he would open every door on the place, open the doors into the barn, and from there into the hay corral, and most any of the others. The only ones that he couldn't operate were the wire-type fence, where the stick at the end would go into the loop at the top and one at the bottom. He never learned to open those.

From the lower gate at Sadler's pasture, the road went on up toward the house and barnyard, and at a distance of about a hundred

and fifty yards from the house and barnyard, there was a lane leading on up toward the barnyard itself with a gate at each end,

I would open the gate—I opened the gate and proceeded on up. And near the head of the lane, there was a corral on the left-hand side which held two donkeys which were kept by Edgar for breeding purposes. These donkeys were kept in the corral, and when they saw me coming, they ran to the fence, which was the edge of the lane, and stuck their head(s) over the fence and let out that braying, screeching noise which frightened Prince. He never had seen anything like that, or never heard a noise like that. And it also sent chills up and down my spine, because it is a blood-curdling noise if one has never heard it before [laughing].

Well, Prince became frightened and he bolted back down the lane. In spite of all my efforts, he ran clear to the other end of the lane. And finally I got him stopped and worked him on up toward the head of the lane again. By that time, the donkeys had forgotten about us and went on over to the other side. But when they saw us coming back up the lane, why, they ran and stuck their heads over the fence again and started their braying. But they didn't stay there very long and went back to their feed stalls.

So I got off and was able to lead Prince on past and up through the gate and to the stable, put him in there while I went and got the mail. And I put it all in a sack, went back and tied it on the back of the cantle so it wouldn't get lost.

Then I went back on down the lane, and Prince was suddenly in a hurry to get through that lane. But then, when we got on down at the other end of the pasture, I opened the gate—and we'd always taught Prince to stand while we were off, and he always did. But this day, on the outside, closing the gate, Prince was nervous anyway, so he started on toward



home while I was—he had the reins, and they were dragging, of course; I always took them off, and he was always taught to stand still while the reins were on the ground. But on this day, he started toward home. And I called, “Who, Prince, whoa!” and ran after him, but he kept on going just a little faster than I did. And finally, when I became almost exhausted and out of breath, I sat down in the middle of the road. And I guess I wept some bitter tears and was angry, also, to think that he was going off to leave me. I also had to get my brain to working to decide how I was going to catch up with Prince to retrieve the reins so I could go on home without walking all the way.

Prince stopped when he saw that I had stopped, and waited. But as I approached him again, why, he started to move off. The brush were quite large there, so I decided in my own little head that I could perhaps get ahead of him, and in that way, why, I could move on up to him, which I did. I crawled or crept through the brush and got in on the other side of Prince, ahead of him, on the road toward home. Then, I could walk. up to him and Prince didn’t move. He let me take the bridle and get on.

Prince was a good deal bigger, larger horse than most saddle horses at the time, and I was quite small. So in order to get up on the—I couldn’t reach the horn, so Father Dibble had fastened a strap to the horn and it hung down. And by catching the end of the strap, I could get my foot in the stirrup and that way, get on. And Prince would always, or nearly always, stand still until I had reached the saddle. So Prince was a pretty good horse after all, but he did have his faults.

When I reached home that day, after the experience with Prince and the donkeys (we always called them “jacks”), Father Dibble suggested I, on future trips, should follow around the north side of Sadler’s fence and

hit the road and then on south to the ranch. This idea, then, avoided repetitions of that awesome experience in the lane.

Our mail was left at the Sadler ranch until about the year 1903, when Father Dibble circulated a petition to establish a post office at our place and a mail route between there and Eureka. Of course, everyone along the proposed route signed the petition which was then forwarded to the Post Office department in Washington. The petition was approved and Birch post office was established at our place there at Box Springs.

Nels Toft, who now owned the Diamond Springs ranch, was awarded the contract to carry the mail once a week from Birch to Eureka on Saturdays and back to Birch on Sundays. His nephew, Jorgen P. Jacobsen, lately arrived from Denmark, was the driver, using a cart and two horses to make the trips.

He, my father-stepfather, Mr. Dibble, was the postmaster. Compensation for postmasters in rural places like that was simply the cancellation of the mail that passed through the post office, the amount of the postage that was canceled. So we had free postage as far as that was concerned, so we answered a great many of the ads that were in the papers and got a lot of free samples and one thing and another, like that, especially Ferris and I did that.

On the ranch when we were quite young, perhaps eight or ten years old, there was an iron block. It was of cylindrical shape and perhaps weighed sixty or seventy pounds. Ferris and I used to have a lot of fun with this block. We would manage to get it up on the cellar by both of us lifting it up on the cellar, and then from there, run it up on the top of the house and get it to the south end of the house, and drop it off on a contraption that we made down below. I think I thought up all

this myself. I don't believe Ferris was the one [laughing] who instigated it at all.

Anyway, down below we had a board about three feet long, usually a two-by-four or something like that, balanced on another board or rock in the center with one end protruding up in the air, while on the grounded end we placed a stone weighing about a pound. Well, my idea was to drop this piece of iron on the board and see the other rock fly in the air as far as it would go. Sometimes we would miss, but oftentimes we would hit our mark and the rock would fly in the air a good deal higher than the house itself, much to our delight.

I tried the same thing on the old hayrack. The hayrack was built for the wagon, but during the year when we weren't using the hayrack, it was lifted up onto a platform and kept out north of the corrals. Well, I made the same sort of contraption below with the rock and the board and went clear up on the ladder of the hayrack and dropped another rock. This rock was not so heavy; it weighed perhaps only five or six pounds, which was about all I could carry up to the top of the ladder. I did this several times and the rock would fly up in the air, and it was really quite a lot of fun and excitement. One day, however, the rock came my way. But luckily, most of the force of it was spent before it reached my face. It hit me on the mouth. It didn't knock me off the perch, but it did scare me and bruised my mouth so that I never tried that again.

This old cylindrical block which we had on the ranch, my father decided that it was pretty much of a hazard, so he gave it to Mr. James White. He took [it] across the flat to the White place, and Mr. White used it as an anvil in his improvised workshop.

When my brother Ferris was about a year old and I was three years old, we went to Eureka for some purpose; I'm not sure

whether it was to visit or what. But the whole family went to town. And at that time, the Taft family was living in Eureka. Mrs. Taft was staying in there, sending the children to school. And Mr. Taft was on the ranch with a hired man, taking care of the ranch. I can remember very distinctly standing at the door. My mother knocked at the door of the Taft home, and Mrs. Taft came to the door and said, "Well, I'd like to have you come in, but I want to let you know first that we have had colds or something in here."

Well, my mother considered for a little but, but she said, "Well, we've all had colds, so I guess that it would be safe enough to come in."

We went in, and I'm not sure whether we stayed overnight or just stayed for a few hours' visit. But I do remember after we got home, all four of us children came down with the whooping cough. It was really bad. It held on for weeks and weeks and weeks. It was just the beginning of winter, and we were not allowed to go outside because the winter was really severe, too. We became so weak after we started a coughing spell that any one of us that started a coughing spell would have to catch hold of something to keep from falling. And my brother Ferris, being only a year old at the time, was just starting to walk at the time that we caught the whooping cough. It set him back so that it was months before he tried to walk again. My sister Grace had it, I guess, worse than anyone else. She went into what they called spasms at that time, really convulsions. And my mother would have to immerse her in a tub of hot water in order to relieve her of the spasms. But we didn't consult a physician or a doctor; they were too far away, and doctors were out of the question.

In fact, we had a doctor's advice only once during all the time that we were growing up. That was the time, in later years, when

my Father Dibble had pleurisy. It was quite a severe case of pleurisy and hung on for some time. He said with each breath, it felt like someone was sticking a knife in his side. Someone coming along the road going to Eureka took a letter from us to a doctor in Eureka; Dr. Harcourt was his name at that time. The letter told of his condition, tried to explain just how he felt, and all that. And a few days later, the party came back and brought some medicine from Dr. Harcourt. And there was a letter from Dr. Harcourt saying that he was sending the medicine, hoping that it would help. But there were so many things that a doctor would ask a patient but which the patient would not think of telling a doctor when he wrote to him about his condition. But at that time, he was considerably better and eventually recovered his good health.

As I said, we had no doctor in the house at any time, even with all us children—with the birth of all of us children. We were born there on the ranch. And the only help that we had at that time was my Auntie Cox came down, usually for a week or so. One or two other cases, we had someone else. I remember my mother saying that we had a woman we always called Auntie Caffery from Eureka take care of us when I was born. She served as a midwife as did my Auntie Cox when she took care of my mother, too. Auntie Caffery was no relation to us, but was a pretty good friend of the family.

When Ferris was about five or six years old and I seven or eight, little Jimmy White, the youngest of the White family across the flat, became very ill with severe pains in his abdomen. And Mrs. White became alarmed. She sent word to my mother and asked her to come over and see what she could do to help. And, of course, Mother went right away. At the same time, Mrs. White sent to Eureka for the doctor. The doctor arrived many hours

later, and by that time, Jimmy was very, very ill. He lived for only a few hours after that and passed away there on the ranch. The doctor diagnosed the case as “inflammation of the bowels.” There was never such a thing as appendicitis spoken of in those days because they really didn’t know about the appendix or appendicitis. But there’s no doubt it was a severe attack of appendicitis.

That affected Ferris and I very severely, because we were just two or three years older than he. I think he was about three years old at the time. That was one of the first tastes of death that we knew of. It was something new in our lives.

About this time, we heard about how honey was made, about the bees that gathered the honey from the flowers and carried it on their legs to their hives. So we were curious, of course. So I decided to find out for myself.

So Ferris and I went down the field to a pasture there where there was a lot of iris in bloom in the springtime, wild iris. We always called them “flags.” And I took out my pocketknife. I saw a nice, big bee, which proved to be a bumblebee, getting honey out of one of the big flags that was growing there. So I carefully closed the petals around the bee. I was going to scrape the honey off his legs, but I didn’t get that far. The bee didn’t choose to be penned up like that, and he let me have it right in the finger. There was a sharp pain and I dropped the bee and my knife, and I never found the knife again, even though we went back there and looked for it and looked for it. I don’t know whether I dropped it there, or whether I dropped it on the way to the pond. I ran to the pond and up to the spring and stuck my hand in the cold water of the spring. It seemed to relieve the pain. But that was the end of the bee episode. We didn’t try to scrape any more honey from the bee’s legs. And Ferris, seeing what had happened

to me, of course, he steered clear of bees after that, also.

When we were quite small, my mother had a cousin. Her name was Ella McCool. She was married to Tom McCool. And they lived in our area for a few years, and Tom McCool used to go out and work on the ranches. They had no children. So he built a little cabin just east of our home, about a hundred feet or so from our house. And she lived there for several years; I don't know just how many. After they left there, they went to Elko. But we always referred to the place as "Ella's house."

I can remember very well when we were real small, we used to go over there. She had a syrup which tasted better than any other syrup in the world that I ever tasted. I don't know what kind of syrup it was or where she got it, but it was good syrup. At least we children thought so; it tasted good to us. She would spread a piece of bread with the syrup for us. And we never did relish anything like that. So we always liked to go over to Ella's house and see Ella and get a piece of bread with the syrup. So when I refer to Ella's house, you will know what I mean.

Mother took care of the disciplinary work with us in a minor way. She instructed us as to what we should do, but she never used any switches or anything like that on us. She always—if we were too bad, why, she would turn us over to Father Dibble when he came home. I don't remember of his whipping us very often, but I remember on a couple of occasions, one especially, something we had done at school which was not too nice and which we really deserved a whipping for. He took us out behind the shed, one at a time, and explained to us that it hurt him worse than it did us. We couldn't understand that very well, but we took it for granted. But we couldn't understand why it would hurt him more than it did us. But maybe we weren't too bad,

anyway. Why, we didn't get very, very many whippings. Maybe we should have got more; we might have been better kids [laughing].

Once in a while, Fred would do something that Father Dibble didn't approve of. I remember once in particular, Fred was getting at that age, younger teen age, when most boys get to thinking that they know about most everything that's to be known, and he used to refer to Father Dibble as "the old man." And [laughing] Father Dibble got wind of it one day when he heard him talking about the old man. He collared him. Ferris and I, of course, we vamoosed as fast as we could get out of there; we didn't want to see what was going to happen. We climbed right over the top of the picket fence and made a beeline for the big brush which was out north of the corrals; there was a spot of big sagebrush out there. That's where we hid out when we wanted to get away from anybody or anything. It's hard to find anyone out in those big brush. Anyway, why, I guess Fred wasn't hurt too badly; at least we didn't stop to see what happened.

In the wintertime, of course, the highlight was Christmastime. We always hung our stockings by the fireplace. That was where Santy Claus was always going to find them because he came down the chimney. We didn't have trees; nobody used trees in those days. We had hung our stockings near the fireplace so he wouldn't have very far to go. And usually, we would set something out or insist that something be set on the table, because Santy Claus would be hungry before he got to our place. And sometimes, it was—we always looked in the morning to see if the food that had been set out had been eaten by Santy Claus. Sometimes it had, or had been disturbed. As a usual thing, why, I think it was made to appear that Santy Claus had been glad that we'd put something out for him to eat. Anyway, we could never understand how

he could come down a chimney and not leave tracks. In the morning, if there was snow on the house, we would go out and look on the house to see if we could see where he'd been around the chimney, and also go on down the road to see if we could find any sleigh tracks. But anyway, Santy Claus was very, very real to us. There was only one Santy Claus, and that was the Santy Claus; he had no helpers. But he always came. There was one Christmas, though, that Santy Claus didn't come. There was a note on the table written in a strange hand in the morning, saying that he had been there, but his supplies hadn't arrived, and he would come back again in a few days and bring our toys for us.

We didn't have, usually, very much in the way of toys. Usually, there was one toy on the top of every stocking. That was about all. We appreciated that one toy, whatever it might be—it might be a tin horn or a whistle or a doll, or something of that type. The lower part was usually filled with nuts and candy, hard candy, and an orange, if they were available. And we appreciated those things, I guess, more than most kids would now something which costs a lot more.

We would get up early in the morning before anybody else would get up and take our candle and go out to the living room, and there would be our stocking, hanging by the edge of the fireplace. That was one of our highlights. We would, of course, then, proceed to find out what we had in our stockings and go around blowing whistles and take them—our toys, whatever we had—in to Father and Mother to show what Santy Claus had brought. Of course, they were quite surprised to find out what such fine things that Santy Claus had brought us. And they entered into the spirit of things with us, too.

Ferris and I always enjoyed our sledding. In the wintertime when the snow was deep,

we would go up above the house to the point of the hill projecting out, which we called Coyote Point. And just beyond that, we made a track up the side of the hill for sledding up and down. We took out the brush so that there would be no rocks. We did that during the summertime when there was no snow on the ground in preparation for the snow in the winter. We had sleds which Father Dibble made of one- by six-inch boards. He shod them with buggy tires and put a top bed on, little bed for us. And, of course, we had to walk up and down the hill, carrying the sled up, or dragging it up the hill. We had no toboggans; we had a toboggan that was made out of an old copper wash boiler which we cut the bottom out of and also cut down the side, and spread it out to make a toboggan. It worked very well. We thought it was fine, and we had a lot of fun with these two. Sometimes we'd take spills. But kids don't get hurt very often. We never were very badly hurt, might have been bruised a little by being spilled in the sagebrush on the way down, but we didn't think anything of that.

When we were fairly young, about twelve years old, we found a six-shooter that my Father Dibble had brought when he came off the plains. It was an old-style Colt Six-shooter, muzzle-loading. Wow, I don't think Father Dibble ever used that in actual work, or actual shooting on the plains or anyplace, because it was the old style, about model 1860-something. Before the regular ammunition, the six-shooter ammunition came out with the cap and ball, everything right in the brass cartridge. That came out along in the early '70s. When my father and Father Dibble came on the plains, they were also already in common use. But this six-shooter was kind of an ungainly sort of a firing iron, and it had a large, long barrel, perhaps six or eight inches, and quite a big



hammer, and a big handle on it, also. The muzzle-loading apparatus was a sort of a pry affair at the front of the low part of the barrel, just in front of the cylinders. And to load it, about twenty grains of black powder were emptied into each of the six cylinders as you rotated them. Then a bullet was placed on top, and this little affair on the barrel was then pushed down to force the bullet down into the chamber. Then after each of the six chambers was loaded with a bullet, why, the percussion cap was put on the nipples (six nipples) which the hammer would strike when it fired. They were all plainly visible and right out in the open.

As I said, we got ahold of this one day and decided to go for a trip with Ollie Cox up Jackalo Canyon, which is right up above the old schoolhouse, halfway between our place and Cox' s. We agreed with Ollie to meet us there at a certain time, and he met us there. We had the six-shooter. I had molded up a bunch of bullets, because there was a bullet mold, also, that Father Dibble had brought with him that consisted of a mold for the round ball and also for the long regulation bullet. I also took along [a] box of percussion caps and a can of powder. This loading apparatus in the front of this six-shooter that he had wasn't operating because it was broken in some part. So I took along a punch and a hammer to use in driving the bullet down into the cylinder. It was well loaded and everything, and we started on our trip, and going up the canyon, we saw various black lizards that would crawl out on a rock. We had a lot of fun shooting lizards on the rocks, things like that. But after six times, of course, the cylinders were all empty. So it was up to me to reload the firearm before we had any more shooting.

So I takes it and sits on the ground and puts the big old handle between my knees and fills up the chambers with powder (I had

previously put caps on the nipples all the way around), and I was starting to force the bullets down into the chambers by hammering them down with a hammer and the punch. It wasn't pointed exactly at my head, but it was pointed not very far from my head. Well, the jarring of my hammering on the cylinders set the percussion cap off. It discharged, and the powder burned the rim of my hat. Of course, Ferris and Ollie thought sure that I'd been shot in the head. But I was lucky that time; I escaped. Anyway, I don't remember whether we did any more shooting that day or not. We were all thoroughly frightened.

Not very long after that, though, we couldn't resist the temptation of using the old six-shooter. Of course, Mother never knew that we were using that six-shooter. We went out north of the house and up along the foothills, and we were shooting at trees, tree trunks, one thing and another, to see how far the bullet would go into the tree trunk. We'd molded up bullets from the lead from around tea in the tea boxes that were shipped from China, the heavy foil. We mixed that with zinc from an old washboard that we'd melted up. It made bullets that were really hard. And we had a lot of fun shooting at marks on a tree, an old cedar tree that was about halfway to the hill, and seeing how far the bullet would go into the tree trunk.

Well, it happened that Mother was outside and she heard firing. She went to look to see where the old pistol had been kept, and it was gone. So she knew that nobody else would be shooting, so she really realized that we had the old gun out. So she told Father when he came home—he was over in the next field, away from the house doing some work. But when we finally came home, tired from our long trip and a lot of shooting, why, Mother collared us and got the gun away from us. We weren't punished because that



was a natural boy instinct, I guess, anyway. And they didn't punish us too much or too often. But the gun was taken away, and we didn't know what happened to it exactly, but Mother said she had buried it someplace. We, after that, dug around the yard a lot in order to try to find that old six-shooter, but we never could find it anyplace. So I suppose it still lies buried there where it was originally buried.

There was a shotgun that my Father Dibble also had. That was a muzzle-loader shotgun, too. It operated just the same way. You'd empty a charge of powder down the barrel and a wad of newspaper, and a charge of shot on top of that, and then another wad of newspaper to hold the shot down so it wouldn't run out the barrel. Then, of course, there was the nipple on each barrel and a percussion cap that fitted on the nipple; and the old hammer that came down (you had to cock them by hand), they were enough to scare most anything, that hammer itself. Well, I wanted to learn to shoot jackrabbits, so Father Dibble said, "Well, all right." He says, "Jackrabbits come in on the alfalfa patch," he says. "I'll take you out there.

Well, I wasn't much bigger than able to take care of the gun itself, and so he took me out north of the house and located a place right by the fence with a big bush—sagebrush—on each side, and stuck the shotgun through the fence, rested it on one of the strands of wire so it wouldn't be heavy to hold up. And he says, "Now, you watch for the rabbit when he comes in. When you see one, why," he says, "you line it up right along the top of that barrel. And," he says, "then first, you pull one of these hammers back." He says, "Be sure you just pull one back at a time, though." He says, "This back trigger is for the left-hand hammer, and the front trigger is for the right-hand hammer."

So, the rabbits came in. I was trembling and shaking because it was something new to me. Finally, a rabbit came within about fifty feet, and I took careful aim and held the old stock of the gun tight to my shoulder like my father had said, pulled the trigger. And there was a big puff of black smoke right up. After the smoke cleared away, I looked, and there was a dead rabbit. I certainly had killed a rabbit. Well, after that, it was commonplace. I killed a good many rabbits that way.

Well, springtime, June-time, was a fun time for Ferris and for me. We weren't going to school, only just part of the time, one or two years out of several. So we spent our time tramping the hills and diverting our attention to whatever might be seen up there. Clear up on top of the mountain—one of the hills, in fact—there was what we called a subterranean passage which we used to go to see quite often. That passage had been discovered by my own dad in his lifetime. When he was hunting horses during one winter day when there was quite a lot of snow on the ground, he chanced to pass by, and he noticed that there was one spot there that the snow had melted off. And he got off the horse to investigate to see why the snow had melted there and found a draft of warm air coming out of an opening in the ground. So, of course, everyone knew about it after that, and Father Dibble told us about it after we got big enough to travel around on the hills. So we often went up there to investigate the place and see what it was all about. We did put some little small rocks down it. But apparently, it had an opening someplace else, because there was always a draft of air coming out. It was not too large, about the size of a badger hole, and it wasn't perpendicular; it inclined a little into the hill. One time, we went up and Ferris jumped down to look down the hole, and a rattlesnake was coiled right close. Anyway,

the rattlesnake uncoiled and slithered past his hand and disappeared down the hole. After that, we were rather skeptical about looking down the hole or getting down until we thoroughly investigated the ground around there to see that there was no rattlesnakes.

Well, up there, we spent a lot of time rolling rocks down the hill. And we saw several big rocks that were poised; they needed a little work, though, to get them so that they would be loose enough to roll down the hill. So we took up a pick and a shovel and spent I don't know how many days on two or three of the rocks, digging out from under them to see them crash down the hill. They would roll down for about half a mile, down into the bed of the canyon. Well, that was a lot of fun. Of course, if we'd been told to do that much work, it would have been just too much of a good thing. But as long as it was done for sport or for pastime, why, that was fine.

We didn't have any guns at that time, either, excepting things that we made for ourselves. We had what we called "flippers," which some people call slingshots. These flippers were made from crotched willow with a handle. And the prongs of the crotch, about four inches, five inches long, grooved at the end for a string. The string around the end of these fork parts was tied then to a rubber band. We used to get our hands in Eureka; they were five cents apiece. There were two used for each of the flippers. And at the end, between the rubber bands, was a pad to hold the rock that we used to shoot. We always carried these flippers with us. We got quite expert, too; never killed much of anything excepting blackbirds. There was a grain stack where they used to stack the grain (it was wheat), enough for the chickens there, back of the shed. Just back of the shed, there was a corral. So we could sneak up to the shed, and there was the grain stack, just back

about twenty or thirty feet. So we could shoot through the back of the old shed onto the grain stack where the blackbirds congregated. That way, we killed a good many blackbirds. There were some pretty blackbirds, too, of all colors—red and yellow—that is, that was the color of their markings.

Now, just a little bit later than that, we learned to use a real slingshot. We called them "twirlers." They were similar to the one that David used on Goliath, I suppose. They consisted of a pad about three inches long, diamond shaped. In the long end of the diamond, we made a hole and tied a shoestring at each end. One of these shoestrings had a loop at the other end, which we put around our index finger on the right hand; and the other one we knotted so we could hold it between the index finger and the thumb so that they were of equal length, so that the rock or missile, or whatever we were throwing, would be equally balanced on the pad. We would swing those around our head and could generate quite a momentum. We could hurl a pretty good-sized rock, about the size of a hen's egg, oh, a distance of a hundred yards or so, and got so that we were quite accurate in using these slingshots. I don't remember of anything that we really killed, but it was a wonder we didn't kill one another!

I remember very distinctly one day, we were trying to shoot out some knotholes, or knots, out of a board gate in the old gallows corral. I don't think we hit any of the knots because it was quite a small target. But a rock did make a quite a racket on the old board gate whenever they would hit the gate. We didn't know what was happening, but Father Dibble heard it, also, and he made his way up to the gate on the other side—he snuck up, in other words—and first thing we heard was, "Great Jehosophat! What's going on?" Well, we got

scared and beat it out of there and ran to the big brush up north of the big corral.

It was about this time, also, that John Romano, a neighbor boy, was over visiting. We were out around the stable doing something out there; I don't know exactly what it was, but [it] apparently didn't meet with Father Dibble's approval. We didn't see him; he was over around the water trough, and we were around the stable. First thing we heard was, "Great Jehosophat! What's going on over there?" Well, we got scared and ran into the stable, got out of sight. And Johnny looked at us rather quizzically, and he asked, he said, "What did he say? Great gee-horses what?!"

Well, we graduated from the slingshot to an air rifle. We got the air rifle for a Christmas present, I believe. It was the old Chicago air rifle, was called the Chicago air rifle. That didn't last very long. An air rifle was—they were too fragile to hold up very long with us. So it wasn't very long after that that we were able to get a Stevens Crack-Shot .22 caliber rifle. I think we got the Stevens Crack-Shot from money that we had earned from trapping gophers. Anyway, the price of the Stevens Crack-Shot was three dollars and twenty-five cents. Then a little later than that, we bought a Favorite, Stevens Favorite .22 rifle; that was five dollars, and we were really doing something.

Well, when we just had the Stevens Crack-Shot, we did a lot of shooting. Ammunition was very cheap in those days, about nineteen cents for a box of fifty. When we first learned to shoot, we used the "shorts." After we became good marksmen, we got the .22 long rifle [cartridges] because they didn't cost very much more and were much more efficient. They were better for target practice and everything, shot much farther than the longs or the shorts.

Then we had the Stevens Crack-Shot, we thought we were really pretty good hunters. One day, we went up to the subterranean passage, and then Ferris says, "Let's go on up farther." So we went on up the hill. We struck a trail which was an old horse trail that had been used by horses going from one canyon to the other. And we, of course, had been on this trail many times before. But as we walked along the trail up the hill, we looked down in the dirt on the trail and saw some large tracks. And we got down to examine them and put our hand down alongside of the track, and it was about as big as our hand. We knew that that was bigger than any coyote or cat track. So we decided, yes, that was a mountain lion track. And I had the gun, though. I was thoroughly brave. So I said to Ferris, "Well, I'd just like to catch up with that old mountain lion." I said, "I'd just shoot him right between the eyes. And he might be right up there in that little bunch of trees, right along the trail up ahead. If he's in there, why, we'll just go right on up. And if we see him, I'll just shoot him right between the eyes! Then what will Mother and Father think? They think we are good hunters; they'll know that we're good hunters!"

Ferris says, "Yes!" He says, "Then, we'll skin him. And we'll get old Josephine, the squaw, to tan the skin and we'll put it in front of our bed. Won't that be nice when we get out of bed in the morning to put our feet on cold mornings?"

So we were quite enthused about getting the old mountain lion. Of course, we didn't think that the mountain lion was anywhere near. So we had our little rest and then started on up again. When we got about fifty yards from this clump of trees which I mentioned, we were walking along (I was ahead, carrying the rifle; of course, I was older than Ferris, and it was my privilege to carry the rifle), and

we heard an unearthly scream. We'd never heard a mountain lion before, but we knew it was a mountain lion. We didn't stop to converse with each other; we simply turned and looked at each other, and I could feel my face blanch, and I guess Ferris felt his blanch the same way. It seemed like all the blood left our faces and we didn't know where it went. We were almost paralyzed in our tracks, but we weren't quite that bad. We didn't say one word. We just turned as with one impulse and beat it down the hill as fast as we could. We didn't go back on the trail; we went straight down to get as far away from the old mountain lion as we possibly could in as short a time as possible. We didn't go one behind the other, either! Each took a separate route down the mountain over sagebrush and over rocks, and finally, we—we didn't stop until we got down beyond the mouth of the canyon. We were just about exhausted. But I didn't drop my rifle on the way down; I held onto it and didn't fall down, as luck would have it. I could have fallen and smashed the rifle into a dozen pieces. When we got down well out of danger, we sat down in the sagebrushes and then we started to talk. We were able to talk by that time; we certainly couldn't have before. I suppose the old lion sat up there in the trees and laughed at us all the way down.

So when we got to be—Ferris was about fifteen and I seventeen, we wanted something better than the regular rifle that we could buy in the stores. So we saved up a little money. We sent to J. Stevens Arm and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, and had rifles made especially for us. The reason why we did this, I think, was that there was a neighbor of ours that had a .25-.20 Winchester rifle that he was proud of and used to go to Skelton and different places and shoot on turkey shoots. He won several turkeys that way. We felt that if he could do it, why, we could probably do

it just as well or better. We sent to Stevens and had these guns made. They were regular target rifles. Mine especially was a real target rifle with a small barrel at the end. They were .25-.20 with Lyman peepsights and regular target guns. They also had reloading outfits with the lead and primers and smokeless powder that was used in reloading. So we did a lot of shooting.

We got so that we were really proficient in shooting, too. I don't think there's a tin can left or a bottle left on the ranch anyplace that didn't have holes in it. Of course, the bottles weren't left to tell the story. But the tin cans were left to tell the story that we had shot them up. We'd sit them up on fences and things. And also, one would throw a can up in the air while the other one would hit it before it came down. One day, we were showing how well we could do that, and there was a man there, a fellow, a neighbor that said, "Well," he said, "I bet you couldn't hit a dollar if I threw it up in the air."

Ferris said, "Throw it up!"

Well, he threw it up in the air, and it happened to be that the face was right toward him. As it came down, he shot and hit this old dollar right square in the middle. It didn't [laughing]—it didn't, of course, go through the dollar, but it badly dented it. So the fellow says, "Well, you can keep the dollar then." So he kept the dollar, and he had that for a good many years to show what he had done with the rifle.

His rifle cost fifteen dollars at that time, and mine cost eighteen fifty. They were made to order, also.

We went to several turkey shoots at Skelton and also to Eureka, and did pretty well. We always came back with some turkeys. They were shot at targets. They didn't shoot at the turkey itself at that time. They shot at targets, and they'd usually sell ten chances at

twenty-five cents a chance for each turkey. Then the ten contestants would shoot at the target, and whoever came the nearest to the center of the bull's eye would get the turkey.

I'll have more to tell about the turkeys later on, after we were married and raised a few turkeys. But that will be all for the present.

When we were quite young, we used to be very friendly with the Valentine Walthers family down in Huntington Valley. They were in the south end of Huntington Valley, about twenty miles from our place. We'd go down through Railroad Canyon and then turn east across Huntington Creek, and they were just directly above that, at the canyon there, just at the mouth of the canyon that led up into the Ruby Mountains. We always had a lot of fun and a lot of visiting to do whenever we went down there. They had a large family. I have forgotten whether there were ten or twelve children in the family; they were a good old German family. Most of the children were older than we were, but the youngest was Cora, just my age. The rest ranged on up, ten, twelve years older.

As a usual thing in going down there, my father and mother Dibble went first, and took Grace and Ferris along with them, while Fred and I stayed home to take care of the place until they came back, and then it would be our turn a week or two after that. In coming back, they would always bring produce, fruit, and things like that that were raised down there because they had a wonderful ranch and wonderful farm. They were hard working; they raised all kinds of raspberries and even used to dry the raspberries for winter use, they had so many. They raised squash and watermelons and cantaloupes which we could not raise there at our place. Being up in the canyon, it was considerably warmer.

The folks would usually go down in September, and then we would go later on.

Mother told a story about one time when they were down there. Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Hylton were there visiting, and they had Lee and Jessie Hylton, their two children, there also. Jessie was just a little older than Ferris, and Lee was just a little younger, and, as I mentioned, Cora Walthers; she was about my age. Anyway, the girls made a cake that day, and the batter bowl was, of course, a prize for any kids to scrape. Ferris got the batter bowl; that is, it was given to him, I guess, to scrape, and he was going to divide it up. He was sitting down there getting something out of the batter bowl, and Jessie Hylton thought that she ought to have that batter bowl. So she flew at him and scratched his face and clawed him and took the batter bowl away from him. And Ferris was [laughing]—was so surprised and—and [laughing] taken aback that he didn't offer any resistance at all. He let the batter bowl go, but he came home with a few scratches on his face.

When Fred and I would go down there a week or so afterward, we would usually get down there about noon. It usually took about three to three and a half hours to go, always, of course, in the buggy, or cart. Fred and I usually went in the cart with one horse. We would get down there about noon, and they would set the table for us for lunch, and they always brought a great big soup bowl full of raspberries for dessert. That soup bowl of raspberries was a quite a bowl of berries. [Laughing] When you put a lot of rich cream on that after a hearty lunch, it was almost more than we could stand. But Mr. Walthers was very hospitable, and he'd see that we were kind of hesitating over the raspberries, the latter part of the dish. Anyway, he would come in and his gruff voice would say, "What's the matter with you kids? What's the matter? Can't you eat a few raspberries? If you can't eat a few raspberries, you don't have to come



down here any more.” Of course, we felt that he really meant it. He was just rather gruff in his way, but he didn’t mean anything like that. But then we would manage to clean up the raspberries; we never left any because we didn’t want to be kept away from down there. We had too much fun.

They were good German people. Mrs. Walters had been killed in an accident when we were quite small. In fact, I think I was about four, five years old when she was killed in an accident. She and Mr. Walters were going down to a neighbor’s. We were told afterward that they were going in a big wagon, a regular wagon, two-horse wagon, and they came to the gate of the fence going out of their pastureland, and Mr. Walters got out to open the gate, and then he got back in and drove the team through and had her hold the lines while he went to shut the gate. It was rather downhill. For some reason or other, I guess the brake gave way, and the horses started to run, ran down the incline and threw her off the high seat, and she was killed. I remember very well Mother telling us about it, and she said, “Now, aren’t you sorry? Poor little Cora has no more mother.” And we certainly felt bad about that.

One year, Grace went to school down there during a few months of the winter. We didn’t have school at home, so they asked her to come down and spend the winter and go to school down there. I imagine she was perhaps around ten or twelve years old at the time. The Walthers always had a full term of school because they had a large family, enough to hold a school of their own. They always had Sunday school on Sunday evening and would sing hymns and read Bible stories and things of that type. After Grace came home (after school was out, she came home), she would be singing some of these hymns that they used to sing down there, too. One of the hymns was

“In the Shadow of His Wings.” She used to go around singing, “In the shadow of His vings, there is rest, there is peace, in the shadow of His vings.” And we [laughing], of course, made fun of her for saying “vings” [laughing]. But they were very, very fine people.

I think the third girl was Annie. And she is still alive, as we learned last year [1968]. She was still alive in Elko; she is very, very close to a hundred years old. I think she is the only one of the family who is still living. But she didn’t seem very strong or rugged when she was young. I remember very distinctly, she always had a headache, and she had this cloth tied around her head. They didn’t have aspirin or things of that type in those days, and she used to wrap a cloth around her head quite tightly to ease the headache.

When we were about ten to twelve years old, Ferris and I, of course, were always wrestling and boxing, and one thing and another, so we sent away and got a set of boxing gloves. We were going to learn to box. We also sent and got two books. One was *How to Box to Win*, and the other one was *How to Build Muscle*. [One was] by Terry McGovern, the lightweight champion, and *How to Build Muscle* was by James J. Corbett, who was the ex-heavyweight champion. Well, we read those and studied them, and we thought we knew how to box. Every evening after supper before we went to bed, we would get out there behind the corral, and we would slug it away at each other until we were tired enough to go to bed.

We used to, in the summertime, Wave our bed in what Mother and Fattier chose to call the “chicken roost.” We set up four posts (we were going to get away from the rattlesnakes). We size. Eventually, he grew to be larger than I was. But when we were about ten and twelve years, he was just about my size, so that we were pretty evenly matched.



The Minoletti brothers used to team along the road, hauling hay from the old Sadler ranch in Huntington Valley to Eureka. They had the ranch leased for a number of years. They didn't have cattle of their own to eat the hay, so they would haul it to Eureka and sell it to the livery stables and feed stables there in town. They had three wagons and twelve to fourteen horses on a team. Joe Minoletti, himself, was the teamster. They were a jerk line team. He was a good teamster. In later years, about 1902, he took his team to Tonopah and teamed down there during the excitement in Tonopah and Goldfield. He was the teamster in hauling the hay between the ranch and Eureka. His brothers, Baptista and Charlie, helped as swamper at various times, and other times there was someone else that was a swamper. They would always make our place one of the stopping places, of course, because that was the logical place to stay at night. They would usually come in along in the middle of the afternoon and unhitch their horses and tie them up to the stalls and feed them, curry them, take care of them. Then they would sit around until suppertime.

During this sitting around period, Ferris and I used to entertain them with our wrestling. Joe usually championed myself, and Baptista championed Ferris. Each one would tell how much better he thought his champion was, so, of course, that just egged us on to do the very best we could. So as a usual thing, we would wrestle for an hour or two right there around on the ground, get plenty of dirt; that didn't bother, though. But it was great sport for them and great sport for us. We were usually pretty well matched. And if one would win one tall, why, the other one would probably win the other.

I want to quote from a contribution that my brother Ferris made to this little story of our life as boys. He says:

Of the five thousand cattle that were driven overland from Salina, Kansas, and delivered to Salt Lake City (among the drivers were Father and stepfather), six hundred of those were brought to Wines and Montgomery in Ruby Valley, were the same stock that had been driven up from Texas over the Chisholm Trail. They were originally brought into Texas by the Spaniards and were half wild, thin, long-horned, and long-legged. And they could run like a streak of lightning. The ranchers attempted to improve them by introducing better bulls, but the process was slow and they retained their wild nature and lank appearance. They could never be trusted and often tried to horn anybody they found on foot. They were of various colors; you wouldn't find them of any one type of color, and most of them were red with splotches of white and different color variations. Some of the stock that they had in the valley when we were boys also had a strain of black in them. But as you see herds of cattle today, they're nearly all of one strain, either red with white faces—the Herefords, or Durhams, or black cattle.

Well, these cattle were the descendants from the ones that came up from Texas. Father Dibble separated the cattle in the wintertime, giving the weak cows and those with calf more feed and a big corral. In going from the house to the stable, we had to walk through this big corral. My brother and I, who were small boys at the time, were chased one day by a renegade cow, known as "Liney" because she had darker

hair along her backbone. We were on the alert and got away and told Father Dibble about it. He promptly picked up a cottonwood club about three inches thick and six feet long and went out where Liney was. She held her head erect, her eyes got big and starey. Then she charged. Father Dibble side-stepped and came down on her head with the club, hitting her right horn and breaking it. She went down, and he gave her a couple more thumps before she had time to get up, and she ran away.

So, then he called brother Fred, and Fred roped the old Liney and threw her down, and they sawed off her horns. After that she was "Old Stub," and was a better dispositioned cow.

That was the end of that little story, but I want to say that we had several cows during the time that I can remember who were of the bossy type. And, of course, they had horns, and they knew that they had horns, and would use them on other cattle who weren't strong, or which were younger stock. And these bossy ones sometimes would chase the weaker ones away from the hay, and so on several occasions we threw them down and sawed off their horns. It certainly made a difference in the disposition of the cow. They were frustrated, if there ever was a frustrated animal. They would try to horn something that came its way, and the other cow wouldn't pay any attention to it. So, of course, it hurt the old cow that was trying to do the horning more than it did the one that was being horned. So, as I said, they certainly were frustrated on account of losing their horns. They couldn't understand why the cattle wouldn't run from them any more.

Well, I'm getting painfully near to the time when we had to leave the old place, when there was a transition period in my life as well as my brother's. We left home, and we weren't together any more, or we weren't only just for a few days at a time. And we weren't living at home with our folks, either; we were out on our own trying to make a living for ourselves. So I want to reminisce on a few little items before I start to school in Elko.

When we were quite small, Ollie Cox, our cousin, was much larger than either one of us; he was older and was a larger boy, also, so he used to, of course, dominate the situation as far as strength was concerned, and we were afraid of him. He was sort of domineering. He wasn't too bad, but nevertheless, he tried to show that he was boss. And Father Dibble always used to tell Ferris and me, "Don't let him run over you. If you just gang up on him, the two of you, he'll soon change his ways." But it just didn't seem that we were able to do that. Each was a little bit afraid of it. Well, after we got the boxing gloves and started wrestling, we gained in courage so that things became a little different.

One day when he was boasting about what he was going to do and could do, why (I don't want to be boastful myself [laughing]), I challenged him to a "battle of the century." So we agreed that we would meet at the old schoolhouse and have it out, fight to the finish. And the time was agreed upon, and the day and the hour, and Ollie was to meet us down there and we were to see what would happen.

So on the appointed morning, Ferris and I got everything ready. We had rope for the ring, we had an old cowbell for the gong, and we had an old watch for a clock—I've forgotten just what it is—for the timer. Ferris was going to be the referee, and we got our gloves, four boxing gloves, and we were up there at the appointed time. But there wasn't

any Ollie around. We waited for an hour or so, but Ollie didn't show up. So we left our ring paraphernalia there and went on up to Cox's to see what was the matter.

Well, Ollie came out of the house, and he said, "I'm sick. I didn't feel like going out this morning."

Anyway, why, it seemed that I was kind of glad about it, too. I don't think Ollie was very sick, because he went with us and we went up in the canyon; we tramped the hills all day. I'm sure that the way it happened was better than if he had come down. It would have ended up in a brawl and I don't know what else [laughing]. We wouldn't have paid any attention to the three-minute round. If we got in there and got to mixing it, I'm sure that it would have been a showdown. But after that, Ollie was never exactly the same. And in wrestling, Ferris and I could always throw him. And we also knew how to handle our fists where he didn't, because we'd have practice. And [laughing] he didn't have anyone to practice with. So he got so that he had quite a little respect for us.

Ferris and I would often go up to Cox's or Nels Toft's, and we would ride old Prince, the same old horse that I used to ride across the flat. He wasn't an old horse yet. I was always, of course, the one in command. I rode in the saddle and Ferris rode on behind the cantle. We'd get up there, and Ollie would get on behind him then, and we would tear around the country. And I, being the engineer, would get old Prince going as fast as he could through the rocks and the brush and across ditches and everything. Apparently, he was pretty sure-footed, because he never fell. It was quite a sight to see the three of us on old Prince.

Then there was old Tom, the good old horse that I was telling you about [that] we used to drive to school. We got the idea, too, of taking him in the cart—that is, hitching

him to the cart. Going down on the north side of our fence, there was big sagebrush. We'd get Tom to running through those sagebrush as fast as he could run. Of course, I was the driver. One day, we hit one of those big sagebrush bushes and I don't know what happened. It all came about so suddenly that when we realized what had happened, we were both lying on the ground under a big sagebrush, and old Tom and the cart were stopped down a little ways from there. Tom saw that we were out of the cart so he stopped and waited for us. Good old Tom, he had more sense than we did.

When I was about eleven years old, Father Dibble decided that I needed a new saddle. So he hunted through the catalog and we talked things over, and he found a description of a saddle from some saddle place, saddlery, down in San Francisco, I think it was. And he ordered the saddle. I can remember seeing the order blank right now, and in the description he said to send a small-sized man's saddle. Well, it seemed like an interminable time, but eventually the saddle arrived. And I couldn't wait to try it out. It was a small-size man's saddle, a little large for me at the time, but I grew into it before very long. I was never so proud, I don't think, as when I first used to ride that saddle. All the smell of new leather was just wonderful, and then that squeaky noise that always emerged from a new saddle was what captivated me, too. But eventually, the smell and the noise from the saddle wore off and it just became a regular old stock saddle, the same as the others.

We learned to ride on an old horse, an old bay horse named Billy, when we were quite young. We didn't learn with a saddle. Father always told us that if we rode bareback and fell off, we wouldn't get hung up in the saddle stirrups or the stirrup leathers, and it would be a whole lot better for us to fall on the ground

than to be dragged. So we learned to ride on old Billy. He was a bay horse with a white spot on his forehead. (Speaking of horses and cattle, we speak of bay horses and red cattle; that was really very little difference in the color between the two, a shade of difference, but they were just simply red for cattle and bay for horses.)

Billy was a faithful old horse, also, and we could crawl between his legs or under his belly and he never moved during the time that we were around. He sensed any danger, so he was always careful never to—. But many times we fell off and slid off of him. One time I remember falling off in some rocks and cut my head so it bled [laughing], but never anything very serious.

My father himself broke old Billy to the saddle before we were born. He was quite a horse. Mother said he was always faster than most any other horses around There. When the boys were out chasing horses, why, Father and Billy would always be on the lead.

One day, she told about a story when Father went to Taft's to borrow a chopping bowl. Chopping bowls were used for making hash and things of that type. The ones that we had there at home that I have reference to were about two and a half feet long, oval shaped, and it had a knife, a crescent-shaped knife with a handle to chop up the meat and the onions and the potatoes. After constant use, these bowls would wear off on the bottom because a little bit would be chopped out each time you chopped. So, the one that we had, Father Dibble had put a board, a piece of an old coal oil can box, on the bottom, and fitted it on so that it stood upright; it served the purpose very, very well. But in that, we could chop up enough hash for a whole family with anyone who happened to be there. They didn't have the food choppers like the ones that came in later.

Anyway, my father had gone to Taft's to borrow the chopping bowl, and as he was coming home (there was another fellow that was riding along with him), over about the point, which is a mile or so from home, someone challenged the other to a race to the house. Mother said she looked out, and here she saw them coming, and Father on old Billy was in the lead with the big chopping bowl under his arm. Billy was a great old horse.





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## HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE YEARS

Well, then came the year 1908. I'd saved up perhaps three hundred dollars, or something around that amount. It was decided that I should try to go to high school someplace after I had graduated from the Romano school district, graduated from the eighth grade. I also had two subjects in freshman high school. So with my three hundred dollars, why, we tried to find a place. It so happened that Father Dibble was down to Skelton during the summer of 1908, and he met Mr. F. K. Howard down there, who was the principal of the Elko County high school. Mr. Howard was out in that section contacting eighth graders who had graduated from the country grade schools out there that spring. He wanted to recruit as many freshmen as he could for Elko County high school. It happened that Father was there at the same time and got to talking with Mr. Howard and told him about me and my ambition to go to high school. Mr. Howard suggested that he would be glad to do that. Well, Father said that he really didn't have any money to finance my going to high school, and if he could find a place where I

could get board and room or work my way to a certain extent, why, it would help out a lot. So Mr. Howard said that he would do what he could for me on my behalf.

So it wasn't very long after that that a letter came from Mr. Howard saying that he had found a place with Mr. George Ramsdell, a local photographer there in Elko. He said that Ramsdell wanted a boy to come and stay with him and do the work, finishing the photographic work and also work around the place in payment for board and room. He also cautioned that Mr. Ramsdell was a rather uncouth fellow, but inasmuch as I was old enough, he thought, to take care of myself, that he would suggest that I take the place, come and investigate at least. So we wrote back and told him that we would be in on the appointed time. Mr. Howard told us what day the school was to open.

Well, Fred and Mother took me to Elko a day or two before the opening day of school. That was in September of 1908. It took two days to go to Elko because it was seventy-five miles; it was two good days' drive for a team

and wagon, spring wagon. Well, I'd never been to Elko. It was all new to me. It was too far away, seventy-five miles; we couldn't go that far for just anything else. I'd never gone in with Father Dibble when he went to get the groceries. I was just a green country kid. The road leading into Elko wasn't the same as the one that's used now. It followed the south fork of the Humboldt River down to the hill, and it went over a grade, just west of town, came down by the hot springs. As we came down by the hot springs, we could see Elko lying down there in the valley, and the big trains were going through! Why, they were ten times as long as the old E and P train. It puffed out smoke; those were the coal burning days. And I was almost terrified to think that I was going to be left alone and live in a new world like that.

Well, Mr. George Ramsdell was the man that I was to live with for the next three years during the school term. I'll just try to describe him in a way. He was a man of small stature, about five feet four or five; he was an ex-army man and made much of the fact that he had been an army man. He still had his old uniform and would occasionally put it on and strut around to show how he looked when he was an army officer; I don't know what rank he had attained in the army. Anyway, he was rather small and bald-headed. He had long mustaches which were sandy, sandy complexioned, and a small, kind of ruddy, round face. He was an infidel in the true sense of the word. He prided himself in being an infidel, and he said he swore and cussed around just to show his contempt for religion. Thomas Paine was one of his heroes. He would go up town every day and would usually come back with an off-color story. He delighted in telling me those off-color stories. And he would also counsel me about religion and the fallacies of religion, and try

to convince me that there was no such thing as a hereafter or anything of that type. He had his good points, of course, but he did have his bad points.

The Ramsdell studio was built perhaps two years before I went in there. It was in the east end of town, right near tile lumber yard, the Elko Lumber Yard, right on the main street, quite close to the railroad track. It was a building, a rectangular-shaped building with just the one straight roof, had five rooms. The reception room was just at the front, at the entrance. The whole building was constructed of one-by-twelve lumber, with one-by-four battings up and down over the cracks. The interior of the living room, the reception room, and also his bedroom, were papered, and there were rugs on the floor of those two rooms. The reception room was probably about twelve by twelve. His bedroom was about eight by eight, which was off to the left. There was a little coal and wood heater in the living room, which made that room and also his bedroom quite comfortable. That's where I did my studying and acquired my knowledge from the books that I always brought home at night. There was a table and a sofa and a couple of chairs, a lamp (there was no electricity in the place), a kerosene lamp, which was called the "Rayo" lamp. It had a circular wick with a globe; it was put out by the Standard Oil Company. It gave quite a good light. So as far as a place to study and work in the evenings, it was very comfortable.

His room was one of the untouchables. I wasn't supposed to go in there at all. He had his bed in the north end of the room behind the door, and over under the window which faced the street he had his retouching apparatus, where he'd put his plates and retouch them to take out any blemishes, and he had various other cameras and paraphernalia at the foot of the bed and under the bed and any available

place in the room. I don't think the room was ever swept out. I know that I was prohibited from ever going in there to try to clean it up or do anything with it, because he had his own things in there.

Then just back of these two rooms was the studio. The studio was a very large room; it connected with the reception room with a door, arch door, and a drape that pulled across. This room, the studio part, never had any heat whatsoever. It was about twenty-five by twenty-five feet. It had a skylight; oh, it took up a large part of the roof, I guess about fifteen by fifteen feet, the skylight, for use in lighting his subjects when he took their pictures. He had reflectors and things to direct the light upon the subject when he was taking pictures.

Just to the left of the door as you entered the studio was a stockroom where he kept his paraphernalia, cameras and one thing and another, like that, his developers and papers.

On the right-hand side as you entered the studio was his darkroom. The entrance to the darkroom was a zigzag entrance. You'd go one way and turn around and go the other, and then back and forth, two or three times. The idea of that was when he was in there developing his plates, or his papers, if anyone should come to the door, customers, to see him, why, he could come on without danger of light going in to damage the paper or film. It was kind of a stuffy place because there was really no way of ventilating it. And with the chemicals and things in there, it became more stuffy, too, chemicals and the hypo, which is used in developing.

This studio had linoleum on the floor, but the walls simply had building paper tacked on the walls. It was a certainly cold, barn-like place. Back of the studio were two small rooms. The first one that you entered was one we used as a kitchen, if you could call it

a kitchen. It had a table; it had a one-burner, pump-up kerosene stove that was set on a box; had no chairs; we always stood up when we ate. It had no heat, summer or winter, just the one burner, and when we cooked, why, we had to cook one thing and then wait until that was cooked before anything else could be cooked. We didn't cook too many meals there if we could help it. He was having a good business; we would get our breakfast there, which usually consisted of coffee. I, of course, didn't drink coffee, never did, but he drank his coffee. We had bacon and eggs usually, with bread, and I used to have milk. That was usually what the breakfast consisted of. And we had a few dishes and one or two frying pans and a couple of candles.

We would get our breakfast there. Then for lunch I would run home and take anything that I could find, usually a little bread with butter or something to go with it; that was about [all] I used for lunch. And for supper, if he was in the money, if he was making some money, why, we would go down to On's, the Chinese restaurant, for a regular meal, which was always a good meal. So we did get one really good meal a day when he was in the money. If he wasn't in the money, if things were rather slow, like in the wintertime, sometimes we just ate what we could find or pick up, usually boiled potatoes and a few little things like that [laughing]. But we got by, and we didn't starve to death or anything, so—.

Then just off that room was my bedroom. I described that, I believe. It was eight by eight. It had no lining excepting the building paper tacked up and down. had one little window in the north end. For a bedstead—I didn't have a bedstead, so I contrived one. I built a sort of shelf from the side of the wall with a little railing around it, had a thin cotton mattress which I put on that, and underneath the cotton mattress was slats quite close together,

and this thin cotton mattress on top of that. And my bedding was spread on top of that.

In the wintertime it got cold, and in the summertime it was hot. Of course, I wasn't there during the summer months. It didn't get so warm in June or after September, but the cold was terrific. There was no heat, so that in the wintertime my breath on the covers would freeze into ice, and I guess my feet never did get warm all the time that I was in there. They would—the ice would freeze on there, and at night when I'd go to bed the ice was still there because it had no chance to dry off, or to melt off. It was right below freezing during the whole day, because the temperatures outside would get down twenty and twenty-five below zero. So it wasn't very pleasant. But we got by. I guess the fact that I was born and reared on a ranch and didn't know very much of the luxuries of life, I was able to get by without any difficulty.

Mother and Fred, when they took me to Elko that day, why, they stayed over a day or two, and we went down to Seymour Jacobs'. I bought a blue suit down there. In those days, all the high school boys wore suits. That was for every day. A suit was the going thing. You couldn't come to high school without a suit. So I bought a blue serge suit, and that was the one suit that I had. However, we got along very well the first year.

The girls wore great big, wide hair ribbons in the back of their hair, tied in bows which projected out on both sides of their head. I guess there must have been two or three yards of ribbon in each one of those bows; the ribbon was perhaps three inches wide. But that was the going thing for the girls in those days.

Well, my first day at school was really something, because I had never been to school in a town, something new entirely. I never had been in a classroom with more than four, five

fellow students. And there, we had a larger class. In fact there in the high school, in our class, we had I guess fifteen or twenty kids [laughing], which seemed a regular host of kids to me at that time. It didn't seem like it was a very large class in later years.

Miss Bertha Knemeyer, who was from Yerington, had graduated from the University of Nevada; she had been there a year before in Elko as a teacher. She was the mathematics teacher for the whole high school, and she was also our room teacher. Well, she took me under her wing, in a way, and we worked out a schedule where there would be no conflicts. It was always quite a lot of work to do to avoid conflicts for all the different subjects that were to be given. And Miss Knemeyer was a wonderful teacher and a wonderful instructor in every way, a very, very good disciplinarian. I always respected Miss Knemeyer very much.

I didn't know anyone there excepting three in my class, for which I was lucky. One of the students in my class was Cora Walthers, the youngest of the Walthers children. She had been there a year before. There were also Jessie and Lee Hylton, who had been there the year before as freshmen. That was the sophomore class at that time. I entered the sophomore year.

The school itself was a brick building, two-story brick building. I'm not sure whether it's still standing or not. It hasn't been in use as a school for a number of years. It was there on Court Street about halfway through town. And there was lettering in front out on the building itself, "Elko County High School." It was not a modern school in the sense that we know school today. There was water in the building, but the outhouses were at the rear of the lot. So, as I said, it was a new world to me, and we got by.

Mr. F. E. Howard, whom Father Dibble had seen in Skelton, was the principal. On the

first day of school, he gave a talk to the whole teachers' and students' assembly. And the gist of his talk was that "we will do the best we can for each one of you, but we expect you in turn to do the best you can for yourself and for the school. Each should insist on an even break, but no more, because we want to give each one of you an even break but we don't expect that you will ask for more than an even break," which was logical. "We want honesty, integrity, and morality in the school." He says, "Things happened here last year that resulted disastrously for some, and almost disastrously for others." He says, "Unless you intend to lead clean, moral lives, I say to you right now, get out, get out, we haven't time for you," which was getting home to some of the ones who had been there the year before.

I mentioned that when business warranted, we used to always go down to On's restaurant for our evening meal, which we called supper. It was run by an Oriental named On, and he also had all Chinese as employees, Chinese waiters and Chinese cooks—had all Chinese. And the waiter—in fact, all the Chinese at that time wore queues because it was a law in China, a regulation in China, that if their queues were cut off, they couldn't come back to China. So they valued their queues very highly.

The meals down there were twenty-five cents, no matter whether it was breakfast, lunch, or dinner. Twenty-five cents was the standard price for any meal. We occasionally took breakfast down there, too, if business in the shop warranted it.

The Chinese, young Chinese, one of the main waiters, was quite a large-sized Chinese, a young fellow. He could talk English but not too well. He would come around for breakfast if we happened to take breakfast there. He would sing out, "Beef steak, polk chop, vealie chop, bacon, ham and egg, hotcake!" That was the variety for breakfast. Then for dinner, he

would sing out, "Loast beef, loast polk, lamb cully and lice. Apple pie, blackbelly pie, licey pudding!"

Well, Ramsdell would listen to the menus; then he'd say, "Sing 'em again! Sing 'em again! I don't understand."

So [laughing] the Chinese boy would sing it out again, "Beef steak, Polk chop, vealie chop, bacon, ham and eggs" for breakfast, and the "licey pudding" and all that sort of thing for the supper meal.

So the fact that they wore queues, Ramsdell always called them tails. He says, "You wear tail all the time." He says, "Whasamalla, whasamalla you, wear tail?"

Well, one day there was a little kind of a circus or something of that type came to Elko, and it featured a lot of monkeys. So we went down to see the circus, and that night at suppertime, he asked the Chinese waiter, he says, "You see little China boy down there? You see little China boy down the circus?"

The Chinese boy said, "No, no, no. I not go see little Chineese boy."

Ramsdell says, "Yes, you be sure go down and see little Chineese boy down there. Lot of 'em." He says, "Lot of little Chineese boys."

So the next day when he came to supper, why, Ramsdell says, "You go see China boy?"

And the Chinese waiter said, "Him no Chineese boy. Him mallow." (Mallow is monkey.) "Him mallow, no China boy!"

"Oh," Ramsdell said, "Oh, I thought he was China boy." He says, "Got tail alla same China boy."

And then the waiter would say, "Aw, clazy ol' man! Clazy ol' man!"

The meals were always twenty-five cents, and there was never a tip; they never expected any tip. But they gave good meals, even with soup and the dessert, twenty-five cents.

Some of my work that I had to do there was—I had to keep the building clean. I did



most of that on Saturdays and Sundays. And then I had to print the pictures. Pictures in those days were—the films were not films as we know them today; they were all made on glass negatives. Most of his cameras were five by seven, the size of negative, the glass negatives. Those had to be developed in a tray developer, and to the exact degree, and then they were put in the hypo, and then washed afterward. In order to print pictures, these glass negatives were put in frames; then there was a printing-out paper that was used which was clamped over the negative with a clamp on the back, then set out in the sun to print. It required usually about ten minutes in the sun to print the picture dark enough so it could be taken out, and then run through the hypo bath to set the picture. And these plates (they were sensitized plates) that were used for taking the pictures on were kept in holders. He had two plates in a holder, one on each side with little slides in front of the plate. These plates, the double-holder plate, would be inserted at the back of the camera. Then before that was inserted, the photographer had to look under his—he had a cloth, a black cloth, that he'd put over his head and shoulders, and that way he'd focus it directly on the subject. After he had it focused and everything set, he'd tell the subject to remain perfectly quiet; then he would slip the holder into the back of the camera, just in front of the ground glass, where the picture had been shown, where he focused it with. Then he would have to pull out a little slide and then press the bulb, tell them to first "Look pretty," or try to attract their attention, and would snap their picture. It wasn't instantaneous; you'd usually have to give it about half a second, even with the lighting that he had available with the big skylight.

After the picture was snapped, then he would have to put the slide back in and reverse

it for the other side if he was going to take two pictures. Then these, of course, had to be kept in the frame until they were taken in the darkroom and developed, where the light wouldn't affect it there. So they could be taken out of the frame there and developed in the developer.

These portraits always had to be retouched to take out any imperfections, like blotches or blemishes in the face of the subject. Retouching was simply—some sort of a retouching solution was put on the negative to make it rough so it would take a retouching pencil. A retouching pencil was like a lead pencil, a very hard lead pencil with a very sharp point, and it required a very delicate touch in order to eliminate these little imperfections and still not show on the finished picture. So to be a good retoucher, you have to be quite an artist, or skilled in the work.

I had to do printing; I learned to print and I did the mounting; I mounted all the pictures. And I also did some of the developing the last year or so that I was there. I never, of course, took pictures in the shop itself. He always did the portrait work. But I did the mounting and developing, and also the printing out of the paper.

We had no facilities for taking a bath there in the place. In fact, there was only one faucet in the whole studio, and that was in the kitchen. No, there were two faucets; there was one also in his darkroom, because he needed water there for washing the plates and the paper. But he had to have a stop and waste on the faucets in order to turn them off so they wouldn't freeze in the wintertime, which they certainly would have done; anything above ground would have frozen as cold as it was. So we, in order to get a bath, we had to go down to the barber shop, which was down in the center part of town (I think there were two of them), and the charge for a bath was fifty



cents. It seemed like an awful lot of money to me, fifty cents for a bath, because fifty cents was almost a day's wages, it seemed. But there was no other way out, so we had to pay our fifty cents to take a bath.

I hadn't been in Elko very long with. Mr. Ramsdell until Mr. George B. Russell came into my life. I was there one day alone when Mr. Ramsdell was up town, and Mr. Russell came in, introduced himself, said he would like to have a little chat with me, and I said, "Well, very well." We sat down and talked things over.

He said, "Now, Mr. Ramsdell's a good man in many ways, but he has his bad points, too." He says, "Of course, you found out some of his characteristics, but," he says, "I want to tell you that I hope that you won't pay any attention to his philosophy of life. I hope you will continue to be a Christian and not be influenced by his talk or what he has to tell you." Mr. Russell was a man of deep religious conviction.

I told him that I understood very well and that I had been warned ahead of time by the principal, so that what he said wasn't going to make any difference one way or another with me. I always had a deep abiding respect for Mr. George Russell ever since I met him at that time. He would come down occasionally and have a talk with me. He always tried to come when Mr. Ramsdell wasn't there, because Mr. Ramsdell realized about what our talk might be about. George Russell at that time was working for the Verdi Lumber Company there in Elko, which was a newly-established lumber company, a branch of the Verdi Lumber Company up here at Verdi. And Mr. Russell was the uncle of our governor of later years, Governor Charles Russell.

During the first two or three months that we were in Elko, the whole school staged a cantata. The cantata was called "Queen Esther." That was really something for me

because I had never seen or knew anything about anything of that type. I didn't take any active part; I was just one of the herd, you might call it. It was in the time of—a Christian time, early Biblical times, when King Mordecai was on the throne.

Marion Brush played the part of Queen Esther, and she made a quite a good queen, too. She was very, very queenly. One of the passages was, "Yonder stands built by Haman's hands a gallows fifty cubits high!" Whereupon King Mordecai replied, "Thereon let Haman die!" Oh, we had a lot of fun in putting on that—in staging that cantata and got pretty well thoroughly acquainted, too.

It was along during the first year, sometime, that I met George Anderson. George Anderson was one of the freshmen in the year that I was there; that first year of 1908 he was a freshman. I met George Anderson because he was one of the Latin students in the first year of Latin which I took. I had to go into the freshie class and I was to take Latin and also took algebra in the freshie class. George was quite a bright boy; he was the only boy in a family of several sisters. There had been a half-brother who was a doctor in San Francisco at the time. But he was out of the family because he was so much older. George was the baby of the family, and the only one that was home at the time, living with his mother. George had met with an accident when he was quite young, a gunpowder accident, and his face was somewhat scarred, and he had lost the sight of one eye. However, the eye was still intact as far as its physical appearance was concerned. But George was somewhat of a loner because of the fact that perhaps he was an only boy and was mothered to a certain extent. And I was, to a certain extent, a loner also, because I was new in there; I never had a chance to go out and be with the boys because I had to

work all the time during the weekends. But I did go to the school dances and things of that type which were on Saturday nights. George and I got quite chummy, even in the first year, and our friendship grew during the years—the next two years that I was in school and for many years afterward. I'll tell you more about George Anderson in later years. He attained quite a height in life; he earned up to \$30,000 a year or more, but he died disillusioned and brokenhearted in February of 1956.

Well, during the first year that I was in high school, somewhere during the winter months, George came to me one night. And he said, "Put on your clothes, your suit, and come out with me." He says, "I want to show you something. I want to take you someplace." So he didn't tell me where he was going, but I went with him, and it was to the Presbyterian church. There happened to be an evangelist in town who was conducting meetings at night. He was quite an enthusiastic evangelist, telling about how he had led a life of debauchery and had been saved by faith in later years, and was now using his influence to help other young people. That led up to my joining the church, of which George was a member, as was his mother.

We then had Christian Endeavor, which was stories and other little activities in the evenings when we would meet together. A certain number of church members that were high school members also joined this Christian Endeavor and had our meetings at night at the church. Usually, each one was assigned a little Bible passage to read, and also to discuss it with the class. I remember very distinctly one passage that they asked me to read was something that embarrassed me terrifically. I didn't think anything like that could be in the Bible, but there are some little passages that were quite frank and outspoken in the Bible, as I learned later.

I joined the church and we—George and I—both sang in the choir. At that time I sang tenor and George sang baritone. George Greenfield was the pastor. He had been a high school instructor before, but he became a full ordained minister, and was an ordained minister there in Elko and had charge of the Presbyterian church for a number of years. But later he went back into the teaching profession and abandoned the ministry.

Of course, Mr. Ramsdell didn't know that I was attending church, or had anything to do with the church. And he continued with his instruction in his own way. And he thought, of course, it was sinking home, because I didn't say anything one way or another. Well, one day Reverend Greenfield came to the studio and asked for me. And I was back in the rear part of the studio, working. And Ramsdell says, "Well," he says, "what do you want of Andy?"

Well, Reverend Greenfield said that, "Well, we're having a little get-together tonight. All the church members who are high school students are coming to my place for a little dinner and a little get-together."

Well, Ramsdell was horrified and very much taken aback. He says, "Why, he isn't a member of your church, is he?"

And Reverend Greenfield said, "Why, yes, he joined the church."

So anyway, why, he got to talking to me; he came on in and invited me, and I said, "Why, I'd be glad to go."

After Reverend Greenfield left, Ramsdell had a very disgusted look on his face. He turned to me and said, "Well, little kid," he says, "I've tried to get you to see the truth about religion." But he says, "I can't do anything about it now." He says, "I can't tell you what to do."

So I agreed that he couldn't tell me what to do. Ramsdell also had a propensity for

borrowing things, and then not giving them back, not taking them back. He probably didn't intend to really keep them, but just neglected to take them back. I remember quite distinctly one time he had borrowed something from someone. I'm not sure whether it was an umbrella, or what it was, but it had been around there for quite a time. So one day I had the temerity to say, "Why, I thought this should go back. I thought that the party was expecting it back. Don't you think I ought to take it back to him?"

And he said, "Well," he said, "kid, I've lived all this length of time without your telling me what to do." He says, "I guess I can live for the rest of my life without your telling me what to do."

So I took the hint. And perhaps I guess about the [laughing] second or third year it was there—perhaps it was the second year—that I came home after school one day. I always had a key to the front door so I could get in; if he weren't there, I could get in anyway, otherwise. So this day I turned the key in the door; it wouldn't open. I tried turning it again and again, and finally I decided that he must have been inside and had latched the door from inside. So I banged on the door and banged and banged, and went around to the back door, but I couldn't get in, came around to the front again and banged. Finally I heard some little noise on the inside, and shuffling with the lock. After a while, the door opened. And Ramsdell, in a short of disheveled appearance, was at the door, and he said, "Come-in-kid. I-been-sick." He says, "I thought-I' d-get-on-a-good-drunk-and-see-if-I-couldn't-get-well-again." So, he let me in. I didn't stay around to talk; I beat it to the back room. And he went back to bed.

The next day, he was out in front, ready to go up town; he'd recovered from his little inebriation, and Mrs. Hylton and her mother,

Mrs. Garrett, happened to be coming by. They surely were laughing at him and kidding him, because they'd seen him in that condition coming home the night before. [Laughing] Well, I don't know; he—it didn't seem to help him very much. I don't think that the medicine that he got was really what he needed. But that was an excuse, anyway, for his getting on a big drunk [laughing].

One of our diversions was the school dances, which we had on Saturday nights; not every Saturday night, but occasionally. These dances would last until twelve o'clock, and then, of course, we would all go home. But usually after the dances, I would get with George Anderson and we'd have quite a little talk before we would go home. Perhaps I might go part way with him before I returned to the place where I was staying. so it was sometimes two o'clock before I would get to bed. But Mr. Ramsdell always saw to it that I was called at the usual time in the morning. He never would let me sleep on a Sunday morning. He said, "Well, kid," he says, "if you can go out and stay out at night, why, you can get up in the morning, too." I think these dances were about once a month on the average.

We had no outside music. Mrs. Mabel Lothrop, our music teacher, furnished the piano music, and we danced by that. She had a daughter, Mabel, who was in our class, a real tall girl. She was quite popular. Mrs. Lothrop was a very lovely person and took great interest in her work, and also in all of the students who were attending school.

I think it was the first dance that we had after school opened that year, along about ten o'clock, James Griswold, who was one of the freshmen, came to me and said, "There's someone outside that would like to see you."

And I said, "Well, who is it?" I asked him.

And he says, "Well, I don't know, but he wanted to have me send you out if you'll go."

So I said, "Sure, I'll go out and see who he is or what he wants."

When I went outside, I noticed a group of fellows out there, and one of them came up and approached me and said, "What is your name?" And I told him, and he grabbed me by the wrist and another one grabbed me by the other wrist, and they started to drag me back toward the rear of the building. I fought like a lion, [laughing] but several of them together forced me around to the rear and clear to the back side, to the toilets at the rear of the grounds. And when they got me in there, why, one of them said, "Where's the rope?"

And the other one said, "Oh, here it is."

And then, this one said, "Well," he says, "We'll tie his hands together and we'll stick him down the hole."

Well, I was surely frightened; I didn't know what was going to happen. It happened that the ringleader of all this was Joe Snelson. He was a barber there at the time in town. He had no business around the grounds or in the vicinity at all. But after they saw that I was really frightened and I'd fought myself out, they said, "Oh, we didn't mean anything. We just wanted to frighten you and just wanted to play a little joke on you."

I was too winded to even [laughing] say anything or argue about it. So they let me go, and they said, "Send some other fellow out. We want to have a little fun with him." Well, I had more respect for the fellow students than to send them out, and I felt that James Griswold should've had more common sense and respect, also.

This same Joe Snelson afterward married Beulah Bradley, whose parents had quite a lot of stock and were quite wealthy in livestock. Mrs. Bradley always said that they had "cattle on the hillside and money in the bank." So anyway, why, Joe Snelson married Beulah Bradley, and they inherited the full amount

of the estate, the Bradley estate. Then they moved down to San Francisco and bought the Fielding Hotel, bought a large controlling interest in it, at least.

Well, I was roughed up and disheveled and out of breath and frightened and angry. I managed to find my way back in the building all right. But I didn't have any fun for the rest of the night. Of course, I was green and didn't know what the situation was, or the setup, so I didn't say anything to anyone. But a day or two afterward, Alyn Carville came to me and asked me, he said that he had heard something about something that had happened. Well, I told him just the facts of the case, because he and Eddie Knemeyer wanted to know if anything had—if they had harmed me in any way, and I told them no, I was just frightened and roughed up a little bit. So nothing was done about it as far as I know.

Then I first went to Elko, I never had been used to noise at night on the ranch; everything had been so quiet. The trains coming through town certainly did wake me up every time one would come through, and the ones that were coming west from the east always blew the whistle just when they were opposite the Ramsdell studio. And that, together with the rumbling and the shaking of the building, was enough to wake anyone. But after a time, I got so that I didn't pay any attention to them and slept right through. The trains coming from the west, if they were loaded and had to stop (heavy freight trains had to stop at the station), in trying to start again, it was a little upgrade going east. And oftentimes they couldn't make the grade without backing up. They'd get just about opposite the Ramsdell studio, and the wheels would start to slip on the track, and so they would have to back up for perhaps a mile, and take a run on it. All of that was quite disconcerting to anyone who had never

been used to noise, the whistles and the other confusion.

Well, Halloween came along in due time, my first year. Some of the young boys around town went out to have a little fun as boys usually do at that time; they weren't doing any real damage that I know of—not to break up anything, but they did push over quite a number of the outhouses and things of that type, which was a little disconcerting to some people. I know that Ramsdell in particular was more than angry. [Laughing] He went in his bedroom and pulled out his six-shooter and strapped it on him and went out and said if they came around again, why, he was going to do a little shooting. But they [laughing]—they didn't come around the second time; we got things straightened up, as did everybody else, I suppose.

For a little added income, I took a job of milking six cows night and morning. Didn't have to go a great distance; there was a rancher that had these cows in town to be milked for sale around town. They did the selling, but I did the milking, morning and night. And for that, I received fifty cents a day. It doesn't seem a great deal, but it helped out in those times when money was money. It helped to meet the expenses that I might incur there. I did that until about in the senior year. My senior year I was free from milking cows. But I was kept quite busy at the studio. I didn't have time to participate in athletics of any type until the final year. As a senior, I did.

In the spring, in May, of 1909 (that was my first year there, when I was finishing my sophomore year), my sister came to Elko and her first child was born, named Katrina. Katrina is a Danish name. She was named for her father's sister, her aunt. My sister Grace had a very hard time and was confined to her bed for several weeks at the time, and they didn't know for sure that they could save her.

But eventually, she was brought around, and she and Katrina went home.

The paper, the school paper, was started at the time that I was there the first year. There was quite a discussion as to what name we should give it, and eventually it was decided that we should call it the *Pohob*, which is an Indian name for something. I think Alyn Carville suggested the name. During the year 1910 and '11—or 1909 and '10—I contributed some of my own original writings and poetry to the paper. In 1910 and '11, I was the editor-in-chief.

Miss Adna Brown, who was from Reno, was the paper's artist. Her stepfather there had some sort of—contract, street contract or grading contract, and they were there for part of the year; I think he was in a construction deal, something about the Western Pacific railroad that came through there while I was there. It was being built west, and came through Elko and then on west, and joined up west. Adna Brown later became Mrs. William Black, who lives out on Lakeside Drive. And Mr. Black was a brick contractor for a number of years and also has a fire extinguisher business.

In 1910, May and June of 1910, we heard about a big prizefight that was going to be held in San Francisco, and we thought, "Well, we'd certainly like to go down to see that." But eventually, it was kept out of San Francisco and brought to Reno. That was the Jeffries-Johnson prizefight.

Jim Jeffries had been retired; he was the heavyweight champion for a number of years, but he had retired because he couldn't find anyone else to really give him an equal fight. So he retired and had been retired for a period of eight years, had been inactive, in fact, in athletics of any type for a period of eight years.

Jack Johnson, a colored man, had become champion and was considered unbeatable.



They were looking around for a “white hope” to beat Johnson and finally persuaded Jeffries to come out of retirement and to see if he couldn’t wrest the crown from him.

Well, when we heard it was going to be in Reno, why, Ollie Cox and Ferris and I decided that we’d just have to go to see that, because it was going to be the prizefight of the century, all that sort of ballyhoo.

It so happened that Tony Romano had bought some horses and was taking them to Elko for shipment. So Ferris and Ollie went along on horseback to help drive the Horses to Elko. I went in a spring wagon to Elko because Father Dibble wanted some things. He wanted me to bring back some supplies from Elko if I could handle [it] in the spring wagon. So we reached Elko about the second of July, I guess it was. We bought our tickets for Reno, and put our horses up in the stable there, told them we wouldn’t be back for a few days. And when we went to board the train, there was no room. We stood up in the portion between two cars, right where the bellows connection is there, between the cars, for a big part of the night, and watched our chance until finally some lone] got off at Winnemucca, or one of the towns; then we were able to get a seat.

Finally we did reach Reno. It’s the first time that any of us had ever been to Reno; of course, we didn’t know our way around, but hadn’t made any reservations at all, so you can imagine what a time we had trying to find a place to sleep. Eventually, we wound up on First Street, right across from Majestic Theater there, someplace on that block between First and Second. There was a woman there that had a rooming place. She says, “I have no rooms.”

We said, “We’ve got to sleep someplace.”

So she said, “Well,” she says, “I can get an old mattress because there’s a secondhand

store.” She says, “I can borrow an old mattress and a canvas or something.”

I said, “Well, any place to sleep.”

So she had someone bring in this old mattress and laid it on the floor in the bathroom, and we had some kind of a canvas, or something, to pull over us. We all slept, the three of us, on the floor of the bathroom. And in the morning, there was a knock, knock, knock on the door. That door was kept busy all the time with knocks but we didn’t open it. Apparently, somebody felt they needed the bathroom worse than we did.

Well, a day or two before the fight (the next day after we reached Reno), we thought we would like to go out and see the participants, Jeffries and Johnson, in training. We didn’t know that they always laid off for two or three days before a fight to rest up for the fight. Jeffries was training at Moana Hot Springs, and Johnson was training out at Rick’s place, which is out west, which was afterward known, I think, as the Willows.

We went on out to Moana Lane, tried to get a ride on the streetcar, but that was just impossible; they were hanging on all sides on the streetcar. So we walked all the way out to Moana Lane and we got out there and were disappointed because, of course, Jet fries was in retirement—that is, for the time being until the fight. So then we, as I remember, had to walk all the way back to Reno. We had a few dollars, a few extra bills with us, and on our way out we decided that we’d better not carry that around; somebody might lift it from us. So we sat down by the roadside and took off our shoes and put the extra bills in the soles of our shoes. When finally we went to retrieve those bills, why, they seemed to be rather worn [laughing], but they passed all right.

To get anything to eat was another big problem. But we did find a place on Commercial Row where we went in and got



supper. All we had was a cold boiled potato, and I've forgotten what kind of meat. But we were glad to get most anything to eat because the restaurants were all crowded. They had, of course, the hotels and [they] were all crowded, too; they didn't have the motels and things like they do now. But the hotels were crowded. The trains that brought the people in were parked on all the side tracks, and most of the people were staying in the trains.

Well, the day of the fight, we walked all the way out there, and the arena was built during the last week before the fight because they rushed it to completion; they didn't know, of course, that they were going to have it there until so late that they had to rush the construction of the arena. It was out there someplace, not too far from the present [state hospital] institution between Sparks and Reno.

The night before, or the morning of the fight, we went and bought our tickets. The tickets were on sale above the old Overland Hotel. That was one huge room over the Overland, which is now the Overland Casino. [It] was one huge room; we bought our tickets there. We paid the whole sum of fifteen dollars for tickets, which was a lot of money for us, but we couldn't get decent tickets for anything less. So we fished out fifteen dollars and bought our tickets.

We found our way down to the arena. It was right on the fourth day of July, 1910, and a mighty hot day, too, as usually Fourth of Julys are. The old arena was built of fresh lumber, and by the time we reached there the pitch was starting to boil out of the boards. There was no padding, of course, and we never thought about such a thing as taking even a newspaper or anything to sit on. We sat there in that boiling sun like all the rest of the ardent "sports," and saw what was billed to be a fight.

Of course, Jeffries had no chance; he was flabby and his timing was way off; he was out of condition; he couldn't get into condition because he had no—he had trained, of course, but a fighter has to have several tune-up fights in order to make a semblance of a comeback. Well, of course, we were disappointed after Johnson had toyed with Jeffries for fifteen rounds, and Jeffries then couldn't go any farther and it was declared a knockout.

In going out and finding our way back toward Reno, Ollie said, "Oh, I'm sick." And he seemed to get worse as we came toward Reno in the hot sun, and we got as far as the SP railroad station, Ollie says, "I just got to lie down someplace." So we went in to the railroad platform; Ollie lay right down there on the platform where all the splinters and the dirt and everything was, from handling merchandise and everything on the platform. And he says, "I think I can take a little sleep." He says, "Don't go off and leave me." [Laughing] "Don't go off and leave me." We told him, why, we wouldn't go off and leave him. We'd wait until he got his little sleep. Well, he felt a little better after he'd had a little rest, even though it was still mighty hot there where he slept.

We managed to find a better place to sleep. That same place, where we had slept the previous night, the lady said she had an extra room because some of the people had gone, left town, and she had an extra room, so we did get a decent room to sleep in, and a bed for two of us.

The next morning, we took the train back to Elko. Ollie was sick all the way back to Elko. And the next day after that, we had to ride home. Of course, I went in the wagon, got the supplies that Father Dibble wanted, and we went on home; took us two days to get back home. When we got back home, Ollie seemed

to be sicker than he ever was. He says, "I just can't go on home."

So we told him, "Why, sure, stay with us here tonight, and tomorrow, why, you'll feel better and you can go home."

By the next morning he was all broken out with measles. He had an awful dose of measles. He stayed there and my mother nursed him and took care of him all the time he was confined. It was several days that he was there with the measles, and finally, he felt that he could go home. So he went out and got on his horse and rode on home.

But it wasn't so long until nearly everybody else around in the family also got the measles, so it made the rounds. So that was quite an experience.

As soon as we got back, it was haying time. We all went to haying. I worked at home to finish out the haying, and then I went up to Nels Toft's and worked up there until school was ready again.

I always was able to go home for Christmas, and also, of course, during the summer. I always took the stage out from Elko to Valentine Walther's place, which was just twenty miles from our place, and Fred would always meet me down there and take me on home.

I made a few dollars every summer, around perhaps a hundred dollars in the hay field during the latter part of July and the month of August, which was always mighty handy to help finance the school because my parents had no money that they could furnish to help me in my education.

My senior year was 1910 and '11. During the spring of that year, there was high water in Elko. It was a cold winter with a lot of snow. The Humboldt River was high, and there was ice in it that jammed it so that the river spread out from the ice jams, spread out and inundated some of the buildings that were

on the lower ground down near the river, especially on the south side of the river. They had to use dynamite to break the ice jams so that the water would continue on down.

The senior year, I went out for track, especially track. That was about the only form of athletics that I could indulge in because I had no experience in basketball, or anything of that type. They didn't have any baseball team; they did have a basketball team, and they, of course, went to Reno and different places every year. There also was a girls' basketball team. At that time, nearly all the high schools had girl basketball teams, too, which seemed to have fallen in disuse after a number of years. And I notice the last year or two, they are starting to come back; there are a number of girls' basketball teams that are playing. I don't know why girls can't play basketball as well as the boys; it's not out of line, I don't think. Mr. S. B. Moore, who was from Reno, happened to be in Elko, was working there. He coached our teams, our track team, and also some of the other athletics. He was a rather small man, but he was mighty good to come out and help without any pay; he did it gratis, of his own free will. We were glad to have him, because we didn't have anyone else who could coach us or show us what to do.

George Ogilvie and I went out for the mile. Lee Hylton was a sprinter. He was a hundred-yard dash man. And there were some others, too, but I don't remember now just who went in for track or other forms for the meet.

We took the train from Elko to Reno. Mr. Howard, the principal, went along. Of course, we were all excitement. Whenever the train would stop, we would get off and stroll around a little bit; we couldn't sit still because we were all anxious to get to Reno and see what was going on down here. We knew there'd be a lot of people here and a lot of competitors.

Eventually, the train ground to a halt out at the Southern Pacific station; it was nighttime. We didn't know for sure where we were going. I am not sure whether Mr. Howard knew or whether he had engaged rooms. I think that he had engaged rooms before at the McKissick Hotel. But they didn't have any hacks or a bus at the station to meet us; it was not one of the high-priced hotels. The Riverside and the Golden were the leading hotels in Reno. They each had a hack down to meet the train to solicit customers. There was a white driver that drove the hack for the Riverside. He called out, "Riverside Hotel! Riverside Hotel! Right this way for the Riverside Hotel!"

And there was a colored man, had a deep, resonant voice, he called back, "Hotel Golden, Hotel Golden, Hotel Golden! You don't want to go dat Rivuhsahd Hotel! Raht dis way to the Hotel Golden!"

We didn't get a hack or even a taxi; we carried our luggage over to the McKissick Hotel. It was supposed to be quite a hotel then; it was called the McKissick, and there was a roof garden out on the top of the top floor, way up on top, and it was pretty around the top roof garden, a railing around, of course, to keep people from falling off. We didn't get up to the roof garden, but we did have rooms about on the sixth floor on the Sierra Street side.

The next morning early, we were awakened by clackety-clackety-clack-clack-clack. It was paved around there on Sierra at that time, the street was paved, and the milkman and other ones who came around to deliver early morning supplies drove horses, and we didn't know what this clackety-clack-clack-clack-clack was. So we had to rush to the window and look out; we could see the milkman down there, delivering, making their rounds. That was a kind of a strange sound. The McKissick Hotel later became known as the Plaza.

Well, the meet, then, was for the next day at the old [Mackay] stadium which is now dismantled, and other buildings have been put in its old place. [At] the cinder track around the oval, there was a huge crowd, and all was wonderment and excitement for us. We had never run on a track, of course, before, a cinder track especially.

Well, of course, the huge crowd was something unusual to us, too. We perhaps didn't do as well as we could have otherwise. Suffice to say that I didn't win the race [laughing]. Archie Trabert from Tonopah, he was a little short fellow, but he could run. He won the race. I'm not sure whether George Ogilvie took anything or not; he may have been second or third; perhaps he was. George was a big, long-legged fellow.

That evening, why, Mr. Howard, our principal, took us to the Riverside Hotel for dinner. That was some occasion, too! It was a wonderful place, the old Riverside Hotel. It since burned down and the present Riverside was built in its place. I'm not sure whether there was any brick to it or whether it was a frame building, but I think it was a frame building, right along the riverside, at the present site of the Riverside Hotel.

[Returning now to Elko], I mentioned previously that we had no bathing facilities in the studio, so we always took our bath down at the barber shop. It cost us the whole sum of fifty cents each time we took a bath. For laundry, we always sent out our bundle of laundry to the Chinese washhouse. I think that they used to pick it up. But we always used to go and pick up our bundles. I'm not sure whether they picked our bundles up, but we always picked them up at the Chinese washhouse. And it was right at the laundry part, or the place where they had the bundles to be picked up was right at the entrance to quite a large building. And we always noticed

a peculiar scent which was no doubt opium coming from the rooms at the rear, because there was always Chinese going in and out to the rear rooms.

During my final year in Elko, Mr. Ramsdell thought he would modernize his method of picture taking and also cater to a public that wanted their pictures taken at night. So he purchased an arc lamp to be used in connection with the picture taking. He practiced out on me a few times to see how it would work, and by arranging his screens just right, he eventually became so that he thought that he was proficient enough to take the pictures with the arc lamp. It was electricity, but I'm not just sure what it was, but I know there were carbons that met, and the carbons burning produced the light. It must have been electricity, but we didn't have electric lights in the place.

So he advertised and made quite a deal in order to oppose an opposition studio on the other side of the street, the Atherton studio, and did get quite a few customers who came in to see the new setup and get their pictures taken by the new arc light.

In relating my life in Elko, I wanted to mention that Halley's comet appeared during the time that I was there. It appeared in 1910 and '11. I'm not sure just how many months or how long a period it was visible. But at first it appeared something like an ordinary planet or star on the distant skies. And it gradually approached the sun, and it developed a tail then, before it reached the sun, in its circle orbit around the sun. The tail wasn't visible until it reached perhaps the orbit that Mars takes around the sun. The tail at first appeared behind it. But as it approached the sun and started to circle the sun, the tail kept always away from the sun, pointed away from the sun. That, scientists tell us, is caused by radiation of the sun that pushed the tail away

on the other side. So, as it rounded the sun and started back on the other side, the tail seemed to be ahead of it and something like the lights of an automobile which show ahead of the automobile.

It appeared in the southern skies, I remember. Scientists tell us that it takes seventy-six and three tenths years to make each orbit of the sun. So we can see what a large space our solar system itself occupies. And when you consider also that our solar system is only one of perhaps thousands of solar systems in space, and not the largest by any means, we have no comprehension of what space really is. So it won't appear again until 1986 and 1987. So there we have a little while yet to wait before it reappears.

Was there any particular kind of observance? No, not to my knowledge. It was a matter of knowledge. It was published in the paper ahead of time, to expect it, because they knew what the orbit would be. It was known for a couple of hundred years just what orbit and what period it took, so that they knew it would be back. In fact, Halley himself discovered the comet, and he observed its appearance at one time. Then he charted the skies and charted the course and predicted its reappearance. But he died before its reappearance. But on the time that he said it would be back, there it appeared in the sky. So it showed that he was correct in his diagnosis.

We graduated from high school on June 14, 1911, in the Bradley Opera House. Our class comprised ten students, which was thought to be quite a class at the time. George Ogilvie was the valedictorian. I came in second as salutatorian. George was a good scholar; he was splendid in mathematics. He later taught in the Elko County High School as a mathematics instructor. But George didn't have to work out or spend any extra time; he

could devote all his time to his schoolwork. He also didn't contribute to the Pohob, or anything of that type. His uncle paid for his way there, in Elko as well as for his university education when he came to Reno and graduated from the University of Nevada. The University of Nevada was giving hundred-dollar scholarships, one to each high school in the state at that time. And luckily, I was awarded the hundred-dollar scholarship from Elko County High School for the graduating class of 1911.

In the spring I had bought a camera, tripod camera; I sent to San Francisco to a camera supply house. Mr. Ramsdell helped me pick out the camera that he thought would be the type that I would want. It was a box camera which had to be put on a tripod in order to hold it steady so that it wouldn't jiggle when I took the pictures. It took five by seven, I guess the size of the plate was. They were glass plates, [negatives] in holders, the same as I have explained that was used in the studio. We had to have a dark cloth to focus the picture and open the lens, and then after we got it focused, we'd slide the holder into the back of the camera and pull out one of the slides, and then squeeze the bulb and that was the picture. It did take good pictures, but it was not a fast camera; you couldn't take moving objects. So Mr. Ramsdell thought maybe I could make a little money by going out and taking some pictures.

It so happened that there were two men that came in from Shafter on the Western Pacific railroad, as the Western Pacific railroad was being built and Shafter was just a small place. But Ramsdell told these two men about my wanting to get out and take some pictures, and they said, "Oh, well, come on out there. If you'll come out to Shafter, why, you'll be able to take a lot of pictures and make a lot of money."

So I says, "Well, I can't pay railroad fare out there."

And, "Oh," they said, "just come on with us." They said, "We don't pay any fare and we'll get you a pass up there all right."

So I said, "All right." So I got my camera ready and went with them; we got on the train. It was a work train is what it was. The Western Pacific really hadn't started service as a regular carrier yet. So we went on the work train up to Shafter. Before we got there, the conductor came around and wanted to see my ticket. I told him I didn't have any ticket, that these two men told me that there would be no charge, that they would see that I could get up there all right and that there'd be no charge for the railroad fare. And the conductor said, "Well," he said, "give me two or three dollars and it'll be all right." So I fished in my pocket; I managed to have the two or three dollars and gave f it] to him.

So that night, these two fellows said, "Oh, yes," and they took me to their place where they had a cabin of some kind. And that night, they took me to the saloon where they said I could take pictures of girls dancing on the bar and all that sort of thing. It happened that I didn't take any pictures at all in Shafter. I was supposed to stay there for several days, but when I saw the train pulling out the next morning I ran with my camera and jumped on the train and started back, even say good-bye or anything. I think I had to fish out another two or three dollars to pay the conductor for the passage back to Elko. That wasn't a very profitable undertaking. In fact, I didn't take the camera out of the case at all.

When I came on home after graduation, Father Dibble helped me. We rigged up a little old buggy that we had, one horse; I got my camera equipment and everything ready and a bedroll, drove back to Elko. From there, I took a trip out through Star Valley and Clover,



and Ruby [Valley]; I've forgotten exactly where else I did go, but I took some pictures; I stopped at every house and solicited pictures. Though I did get a few, I don't think I became overly burdened with money as a result of the trip. I went back to Elko and developed the pictures there at the studio Cit was Ramsdell's studio), and I finished them and mailed them out to the ones who had ordered the pictures. They had paid me in advance which was—they were taking a chance, too, I suppose.

That harkened back to—I remember a time when we were all on the ranch together before I had ever gone away to school. There was a photographer came around taking pictures in the valley, and he wanted to take our pictures. Fred was there; Fred and Ferris and I, I think, were the only ones who were home. So Fred wanted his picture taken; of course, we got Mr.—the man to take the pictures. We paid him for the pictures; I've forgotten now exactly how much it was going to be, but Fred had a few dollars around. He dug up the money to pay for it. But he was ready to go; he had a one-horse buggy, also. Fred ran out and wanted to know what his name was. He says, "Well," he says, "you don't have to have my name." "I'll send the pictures all right." Well, Fred insisted that he get the name, so he pulled out a card out of his pocket and jotted down, "P. W. Gardner, Santa Rosa, California."

Well, the pictures didn't come and the pictures didn't come, and after about a month or so, Fred wrote to P. W. Gardner at Santa Rosa, California. The letter didn't come back; he had his return address; it didn't come back. He wrote two or three letters after that, but he never heard from Mr. P. W. Gardner and didn't get any pictures. Nowadays, of course, the authorities should have been noticed; he should have written to the sheriff of Santa Rosa, California, or the chief of police, or

whatever it might have been. Anyway, he was just a man that was going around living off the—he did have a camera, all right, and he snapped something, but I doubt if he ever took a picture at all.

I spent July and August in the hay fields, and then it came close to the twentieth of August; I got ready to come to Reno to attend the University of Nevada. Fred took me down to Walthers' and then we went on into Elko. I was the only passenger on the stage. The stage broke down along about Jiggs someplace, which was Skelton at the time. The driver went to one of the ranchers there nearby and borrowed an old dead-x wagon, just some boards for a bed; it didn't even have a wagon bed on it, just a flat rack, you might call it. I strapped my trunk on the back of that, and we sat on the planks in the front. The road was, of course—there was no paving; dust rolled in clouds all around us. By the time we got to Elko, well, you couldn't tell whether we were black or white or what color we were. The dust sifted into my trunk so that my clothing—after we got to Reno and opened it up, everything was filled with dust. I had to take it outside and shake it to get the dust out. The old trunk was not dustproof, by any means.

So I took the train at Elko and arrived in Reno, not knowing just how I was going to go about getting up to the University or what I would do after I got there, I happened to see a two-horse dray at the depot and engaged the man to take my trunk on up to Lincoln Hall. I did know that I was going to stay at Lincoln Hall. He took the trunk, strapped it on his back, and carried it in by himself. Those fellows knew how to handle a big trunk. My trunk wasn't a small trunk, by any means. It was one of the larger [trunks], with the convex top. Not a very good place to sit on, those old trunks. Me left the trunk in the hail.

There were not very many there yet; I think it was about the eighteenth or nineteenth of August. I think the University opened about the twentieth then, that year. I talked to some of the other students that were there, and they told me, "Well, better select a room." So I went up on the second floor and looked around, saw some vacant rooms, and I decided that one room would be the room that I wanted, so I was looking around for someone to help me up with the trunk, up the stairs, to the second floor. I saw a fellow there that seemed to be quite husky. I went and asked him if he would please help me carry the trunk up. Tie hesitated and looked at me rather queer, and he knew that I was a "lowly freshie." He happened to be a senior, and that certainly was beneath the dignity of a senior to help a freshie carry his trunk or luggage around. But he was a good sport. His name was W. P. Braedner. I've forgotten what his first name was, but he graduated that year, 1912, I guess it was, the next year he graduated; he was a senior then. He was a good fellow and a good sport; he helped me carry it on up. But I was a lowly freshie, and I didn't know what to do.

About that time, one of the other sophomores came around and told me, he says, "I wouldn't take that room if I were you." He said, "There was someone in there last spring that had a venereal disease. So I think that if I were you, I would take some other." He says, "By now it's been cleaned up and it's been fumigated and all that. It probably's all right, but as long as there're plenty of others, I'd suggest that you take another one." So he helped me take my trunk out, went to another room up there .on the second floor.

Then after nearly everyone was there, the next day, I think it was, we had a meeting down in the assembly room. And we were assigned the rooms that we wanted, and also the partners that—someone who was

to share the room, two of us in each room. I've forgotten the number of the room, but it was on the second floor on the north side. I think the second door from the hall, leading down. It happened that Harper C. Neeld was my roommate. He was a man who was I think just three days younger than I. He had been working for the Southern Pacific Company in Sparks and decided that he wanted to complete his education; he had never gone to the University. But he had saved up a nice little tidy sum of money so that he could go ahead and finish his university education. He was a very studious fellow and was a good roommate in every way.

The rooms at Lincoln Hall were nothing elaborate, by any means. But they were substantial rooms and were clean. About the time that the University opened, some of the leaders of the freshman class who had been graduated from the Reno High School came around to the rest of us and said that they were going to have a dummy rush the next morning at daybreak. So we all got ready and were out on the lawn early in the morning before daybreak. They had rigged up a dummy, and we all took the dummy down to around the lawn not far from Morrill Hall, just west of Morrill Hall, and hung it in a tree. And it was labeled "Sophomore Class." Of course, the sophomores expected something like that because it was traditional with the school to have these dummy rushes at the beginning of the term.

Well, it seemed like a swarm of sophomores came from nowhere to try to rescue the dummy, and, of course, there was a big commotion and a big meeting right there on the lawn. But it happened that our freshie class did have some pretty big men, men that were as large at least as the sophomore class, and we were greatly superior in numbers. We had perhaps twice as many as the sophomore class,

So there in the cool gray dawn of the morning, we conquered the sophomore class and kept the dummy that was being hung in effigy.

One of the men that we met that morning was Carl Horn. He was on the grounds doing some work there at the University. He was the master of grounds. He was a very fine fellow, quite a large-boned man, not very long gone from Germany. He had a rich German accent. And we had a talk with him. It seemed that he made believe that when he saw us going down there, he made believe that he was a sophomore and stepped out to do something, and we were taken aback for a moment, and then the rest of them knew who Carl Horn was, and it was all a joke.

It was a day or so after that that we had what they called the “cane rush” on the football field. I don’t know if that’s still an institution at the University or not. The cane rush was quite a rugged meeting. The cane, or so-called cane, was simply about half of a shovel handle about three feet long. The freshmen lined up at one end of the quadrangle, the sophomores at the other end of the quadrangle. The sophomores had the so-called cane, and the idea was to get through to the other goal post. Their idea was to get through and the freshman idea was to stop them at midfield and get the cane away from them. At a given signal, we each made a rush toward the opposite team. We were warned ahead of time to dress in accordance, because it was going to be a rough-and-tumble deal. Everybody put on their old clothes; I know I had an old work shirt, chambray work shirt, and I got a new pair of overalls which I thought would be good and substantial and they wouldn’t be torn off me. Anyway, when we met at midfield, there was a clash, and the fellow that had the cane was thrown to the ground, and everybody piled on top of him. I had some pictures of that; I don’t know who took the pictures, somebody around there.

Anyway, we all piled on top of him and others would try to drag us off, and it was quite a melee, I don’t know—six or eight deep. It must have been a quite a writhing mass of humanity. Anyway, when I emerged from it, all I had on was my overalls and shoes. My shirt was torn off my back [laughing], but we won the cane rush because of superior number and some of the big fellows that were members of the class.

Lincoln Hall was quite an imposing edifice on the hill at that time, one of the better buildings at the University. It was standing off by itself; there were no other buildings immediately adjacent to it. Just beyond Lincoln Hall was the infirmary, which was a little, small, one-room place which was used for a sort of hospital for minor ailments if the students became ill or met with a minor accident. There was a nurse in charge. And I luckily never had to go to the infirmary as some of the students did. Then there was the old gymnasium, just beyond that and a little farther east, which was quite a large brick building of the old type, since then torn down, then supplanted by the modern building, gymnasium, farther up. Then, of course, there was the school of mines on the north end of the quadrangle. On the south end was Morrill Hall, and Hatch Hall was sort of on the corner, and Stewart Hall was also there. The chemistry building, which has since been torn down, it was located on the west side of the quad. It was made of concrete blocks and wasn’t—it didn’t conform to the rest of the structures, and for that reason it was torn down later on. However, it did serve the purpose at the time; it was quite a nice building for use of the school. There was a football stadium and track between the training quarters and the stadium. And the track, of course, was a cinder track that surrounded the football field. The bleachers and the stadium were

on the west. Then there was a mechanical building and a hothouse on the east side of the quadrangle, just down the hill a little bit. That was quite a thing, that hothouse, where everything grew in profusion.

Dr. Stubbs was the president of the University at that time. He lived in the president's home, which was on the campus. It was just southeast of Morrill Hall on the edge of the campus there. It's since been torn down, I believe.

At Lincoln Hall, I mentioned that there were two of us that occupied each one of the rooms. We had a single bed apiece, and mattresses and pillows were furnished. We had to furnish the rest of our bedding. There was a table in the center of the room, and a washbowl, two chairs; there was a hanging electric light over the table with a metal reflector—nothing elaborate, but it did reflect the light, and we used that for our studies at night.

There was a lavatory in each room, but no hot water. The rooms were heated by radiators, hot water. There was a hot water plant centrally located there at the University which pumped the hot water to all the buildings, and this hot water was radiated through metal radiators in each room. In order to obtain hot water, Harper C. Neeld, my roommate, had a key with which he obtained hot water from the radiator by opening a plug which was supposed to let out any air that might get into the radiator. It also let out the hot water. In that way, we were able to get hot water when we needed it. So that was quite ingenious. I don't think that very many of the boys had any hot water. The beds were made every day. There was a middle-aged lady who served as maid that made up the beds for us every day and changed our linen once a week.

It seems almost impossible right now, but as I remember it, and I think I'm right,

the charge for rooms at Lincoln Hall was two dollars a month, which was more than reasonable. I don't think that paid for maintenance of the building at all, but anyway, it helped out, and I suppose the state paid for any of the deficit, whatever it was.

There was Manzanita Hall for the women down the hill a little ways, bordering Virginia Street. Manzanita Hall was, I think, built after Lincoln Hall, but I'm not quite sure about the date it was built. All the women lived at Manzanita Hall, excepting, of course, the ones that lived in their homes or had other places to live downtown.

The women who lived in Manzanita Hall were held in deep respect by all the men of the University. When we called to take a young lady out to a dance, which we often had at the gymnasium (we had our dances there; the University dances were at the gymnasium. The gymnasium had a very fine floor), one of the girls' who was on duty, or one of the students who was on duty, would seat us, tell us to wait in the reception room, and take the name of the young lady that we wanted to take out, and she'd go up and summon the young lady, and after a while she would come down. But we always waited there in the reception room until she came down. Then we would take her out to the dance or whatever other purpose that we—wherever we were going.

When the dance was over, we would bring her back to Manzanita Hall and take her to the door, and—. We never went beyond the door. We would see her to the door, and she'd thank us for the enjoyable time, something of that sort, and she would depart immediately. There was never any tarrying at the door or promiscuity of any kind. So we men held the women in deepest respect, and they gave us no reason to feel otherwise.

A few of the men smoked, but there were none that smoked cigarettes to my knowledge.

They did smoke pipes, a few of them. Joe McDonald was one that I remember who smoked a pipe that he always smoked. He smoked Prince Albert tobacco. Joe was quite a fine fellow; he was in my class. He would come around and visit us, one of the good fellows of the hall. He later became associated with the Reno Evening Gazette. None of the women ever smoked. That was simply out at that time.

The dining hall was the old original dining hall before it was enlarged. It was adequate at the time for the number of students that we had that took their meals there. We all knew what hours the breakfast and lunch and dinner were served. There'd usually be a line that would form before the door was opened, quite a line form on the outside on our way out to Virginia Street. Then when the door was opened, we'd all make a rush to get to the tables. The tables usually sat about six to a table, not too large tables. And we knew what tables we were assigned to; we would get to the proper tables and seat ourselves, and then the waiters and waitresses, who were students who were helping to work their way, part time work, did the work there as waitresses and waiters, serving the meals. And they also helped in the kitchen, some others, helping the cooks prepare the meals.

The meals were substantial, but they were thrifty; there was nothing elaborate about the meals. Of course, there was always griping as there always is in any place wherever meals are served, whether it's—young people, old people, or even the people in the institutions gripe about the meals. The jailbirds of today always gripe about their meals, even though they may have a turkey dinner for Christmas and Thanksgiving. They always find something to gripe about.

One of the main causes for our griping there at the University was a stew which they served up quite frequently to use up the

odds and ends of meat menus that had been prepared maybe perhaps the day before. This stew they always called "gow." And "gow" became a nasty word [laughing] because it was served up. It was a tasty stew and nourishing. I always liked it. But they had to have something to pick on, anyway.

As we rushed in—it paid to be among the first to get in there, because if there were any goodies on the table in the form of a dish of cookies, or anything like that, it certainly didn't take long for these cookies to vanish into the pockets of whoever got there first.

However, these meals—[for] three meals a day for the full month, we paid the whole sum of sixteen dollars a month. We, of course, liked something a little extra, so Neeld and I would take turns. Usually on Friday evenings if we were downtown, we would go to one of the grocery stores, which usually happened to be the Colorado Grocery on Second Street, I believe it was. We used to get twenty-five cents worth of cookies which would—it was quite a good-sized bag of cookies which would last us for tidbits for the rest of the week. My choice, I know, was coconut bars. I used to usually get the coconut bars; I thought they were the best. They didn't come in packages; they were always in bulk. And the clerk would dish them out, of course, in a bag for us.

Sometimes, on one or two occasions, one of the boys Thought they ought to go out and get a little something different. They were supervised; they weren't supposed to go out after ten o'clock, excepting on occasions of dances and things of that type. But I remember quite distinctly one time one of the boys went out and came back with some beer. And I know he climbed up some way and got in through the window coming back in. I think that he had a rope that he let out when he went out, and the boys helped to bring him back when he came back in. But



I think that Mr. Richard Brown, the master of the building, found out about it and put a stop to anything like that.

Military training was quite the thing; practically all the boys went in for military training. We had two companies. In our company, Lloyd Patrick was the man in charge. He was a corporal at the time. Patrick was quite a large, raw-boned fellow, red hair, kind of reddish-sandy hair and complexion. He was a good man in charge of the company, and kept us in order, and we learned a lot. Of course, we would be separated when we first went there into squads and trained in all the rudiments of the training. And there was rivalry between the two companies, of course, to each see which would be the better trained when inspection came around. I have a picture that was taken of our company. I have it someplace here yet. I always intended to get it trained. It's a large picture, about three feet long.

Our regular uniforms for every day drill were khaki uniforms. We also had to get blue uniforms for dress parade and dress affairs, dress days. Those blue uniforms for dress occasions, we had to order at one of the downtown stores. We paid twenty-two dollars, I think, apiece for the uniforms. They were quite nice uniforms and good material in them. But my uniform didn't fit very well; it was really too small. It was too tight. I traded one of the other fellows for a uniform. The jacket especially was tight; I traded it for a larger size.

I remember also one of the fellows at the University, he wanted a khaki uniform. He thought he could perhaps get a secondhand khaki uniform and save a little money. So he put up a notice on the bulletin board that he wanted a khaki uniform. How do you suppose he spelled "khaki"? He wanted a "k-a-i-k-y-e" uniform, and he was a University student.

And we got quite a kick out of that. I don't know whether he ever got his khaki uniform or not, but perhaps he did. It didn't take long for that notice to disappear from the board, though, after we saw it there.

Some of our instructors and teachers or professors at the University were, of course, more popular than others. Of course, we each had our own preference; we naturally did. Among the most loved, the best remembered teachers that I remember was Dr. Peter Frandsen. I think he stood head and shoulders above any of the others as far as I can remember. He was the professor of biology, botany, and zoology. He was a wonderful man, very tactful in his teaching and his method of disseminating knowledge, and he was able to get the subject over. And he always had a very mild disposition. All the students admired and respected and loved Dr. Frandsen. His helper was a man by the name of Mr. Smith, the assistant in botany and zoology. He was well-liked, also, but didn't have the personality that Dr. Frandsen did. In later years, after I came to live in Rena, I found out where Dr. Frandsen was. He retired perhaps twenty years after I was here, or more than that; I don't know exactly when he retired. But he bought a home up near Oroville. He had an orchard up there, an almond and fruit orchard, where he spent his retired years. I wrote to him and told him how much we enjoyed his classes and how we always remembered with a great deal of pride and pleasure the days that we spent in his classes. I said, "Well, of course, you wouldn't remember me with all the students that you had down through the years."

He wrote back and said that he did remember me very well, and that on some occasions, other students that had been with him at various times had called on him, and he always was glad to have them call. And he

invited me up to see him if I should happen to come that way to visit him on his place. He said he would be very glad. But I never did get up to see Dr. Frandsen. Tie passed away about two years ago.

Among the other teachers that I remember very well and thought a great deal of was Dr. Reuben Cyril Thompson. He was the head of the philosophy and kindred subjects. I took philosophy under Dr. Thompson. He had a wonderful disposition and a marvelous way of disseminating his knowledge. He injected humor into his work, and he told pertinent stories that helped out in his teaching to spice the lecture that he was giving. He was an ordained minister, a very fluent speaker. And he was the father of the present two Judge Thompsons. In later years, he came to Eureka when we lived in Eureka when they were selling the bonds, at the time of the first World War. He was one of the speakers trying to generate interest in buying bonds. He came to Eureka with one of the judges that was here (I forget the name now), and they sold quite a lot of bonds on that one bond sale in Eureka.

Jeanne Elizabeth Wier was another teacher that I admired very much and enjoyed her classes. She was a history teacher. She was a mistress of the subject and was thoroughly dedicated to her work. I always enjoyed history under Miss Wier immensely.

I also took first year German when I was in Reno at the University of Nevada. Our teacher, instructor—the professor was a little German man himself, German born. He had a very rich German accent. He also, besides the German, taught classes in English as an assistant to the regular English teacher. But his German classes were the ones that we were always so much interested in. There were more episodes that happened in his classes than any of the others, or perhaps all of the rest of them combined. He had to be so

exact—rather small little fellow, round face, a typical German.

One of the episodes that I remember—I won't give the name of the party, but he still lives in Reno. He was in my class, and I guess just without thinking, he lit a cigarette one day. He was one of the few that smoked cigarettes. He lit a cigarette right in class, and my, the professor was horrified to think that anybody would do anything like that!

And one of the students in the German class was a girl; she had rather reddish, sandy hair. This girl lived in Sparks. She used to ride over to Reno to the University every day on a bicycle. The German classes were in Hatch Hall, as I remember it, up on the third floor. And by the time this girl rode all the way from Sparks on her bicycle and hurried on the way over in order to get there on time, and then had to pump up the hill to the University, and then had to climb the three flights of stairs up to the class, you knew that she was [laughing] pretty much out of breath and disheveled and tired by the time she would get up to class on the third floor. She used to, of course, talk to the professor and argue with him. At the end of the term, when we had our examinations and the papers were passed back, we were all sitting in class, and as we opened our papers, we saw what we had received as a final examination. And this girl jumped up out of her chair, ran over to the professor and started to claw him in the face. She said, "You flunked me! You flunked me! You flunked me! You did it on purpose!"

And he started to try to ward her off and put his hands up, and—"Now, now, Miss Frazier. Now, now, Miss Frazier. Now, now, Miss Frazier, that'll do. That'll do!" Anyway, it was quite an excitement for the rest of the class.

And Dr. Leon Hartman used to conduct Bible study over in the training quarters on

the east side of the quadrangle. Every Sunday, about ten or twelve of us boys would go over and take Bible study classes from him. And he was a good instructor; he loved his work and we enjoyed our classes with Dr. Hartman. He was later president of the University for a time.

Mr. Brown, Professor Brown, presided over the dining hall, and he was the dean of men at the University during that year. The men all liked Mr. Brown because he always tried to help them in any way that he could. He lived in Lincoln Hall on the east wing, he and his family. I don't remember whether they had children or how many there were. But anyway, he had rooms or an apartment there just to the right, as you come in through the front door entrance. We sought his advice and counsel, and he was always willing to help us in any way he could. He always presided over the dining hall, too, when he was there, took his meals at the dining hall and saw that everything was running smoothly. He was a man perhaps a little beyond middle age. I think he had had some sort of stroke because he had a speech impediment, but that didn't lessen his activities.

Now one of the diversions that we had during the fall months was a hayride out to Huffaker's—gave a dance out there at Huffaker's. That is, all the freshies were supposed to go out to the dance at Huffaker's. And for the purpose of transportation, they chartered one or two wagons with hay, regular hay wagons, hayracks with three, four feet of hay in the bottom of the rack. We all got in there, sat down on the hay, rode out to Huffaker's. They took along their food for dinner, for midnight dinner, after the dance. Some of the sophs, of course, got wind of the fact that we were having a dance out there, and they got into the kitchen and stole all the ice cream. So we didn't have any ice cream for

supper that night. But we had a good time out there at Huffaker's, the Huffaker school, it was.

Reno at that time had a streetcar system. The streetcar line ran from Sparks to Reno; it ran up to the University, ran down Sierra Street and on out to Moana Lane, and, of course, was later torn up. But a great many of the students who lived downtown used the streetcar system to ride to the University, and also the ones from Sparks used the streetcar system.

The paving on Virginia Street was paved only as far as California Avenue. There was a motorcycle race at one time. About the only ones around town that could afford motorcycles were ones who really had a little money. Frank Golden was one who was in our class at the University; he had a motorcycle. And I remember they had a race from Reno to Carson City and back. And as they started out Virginia Street, they came to the end of the paving and seemed like they jumped off right into a dust pile on the road leading off from California Avenue going on out to Carson City and back. Some of them got stuck in the mud on the way to Carson City and didn't get back for hours afterward. But Frank Golden won the race to Carson City and back on his motorcycle. I think it was an Indian motorcycle, if I remember rightly.

He took some of us out on different occasions for a little ride on his motorcycle. I remember very well I took one ride with him. When he started up, it just seemed as though I was going off backward. I sat behind him on the little jumpseat he had and [laughing] I hung on for dear life. I don't know how fast he went, but he went plenty fast enough. I took one ride, and that was enough. Perhaps he didn't think that he was going too fast, but to me, why, it seemed as though the ground was just streaking out from under me.

The only one at the University who ever had a car when I was there, the only student, was Ira Kent from Fallon. And it wasn't his car; he didn't have it all the time, but his father let him drive it to Reno on one or two occasions. And, of course, he took advantage of those occasions to take all the boys out for a ride. And we would come up in this part of town. All this western, southern part of what is now Reno, it was just ranches and stock raising section out in here [southwest Reno]. There was no buildings that I remember of any kind. But this seemed to be quite a good size automobile, and we thought we were privileged to have a ride in that automobile.

Up at Lincoln Hall, up at our quarters, as we'd come out and look out, we could see Steamboat Springs on the cold mornings throwing up steam, out there at—way down south. It would throw up a big cloud of steam on cold mornings.

At that time, Reno had a population of approximately 12,000, and it was considered to be overbuilt. Real estate was really a drug on the market. There was no building being done of any kind to amount to anything at all. There were empty houses and also empty business buildings, and real estate was way down in price; in fact it was almost off the market. And everybody predicted that Reno couldn't—or Nevada couldn't support a larger town because of the fact that there was no manufacturing here and nothing to support more than a few thousand people at any one spot [with] just the agricultural interests and occasional mining interest surrounding the town, wherever it might be. Sparks itself was just a sleepy little railroad town. That was before the division was moved from Wadsworth to Sparks. Wadsworth had more activities than Sparks did at that time.

One of the business houses that was a little out of the ordinary in Reno in the year 1911

and '12 was the Paret sporting goods house. It was owned and operated by a man named Mat Paret. Everyone called him "Poll" Paret. He looked something like a pioneer, one of the old pioneer fellows, and dressed something like a pioneer would dress. He was quite an elderly man, at least we thought so at the time. He was well up in his sixties, perhaps. His place of business was somewhere on Virginia Street on the west side, I think perhaps not very far from where Hilp's drugstore is at the present time. It's the way I recollect it. His place of business was simply a big barn-like building which was quite tall, but had only the one floor, and the inside had the appearance of a barn, also, no lining of any type; you could see all the rafters and everything that was there. He had ins stock in trade scattered all over in a slipshod manner; he'd have to climb up on a ladder, had things hung on the walls and around in different places, no system of displaying at all. It was an interesting place there to go, because he had quite a stock of sporting goods for the time, and he had some modern goods and also quite a lot of goods that had become out of date. Harper C. Neeld, my roommate, and I each bought a .22 rifle from him, a Remington repeating rifle. I have that rifle to this day. It's been shot perhaps hundreds of thousands of times, but it still operates. I paid the whole sum of ten dollars for it. Couldn't get very much of a firearm at the present time for anything like the price.

North Virginia Street was pretty well populated by Chinatown, especially on the west side of the street. They had quite a number of buildings through there, business buildings and washhouses and stores of different types. And it seemed quite usual that Chinese houses must all have some sort of tin roof of some kind. Whether it was a cheap construction, or [whether] it was the way they built their houses or had them built,

I don't know. But these tin roofs were quite inviting to the boys going up and down the street. A group of us going downtown would always take a pocketful of rocks, and when we'd come opposite the Chinese places we would throw a barrage of rocks over onto their roofs, and they'd go clackety-clackclack-clack, and the Chinese would come out in a swarm, and we would hightail it down the street to get out of the way. One night in particular, a group of us were going downtown and we threw some rocks on the roofs. It seemed like there were Chinese that emerged from behind every tree, started to chase us down the street toward town.

George Ogilvie was one of the students that came from Elko, and he was a good runner, but he had big, long legs, too. I remember that night: he got out in the middle of the street and led the way downtown [laughing] out in the middle of the street as hard as he could run with two or three Chinks following him behind, [laughing] Chinese boys with their characteristic Chinese dress, with their bell-bottom trousers and loose tunics flying out behind and their queues flying out behind. It was quite a sight.

It was only a day or two after that that we went downtown, also, and we were prepared to do the same thing again. But as we approached the place where the Chinese were, we could see there seemed to be a Chinese man behind every one of those big trees that were growing along the street. Every one of them had a club or a stick of some kind. So we were good little boys; we didn't do anything that time at all. We just went right on by and minded our own business because we thought discretion was the better part of valor. So I think we were pretty careful about molesting the Chinese after that.

Then came Halloween night. A group of us students at the University decided we'd

go out and have a little fun. We dressed up in different kinds of costumes and went downtown. We didn't know just what we were going to do after we got downtown. We decided we wanted to go to the theater. So we didn't have any money to buy tickets, didn't think we would have to, anyway. So we crashed the door [laughing]. I'm not sure whether it was the Majestic Theater or which one of the theaters it was. We went in and brushed aside the doorkeeper, went on upstairs into the—way up at the top floor (it was "hideaway heaven" that we went up to), and we could look right on down to the stage.

We didn't stay there very long. We weren't there more than, I guess, fifteen or twenty minutes until we saw the cops coming. When we saw the cops coming, we scattered. One went this way, and one went that way. I think we all got out of the building before the cops really were able to grab any of us. We got out of the building, got down on the street and started toward the University, but they had mounted police here in town at that time. I remember very well a couple of the mounted police started to chase two of the boys. They were big, tall fellows, and they were in some kind of outlandish garb, a big streaming outfit that came down to their feet. They tried to get away, but anyway, two of them were captured and thrown in jail [laughing]. They had a hearing and were released for a hearing the next day. They were fined for disturbing the peace. I don't remember just what it was, twenty dollars apiece, or something like that, for disturbing the peace. But we had a lot of fun out of it. It didn't cost us anything excepting this way. After the boys were fined (I don't know whether they were able to pay for the fine or not), Mr. Brown called us into the entertainment room and we had a meeting there, and he said, "Now," he said, "you boys got the fun out of it." He said, "I'd suggest that



you all chip in, and,” he says, “we’ll all chip in and pay the fine.” So he put in a dollar for each one—that was a couple dollars—and so each one of us put in something to pay for the fine, too, so that the boys themselves didn’t have to pay the full amount of the fine.

A great many of the students at the University helped work their way through college by doing various jobs. Two of the boys worked doing janitor work there at Lincoln Hall. And there were girls that worked as receptionists at Manzanita Hall and also in the dining room as waitresses and waiters, and in the kitchen and upon the grounds, in the buildings, and various places. The pay was not very high, but still, it helped out in meeting the expenses of attending the University. Several worked on the grounds for Mr. Joseph Lynch, who was the master of the grounds. I used to spend several hours a week working for Mr. Lynch, also, in putting in some of the trees and shrubbery around just below Manzanita Lake. Manzanita dam had been put in I think the year previous, and so they were landscaping the grounds just below Manzanita Lake. I helped put in several of the large trees that are there at the present time below Manzanita Lake. Manzanita Lake was considered quite an adjunct to the campus because it was something new. Mr. Lynch was a quite a good fellow to work for because he was always considerate of us and never expected too much, but we always tried to earn our little pay that we got. We received a remuneration of sixty-five cents an hour, which was quite a little bit at the time. We also worked at the greenhouse, or helped at the greenhouse, which was down below the quadrangle. I also drove an old black horse, a big black horse that they had there, in hauling water for use at the various halls, drinking water. A single black horse was attached to a wagon, an open spring wagon. We used to

have cans and would bring the water to the various halls, like Manzanita Hall and Lincoln Hall, and some of the others.

I also had a job on Saturdays helping to clean the chemistry building. The chemistry building was located on the west side of the quadrangle. It was built of concrete blocks and has since been torn down to make room for other buildings that have been constructed later.

Professor Dinsmore was in charge of the laboratory there, as I remember it, at the time. He later became—I think it was the same Professor Dinsmore—was the inspector of weights and measures for a number of years for the state, and traveled around the state in the execution of his work. He showed us some artificial strawberry jam that he made and showed how it had been made and put on the market by various concerns under the guise of strawberry jam. And it had no strawberries in it at all; there was coloring matter, glucose for consistency, and artificial flavoring and a sort of clover seeds in it to give the appearance of strawberry jam. And to taste it, it tasted very much like strawberry jam. Of course, the Pure Food and Drug Act, which came in later, eliminated all of that sort of manufacture.

Now one of the sophomores that was attending the University and also staying at Lincoln Hall was a friend of Harper C. Neeld’s. He, too, had been working for the Southern Pacific for a number of years and had decided that he wanted an education. He came the year before, so he was a sophomore when he entered the University. He was a big fellow; he used to come in to see Neeld quite often in the evenings. One evening, rather late, perhaps after ten o’clock, I’d gone to bed and he came in and was talking to Neeld and he was standing at the foot of my bed, and all of a sudden he reached down, took the footboard

and pulled the whole bed up and stood it right up against the wall, with my head [laughing] on the floor. Of course, I [laughing] fell down, covered up with the coverings, and was quite disconcerted. He beat it out of the room the minute he did that, so by the time I crawled out from under the covers, he was gone.

I debated for quite a long time to find some way to get even with him, but I never did really decide on a course of action. I thought something of taking two chairs and putting one on each side of his door with a rope attached between The two and then going into his room and antagonize him so he'd chase me and perhaps stumble over the rope.. But I thought perhaps that he might really get a serious fall, so I really never carried it out. But I never did get even. I think perhaps he went on and finished the University, but I never heard for sure.

We freshies were required to wear what they call "beanies," which was a type of cap—skull cap, in fact; that's all it was. It was blue with a little white button on top, as I remember it. All the freshies had to wear these beanies in order to be distinguished as a lowly freshie. We weren't allowed to wear corduroys, either. No freshie could ever wear corduroy. And we, of course, were never allowed to cut across campus, cut across the quad or any place like that; we had to follow the beaten trails. If we did disobey those regulations, anyone who was guilty of a misdemeanor of that type was always thrown in the Manzanita Lake. So Manzanita was used for other purposes than for recreational or altruistic purposes.

All the country between Lincoln Hall and the lake was open country there then. There were no buildings there at all, just brush, and there was a trail or two to cut across if you were allowed that privilege. But Lincoln Hall itself stood up there by itself, pretty much alone.

As you entered Lincoln Hall, I said that on the right was the suite of rooms which Mr. Brown and his family occupied, and on the left was a recreation room where we men gathered and had a little fun in the evenings usually, those that could spare a few minutes. We had a piano in there and singing, and Mr. Edwin Eugene Williams, one of the students (he was a senior, I believe, at the time), was the pianist. We used to play games—I'm not sure whether there was a pool table there or not, but there were various things for pleasure or diversion in the room. Some of the old songs that we used to sing were, "Casey said just before he died, / 'There're one—two more roads that I would like to ride,' / The conductor said, 'Well, what can they be?' / 'O, the NCO and the V and T!'" [laughing] And there was some of the other songs that we used to sing, school songs. Some of the—"When the autumn days appear and the football season's here / Our team goes out to battle and win victories anew / And the rah rah rah rings out with a loyal, royal shout / And the deep arched sky above us flings aloft the royal blue." I remember snatches of that song very well.

Some of the students that were in the 1915 class were: Joe McDonald, who later was employed at the Reno Gazette; Lehman Ferris, who is an architect; Rich Sheehy, who was a warden at the state penitentiary for a number of years; Dixie Randall, who was sheriff at Tonopah or Goldfield for several terms; my own roommate, H. C. Neeld, who graduated from the University of Nevada—I used to hear from (him) occasionally. The last time I heard from him, he was working for the Carborundum Company in Niagara Falls, New York. I heard nothing more from him. But I got in touch with the alumni association at the University and asked them what records they had of Harper C. Neeld. They told me that after he left the Carborundum Company,

he was in Arizona for a period of time, then Salt Lake for a while, and the last I heard, he had passed away. That was perhaps twenty or twenty-five years ago. Then there was John Sinai, who we all know still is a prominent attorney here in Reno; Fredrick Henriquez, a little fellow about Sinai's size. The only woman that I know of that is still alive is Ethel Brown Tyler. Her maiden name was Ethel Brown; her parents used to operate Brown's station out here on South Virginia Road, not too far from town. She lives in Sparks at the present time. And then there's Jessie Hylton. I don't know any other girls that were there that are still living. Lee Hylton and George Ogilvie, Archie Dewar from Elko. Then there was Frank Golden and Ira Kent, whom I have already mentioned. Of course, there were a lot of others, but those were some of the most important ones.

At Christmastime, I went home for the holidays and was gone three weeks, I took off a few days earlier than the closing of school for the holidays because I had no final examinations to take because my grades were high enough that I was excused from the examinations. Then I didn't return until a few days after registration started because I had no conflicts or anything to make up.

When the spring came, Clarence Mackay came to visit the University, and we had quite a little celebration for him down on Mackay Field. And he gave a little talk. We were all glad to see Clarence Mackay.

When I was attending the high school in Elko, I never did take any of the girls to any functions at all. When I came to Reno, I took various girls to various functions, especially to the dances at the old gymnasium; some of them very nice girls, too. But I didn't take one girl more than one time; it was always a new girl. So it just seemed that I wasn't very much interested in girls. I always enjoyed their

company, too, but just never was interested in any special one girl.

When the end of the college year came and graduation time was upon us, why, we, of course, were quite thrilled at the thought of going home and also for graduation. The appearance of all the graduating students with their caps and gowns, the Class of 1912 was quite inspiring. There were only a few scholarships that were given in those days. Today we have a number of scholarships that have accumulated over the years. But as I remember, the only ones that I can remember were a few Regents scholarships that were given, of fifty dollars each. It happened that I was lucky enough to get one of the fifty-dollar scholarships from the Regents. I took the train back to Elko and the stage out to Walthers', and brother Fred met me as he had in previous times, and we went on home.

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## A NEW LIFE IN DIAMOND VALLEY AS A RANCHER AND TEACHER

My financial resources were depleted. There was no work to be had in Reno because Reno was virtually a dead town. If someone were really acquainted, perhaps, around town, he could have gotten a job, but there were no student loans or assistances of any kind. It all depended on the student himself or his parents to finance his way through school. I went to work on a ranch there in Diamond Valley, the Nels Toft ranch, which was the old Diamond Station on the old Overland road. Nels Toft had bought the place a number of years before and built it up and operated it himself. But as I said, his nephew, J. P. Jacobsen, had come about 1903 to help him with the place. And he had married my sister Grace, as I also mentioned. They had two children at this time, Katrina and Lloyd. They were quite young. Lloyd was only a year old and Katrina was several years older. She was about three, I think it was.

I made brief mention of the Johnson family in Eureka who were friends of Nels Toft, both being Danish people; they both came from Denmark, Mr. Jorgen C. Johnson

and Mr. Toft. There was also another man in Eureka, Pete Hjul, who was a Dane and quite prominent. He had a store there in Eureka, and also ran the mortuary, funeral parlor. Mr. Johnson came to Eureka in 1875, and Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes Geraty Johnson in 1877. I think I sketched briefly their coming to Eureka. Their oldest boy was Martin Johnson, who was born in '85. Then there was Chris Johnson, who was a year and a half younger; then George Johnson, a year and a half younger than he; then Eugene Johnson, who was about that much younger than George (I was just between George and Eugene). Then there was Will Johnson, who was about two years younger than Gene. Then Mary Johnson, and Virginia Nevada Johnson. The two girls didn't come until the last. So there were seven in the family, five boys and two girls.

Each one of the boys had in turn come out to the Nels Toft place during the summer to work during the haying time and sometimes longer. Martin Johnson had also stayed there one year during the winter months and had

attended school at the little schoolhouse down halfway between our place and Cox place. He used to ride a buckskin horse to school each day. And he got a lot of fun out of having fun with us boys; he was older than we were, but he was a decided blond, like the Danes were at that time. But he was the only one of the Johnsons that stayed to go to school. I think he was down there for about two years. And Chris was down for one or two years during the summertime to help in haying time. They usually ran the hay rake or did other light work like that in helping out during the haying period. So when it came to 1912—'11 and '12—Will Johnson had been coming down there to help. I worked there also during 1910 and '11 at Nels Toft's. Will Johnson being there, we got to be very, very friendly. Every night after we came from the hay fields, we would make a beeline for the old pond. It was quite a good pond for swimming, off north of the house. And that was more interesting to us than supper was. We always had to have our swim before we came to supper. Sister Grace was quite provoked sometimes because sometimes, the meal was—of course, they didn't hold the meal waiting for us; they went—eating anyway—and sometimes there wasn't very much left, but we got a bigger kick out of the swim than we did out of something to eat. We learned to swim, too, just by ourselves. We got so that we were fairly good swimmers.

In 1912, the oldest Johnson girl, who was Mary Elizabeth, came out to help my sister and take her turn being on the ranch. She went to help my sister with the cooking and taking care of the children and things of that type. Her name was Mary Elizabeth; everybody always called her "Mamie;" she was always known by Mamie. If you asked for "Mary Elizabeth" in Eureka, no one would know who she was. We, of course, got

acquainted, and she was quite shy. I had been to the house at Johnson's at previous times, but never really got acquainted with her because she was always shy, as was her sister. And when any boys came around, why, they would always make themselves scarce.

But I had my .22 rifle with me, so I used to go out and shoot some jackrabbits in the evening. One evening I persuaded her to go along with me to shoot jackrabbits. We got a nice young jackrabbit and brought him home and sister Grace said, "Well, if you'll clean him, we'll have him for supper tomorrow night." So, of course, I knew how to clean jackrabbits but I knew that if I cleaned the jackrabbit, why, Mamie would go off someplace else, and I wouldn't get to talk to her. So I told her that as long as I shot the jackrabbit, she'd have to clean it. She didn't like the job very well, but she consented to clean the jackrabbit, and I stayed there and talked to her while she was doing the job. She's brought that up to me a good many times since.

In the meantime, my brother Fred had gone to Stillwater, down near Fallon, and bought a hundred and sixty-acre farm down there, hoping to improve the situation. He thought the ranch wasn't big enough, and Father Dibble didn't offer him any incentive to stay, either, and become a partner because the ranch was not large enough to maintain two. So he went down there and bought this hundred and sixty-acre ranch, or farm, down there at the Stillwater section. Then he sent for Father and Mother Dibble. They moved down in June of that year, 1912, taking the old spring wagon, and Father Dibble made a cover to go over the top, with bows, to keep the sun off the seat. And they took their things that they had to take in the spring wagon. Old Prince was one of the horses they drove, the same Old Prince. Later, Fred came up and got one or two of the other horses.



So they'd sold their place to J. P. Jacobsen, Jorgen Jacobsen, my brother-in-law, sold the ranch and the cattle to him. So in looking around and talking and one thing and another, I finally decided to buy in half-interest on the little Box Springs ranch. The agreement was made, and we decided to do it that way.

During that winter, I stayed on the ranch and Pete [Gaetane] came down to help, help feed the cattle, take care of the ranch, do the work. I was the chief cook and bottle washer because I didn't want Pete to do any cooking. Of course, Pete could cook if he were on the ranch alone, as he did at home sometimes.

Jorgen Jacobsen had the mail contract to Eureka. As I said, the post office had been started there at Box Springs several years before. When Father Dibble left, he had to give up the post-mastership, and Uncle William Cox took the position as postmaster, and he moved everything to his house, and so he was postmaster right there at his home. Jacobsen, as I said, had the contract to carry the mail to Eureka, and he used a team and wagon during the first period of the contract.

When the haying season was over and school was about to start, I persuaded Jorgen to let me drive the stage because Mamie was going back to town. So I took her to Eureka. We got quite friendly. So during the year, I went to Eureka, drove the stage every three weeks, which was quite a long period to wait between times.

On the ranch, we—Pete and I—lived in the bunkhouse, which had been built by Father Dibble and Fred during the time that I was in school in Elko. It was a stockade, one-room building, very comfortable but not too large, perhaps about fourteen by sixteen feet. So in the times when we weren't feeding the cattle, Pete helped me; we tore down the old house complete, even the stockade and the log part. It was leaning because of the terrific

weight that accumulated on the roof over a period of years when we used to throw dirt up there every fall, and gradually the beams, the cottonwood poles, had settled down. Keeping it level on top, there was eighteen inches of dirt some places up there, so you can imagine what a weight there was on the roof. The poor old building started to lean. So nothing could be done; we had to tear it down complete, from the top to the bottom. I marked every one of the logs as to where it went so that I could replace it just as it was originally built. And it hadn't been very well located on the ground; in fact, it was just laid on the ground, as I remember. But I put flat rocks around under the bottom logs when I rebuilt it so that it wouldn't be in contact with the ground so they wouldn't rot. So this stone foundation was a big help. George Cox came down after Pete left and helped me to raise the heavy roof timbers, which were really big cottonwood poles a foot or more through, really quite heavy. We rolled them up on the side on skids and up to the top in position. Then, instead of placing all the dirt on the roof that had been there before, I put about four inches of dirt and then we got corrugated sheet steel, sheet iron, and put that on top. That kept the sun off, and the dirt also insulated the building from the sun's rays. I just wondered; I don't know if that—I think it's still there. I built a temporary kitchen on the east adjoining the—it was just the log part that I rebuilt, those three rooms. I didn't rebuild the old living room, which was a stockade, or the old kitchen, or the other stockade bedroom which had been built.

On the fifth of October, 1912, Mamie and I became engaged. So I got to see her every three weeks when I drove the stage to Eureka. And on September twenty-second, 1913, we were married in the Johnson home in Eureka. We were going on our honeymoon to Fallon or Sallwater, where my folks lived.

So I went to Eureka with Jorgen and Grace and Lloyd and Katrina, and Auntie Cox also went with us. And before we started in, on the morning of the twenty-second, Lloyd was running around on the rocks barefooted. He was only two years old. And there were rocks under the trees; there were large poplar trees. He was running around under the trees. And after we had started, he developed a stomach ache from running around on the cold rocks. Well, Grace thought she ought to turn back, but no, we decided we'd better not turn back; everything was scheduled for Eureka that night. We got up to the windmill place which was the old Diamond City, stopped and got off and went inside and built a fire. And after a while, Lloyd's stomach ache seemed to disappear and we went on to Eureka.

The Johnson home was at the south end of town. It was a large frame building. There were large poplar trees, quite a nice place for Eureka, a good place to raise a family. Grandpa Johnson had bought the place just after the turn of the century because he thought that would be a good place to raise the boys. They had plenty of room up there and they would be away from town and the attractions of town.

Judge Peter Breen had consented to perform the ceremony. He was the father of young Peter Breen, who was later judge for many years down in the Tonopah or Goldfield area. He was also quite a large man. Young Peter was perhaps but twelve years old at the time, a very slight little fellow. I had never seen him after that until three or four years ago. He came to the Eureka picnic here at Idlewild. It certainly was a change; he had become a real big man by that time. He since has passed away, regrettably. Very fine people; they had a quite a large family of girls and Peter was the only boy, and he was the youngest of the children, too. Young Peter guided his father

up to the place. They walked from town up to the Johnson place. Young Peter didn't prove to be a very good guide. Instead of taking the road on the west side of the ditch and coming up to the gate, he went up on the east side and they had to cross across the big ditch, across a fence or two, and regrettably, Judge Peter Breen tore his pants in climbing through the wire fence. He had to walk another two miles, also. But it was all in a day's work, anyway.

A group of teenagers gathered to shivaree us; they had tin pans and also brought up a Chinese band. There was quite a lot of noise going on outside. But Grandma Johnson—of course, she wasn't Grandma Johnson at the time [laughing]—Mother Johnson had a cake and some other things to—as a sort of reception to pass out to the boys and girls or anyone who cared to come up, walk up that far.

The next morning, the twenty-third, we were off to Fallon. Fletcher's bus came up to pick us up at the Johnson place, took us on down through town. The bus was open, so everybody standing on the sidewalks saw us on the way down to the train at the station; that was about eight a.m. in the morning.

Well, eventually, the little old narrow-gauge E and P railroad train pulled out and wended its way on down through Diamond Valley, through Garden Pass and into Pine Valley. When they reached a point about halfway down, the train stopped, and we didn't know why it was stopped. And we were wondering. The fireman jumped off and ran over; apparently he had followed a badger down a hole. (Of course, he didn't go down the hole, but the badger did.) And they came back to the train and got a bucket of water and went over and poured it down the hole. But I don't think they ever drowned the badger out. It was a bold attempt, anyway, to get the badger drowned out. So you see, they weren't

in very much of a hurry to keep on scheduled time going down through the valley. That was the way they operated the little old E and P. And other people who traveled the B and P, the Eureka and Palisade railroad, [laughing] they also thought how queer it was, little old train going up and down through the valley. One of the teachers in Eureka later wrote a poem about Eureka and mentioned the little old train which wound up and down the valley like a old ox team.

At Palisade, we had to wait a little while for the SP train to come along; I don't know exactly how long we did wait there, but before evening, the train pulled in and we took it on our way to Fallon. I think the E and P reached there about four o'clock, reached Palisade about four o'clock, and the SP train came through about an hour or so later. Mamie had never seen a large train; that was the first time that she had ever seen the train. She thought that the E and P was quite a train itself, because that's all Eureka people had ever seen. Well, the big Southern Pacific trains, with their big engines, Mallet compound engines that they used at that time, puffing black smoke (they all burned coal), presented quite a sight for anyone who had never seen them.

We reached Hazen sometime late in the evening; it was during the night (I am not sure just what time), and we stayed overnight there at Hazen. There was a little brick hotel that had been built there at Hazen junction. And early in the morning, we told the hotel clerk to call us so that we could take the train to Fallon from Hazen. But he was a little bit late in calling us. We certainly did hurry; we had to run in order to catch the train. But they saw us coming and held it up for a minute or two. When we reached Fallon, we phoned our brother in Stillwater, told him that we were there, waiting. Of course, they didn't know exactly what day we would be there.

They supposed we would be there that day, but there was nothing certain in those times, just how the trains were—what connections were to be made. When they received the phone call, brother Fred had to go out and catch his team, and he himself had to spruce up and shave and come into town. So it was about twelve o'clock before he reached Fallon. That was quite a long wait in the Fallon station there. tie got out and walked around some, but didn't want to go too far because we expected him momentarily.

So eventually, he arrived and we made connections. He took us back to the Stillwater place, which was, I think, about twelve miles from Fallon, north of Fallon. Their place was just south of Stillwater itself, the post office [at] Stillwater. As we reached the place, brother Ferris and another boy were unhitching the team. They started to talk some foreign language and we didn't know—I wondered how Ferris could master a language so quickly as that. They seemed to converse and knew what each other was saying, quite fluently. Afterward, we discovered it was hog Latin. And when we were there, we learned how to talk hog Latin, too. Even to this day, sometimes we—Mamie and I—talk a little hog Latin. Ferris was quite fluent at speaking hog Latin. So when he comes out this summer, I guess we'll have a little session of talking hog Latin again.

The house that the folks lived in was a simple little four-room place. It was hastily constructed of single walls with quite a large kitchen and two small bedrooms. And there was a sort of a bunkhouse which was used for other purposes. it was not a very pretentious place, but it was a home for them for the time being. They worked pretty hard down there, as all the people at the Stillwater and Fallon district did. It was the Newlands project, irrigation project. And all the people that

moved in there were new people. A great many of them had only a few dollars when they came in, and it took a few thousand dollars to tide over for a year or two until the crops were ready for harvesting.

Ira Kent was the big merchant in Fallon at the time who tided over most of the farmers from one year to the next. Of course, then, when their crops were ready, he would take their crops, and he acted almost like a banker in that way, advancing them what they needed in order to run from one year to the next. Some of them prospered and were able to run on their own a little later on, where others never did pull out of debt. It happened that when my father sold out at Diamond Valley, he had enough money to pay—he could finance the necessary expenses down there and didn't have to go in debt to Ira Kent or anyone else. But it was a hard proposition; they worked long hours, even at night, irrigating. Father Dibble worked full time, too.

Mother, of course, took care of the house and did the cooking and things of that type, raised a few chickens and turkeys. It was warmer there than it was in Diamond Valley so that she could raise turkeys. They also had quite a nice garden, all kinds of vegetables, and also Hearts of Gold cantaloupes and even watermelons. Some of the best watermelons we ever ate were raised right there. The day that we reached Fallon, they brought out a great big rattlesnake watermelon. It must have weighed twenty pounds, or perhaps twenty-five pounds, and they cut off huge slices and expected us to eat those huge slices. But we couldn't eat watermelon like they could because they were used to it, and we weren't. But they were lovely watermelons.

The peaches, too, were simply delicious. I don't think I ever ate a peach with such delicious flavor as some that they grew down there in the Stillwater-Fallon area.

While we were there, they harvested a third crop of alfalfa. Always up in Diamond Valley, we were lucky to get two good crops of alfalfa and then let the third crop grow for feed for milk cows, as pasturage.

They irrigated there differently from anything that we had ever seen before. In Diamond, we always irrigated by the trench method, whereas here, they irrigated in check system, flooding of the ground. The ground was so compact and the soil was so fine that it couldn't be irrigated very well otherwise. They had to make here what they called "checks." They would level the land off so it was practically level; the given area, a few acres, was practically level so that there was very little slope from one side to the other. Then they would run up little embankments, perhaps six or eight inches high, through this so that the whole thing was in checks, and they would turn the water in from one check to the other. It would fill up each one of these checks to a depth of a few inches and gradually seep down to irrigate the crops. The boys had to be out and take care of the water when it was allotted to them. Some, of course, was at night. Sometimes they would be given the water for night use and sometimes the daytime. The water master tried to arrange it so that they would have it one time in the daytime and the next time at night, so that it would be fair to all people concerned.

It was an all-night process to go out and irrigate that way. Sometimes, the boys would lie down on the ditch bank or sit down on the ditch bank and wait for it to fill up. And loftiness they would go to sleep. And, of course, if they went to sleep and slept for too long a period, it would overflow and wash out their checks. So they used to put their hands usually where they knew the water was coming. When the water came to their hand, then, it would wake them up.

We had a wonderful vacation down there, trip. After we were there for about three weeks, we decided it was time to go back to Eureka and settle down to work. We came to Reno, took the train to Reno on our way home. And, of course, we stopped at the McKissick Hotel as usual. And I don't know just what room we had, but Mamie looked out and saw where a fire had been across the street, over on Sierra Street, across on the west side. A store had burned there, and she became nervous, for further description of Fallon-Stillwater area. thinking there might be a fire in the McKissick Hotel, too. They were always taught by their parents to be very, very careful with fire because their house in Eureka was a frame house, and if it ever started, it would have burned down in a very short time because of the poor fire fighting service there in Eureka. But nothing particularly happened there.

On the first day after we arrived in Reno, we went and had our wedding pictures taken in the studio on Virginia Street up on the east side, between First and Second Street, the Riverside studio, I think it was. We did have some of the pictures around, but I don't know; I haven't seen them lately. I don't know just where they are, one at least.

So from Reno, we took the train back to Eureka. In Eureka [we] stayed with the Johnsons overnight and then went out with Nels, who was driving the stage that weekend, out to the ranch. Then we went on down to the Box Springs ranch. And the place that we had rebuilt the year before was not completed by any means, so we lived in the bunkhouse for the first year, which was just a single room, as I have tried to describe it before. But it was warm and comfortable, and Mamie helped me wherever she could in doing the work that was necessary to be done. We fed the cattle during the winter and kept the place going.

Early the next spring, King came to us, King was our little Australian shepherd dog. It happened that we were up visiting at Cox's one weekend, getting our mail, and Minnie said that this dog had come to them, that he was a very sensitive little dog, that a sheepherder of Henry Peters's sheep had mistreated him and he ran away. He was just a young dog, just a few months old; they were just trying to train him to be a sheep dog. But he wouldn't be disciplined; that is, he wouldn't be mistreated and ran away and came to Cox's. They didn't want a dog, so Minnie said if we wanted a little dog, why, we were welcome to him. We were glad to get him because we needed a little dog down there.

We put a little bell on him, a little tinkling bell, something like a little Christmas bell so we could always hear him coming or going, or wherever he was. We always knew when King was about. I had to do a great deal of riding, taking care of the cattle, hunting cattle, and gathering them in the fall, and watching them during the year when they were on the range, so that Mamie was left alone on the place quite a little bit of the time. And King was very valuable because he was not only company to her, but he was a good watchdog and saw that things were going right.

We had two cats at the time. One black cat was quite a belligerent, authoritative cat. Another, a gray cat, had been caught in the trap and he had part of one foot off where the trap had squeezed a part of his foot off at some time. These two cats were our pets. But when we fed them, when Mamie would bring something out to feed them in their dish, the old black cat would throw both front paws around and cover the dish so that the gray cat couldn't get anything to eat. [Laughing] Well, of course, we had to watch to see that the gray cat got his share of the food that was put out. King would always watch, and



he saw what was going on, and he seemed to sense the fact that the one cat wanted to take everything. And so he developed an attitude that was rather in favor of the gray cat, too.

But one day, the old black cat came in (I guess the screen wasn't too tight on the back bedroom window) and was lying on our bed when Mamie went into the bedroom, and here the old cat was lying on the bed. She tried to shoo him out, but he showed fight; he wouldn't go. Mamie had to go get the broom and heist him out with that [laughing], with the broom [laughing]. So he was going to take over.

I used to have quite a little fun with the old black cat. When I'd go down to the field in the morning before breakfast to feed a few of the cattle that were down in the pasture (I fed them over the fence, just a few of the different ones that were kept later in the spring than the others), I used to make friends with the black cat and put him on my shoulder and carry him down about halfway across the field. King would be following along behind. And I would throw the old cat off my shoulder. Of course, King knew that that was the sign for him to chase the cat. The cat would beat a hasty retreat to the nearest fence and climb up the fence with King hot on his heels. Of course, King could've overtaken him, I guess, but he just kept so far behind, just to give the cat a good scare. And he would bark up the post at the cat. And the cat, of course, thought he was safe when he got to the post. Then I went on down and fed the cattle and King came on down with me, and the cat went on back to the house after he knew he was safe.

During the winter, in fact for several years that we were on the ranch, I took correspondence courses with the University of Chicago, which were very interesting and profitable, and I got my full credit, which would be recognized by any universities for

the work that was done. They would send the reading material and study material, and I would do the lesson, send it back, and they would correct it and grade it and return it to me with their grade and with any suggestions that might be necessary. So I got quite a lot out of the correspondence courses I took with the University of Chicago in that way.

Well, I tore down the stables after we finished the house. During the first winter and spring, I finished the house so that we moved into that and moved out of the bunkhouse and into the house. And as I said, I had built a temporary kitchen just to the north, so we had the three rooms of the old original log building and then this little kitchen that we had built on the east side, which was adjacent to the cellar, the old cellar. After we moved in there, well, then I started to tear down the old stable and the corral and rebuilt them. Of course, we, in rebuilding, had to have posts. And that was a lot of work to chop the posts and haul them and get them in. Mamie never did any chopping but she did help with, the other work. She didn't learn to use the axe very well. In fact, I never suggested that she use the axe, but she went with me while I chopped the posts and would help in various ways.

We didn't have a very hard winter; there wasn't much snow and the water didn't come down in the spring. So that following spring, in May, we decided we would take time off and go down and chop some posts in Willow Canyon. There was quite a nice grove of cedar down there (which was juniper, in fact) which could be made into posts for use on the corrals and fences that we were building.

So we rigged up. We first took down a load of hay, a wagon box full of hay, and left that down there in Willow Canyon. And we came back and we took the buggy and the old roan horse that we had that really belonged to my brother-in-law Gene, and went down to camp

out while I chopped the posts. We hobbled the roan horse out during the day and kept him nearby at night and fed him some of the hay.

We hadn't much more than arrived there when it started to rain, the first moisture we'd had for some time. Started to rain, and rained, and rained every day—not only a little bit, but it rained hard. We didn't have a real tent; we had a wagon canvas which we stretched over a rope between two trees. And for a stove, we rigged up an old galvanized tub. I cut a hole, an opening, in the front and had a stovepipe running out through the top to let the smoke out. It rained and rained, in fact, rained us out. So we decided we'd better be getting home because we didn't know—with so much rain, why, the water would probably be coming down. We could use it for irrigating the land there at home. We went home in a mud puddle or a water puddle all the way home. The road was filled with water, and the old roan splashed through the water all the way home. But he certainly was glad to get back. He didn't relish being hobbled down there in the canyon alone very well.

When we got home, why, the water was starting to run out of the canyon already. We turned it on the fields, and while it was almost too late to really make very much of a crop of hay, it did make good pasture and was a lifesaver, almost. The heavy storm we had was almost a lifesaver for crops that we had coming on.

So after that, after the rain stopped and the water, we got that under control, we didn't go down to camp any more, but I would go down [on] horseback and chop posts down that way, down there, and let them season during the summer. And we could use them, then, the next year for building and for fences and corrals and things that we were building. We built a new alfalfa field, cleared off the land above the old road and put in several

acres of new alfalfa. And it came out and was doing fine; it was rich sagebrush soil. In fact, it was some of the soil where big brush that I mentioned north of the house used to stand. Wherever there's a big sagebrush, why, we know that's always fertile soil. Well, this big brush patch that I mentioned was part of the alfalfa field that we put into alfalfa. It did to our place so it would have fall all the way and still not be too steep so it wouldn't wash and fill up.

After he had surveyed it, Jorgen came down (he had a big plow with four horses) and plowed out the ditch along the route that Surveyor Nickerson had mapped out for us. Then we put Pete to work shoveling out the ditch. [We] did scrape out some of it with a scraper, slip scraper, and two horses, but it had to be finished by hand and a shovel. And Pete did a lot of that; I also helped him, of course, in shoveling the ditch out. And Pete said that the water was running uphill; he didn't think the water'd ever run down there. He didn't think that was—he says, “Me see long time.” He says, “Water no run very good uphill.” But he worked at cleaning it out. And when he turned the water in, it did run uphill; at least it came through the ranch all right.

But the ditch always, every year, accumulated a lot of wash and sediment. It had to be cleaned by hand every year. That was quite a job every spring before the water came down, to [go] over there and shovel that ditch out. I usually worked for a month or so at nothing else excepting cleaning that ditch. But it came on down all right, brought the water, as we had expected it would. We made a crossing at the road where it crossed the road to the field below.

And we cleared off twelve acres of land (it was wonderful soil), large sagebrush, below the road. In order to clear the land, we used a rail, from the E and P tracks, a heavy rail.

Of course, it wasn't too heavy a rail, either, a narrow-gauge rail, a full-length rail. We hooked two horses onto each end, used four horses to drag the rail around. We went one way on it, and then would go back the other way. And that way, it tore out practically all the brush; there were a few little brush that remained. We went around and pulled up the stumps, or grubbed them out, and planted it to wheat, first, the first year.

Oh, it came up beautiful! It was a beautiful stand of wheat, irrigated from the water from Davis Canyon. It was up to a height of about six or eight inches, maybe a foot high when late spring came, and also the rabbits. Well, the rabbits came in there by droves. It didn't take them very long to really spoil the whole crop of twelve acres of wheat that was growing. In fact, toward the last, when we'd go over there in the evenings, the rabbits would start to run off there; they'd kick up a dust, there were so many of them on the field.

We didn't grow any more wheat or grain there. After that, we just tried to let it grow into wild grass. We sowed Johnson grass; we heard that Johnson grass was such a wonderful grass; it would take over, provide forage and feed. But it proved that Johnson grass didn't grow in that climate. It was too cold. Johnson grass apparently thrived in a warmer climate. We wanted pastureland, but it eventually built up with native grasses and provided hay.

I was telling about the fencing that we had done and the crops that we had put in, alfalfa and so forth, and how the rabbits had multiplied to such an extent that they were a regular pest. Well, they used to come in to the spring there at our place to drink. A jackrabbit is kind of a peculiar animal. They can live for long periods of time quite a distance from water. But when they can get water, they'll come practically every evening to drink. I've

seen jackrabbits living in places which was, oh, seven or eight miles from water. I don't know for sure how they manage to exist, unless they absorb moisture down holes that they frequent at nighttime. But when they can get water, they will come in to drink. So they used to come there at our spring and drink. I rigged up a blind near the spring where they would come in, and with my .22 I used to lay in wait there in the blind. I'd shoot them by the dozens in the evening, go down after supper and wait for the jackrabbits to come in to take their drink. Used to shoot them by the dozens.

But they multiplied to such an extent that nature came in to relieve the situation with an epidemic of tularemia that went through the country and suddenly decimated the jackrabbit population. It acted rather odd, too. The rabbits acted rather odd when they were afflicted with this disease. It seemed that they would want to seek water. They would come in and take a drink of water from the spring. And then, I've seen them jump straight up in the air after they'd taken a drink of water and kick around and die. So, of course, they died from—without the water, also, out on the ranges. You'd find dead jackrabbits every place. Prior to that, people did consider jackrabbits as edible, and a lot of people did eat jackrabbits; we did, too, especially the young jacks that were nice and fat, the spring jacks that fattened up on the new grass. They were quite edible, especially if they were cooked up with onions or something to enhance the flavor.

Cottontail rabbits were never as plentiful as jackrabbits, but they always frequented the rocks or hillsides or places where they could hide out. Sometimes they were down around the ranches, too, if there were places where they could crawl in under and hide out. But cottontails were always considered very good eating.

After we were married and on the ranch, we always had some horses, or horses that we were breaking or in the process of taming. I remember one day (in fact, Handle reminded me of it the other day), one of the horses that we had taken from the ranges, I had him tied up in the stable while I went to a field to work—about two miles; we called it the “point field”—just south of our place. And she’d heard me say that any horse that was on his back, that would lie on his back very long, he would probably die. Well, she heard a kicking around and a great commotion out in the stable, so she went out there to see what was the matter. She found the horse in a manger on his back. So she felt that she’d have to get over to inform me about the condition of the horse. So she ran practically all the way over. By the time she got over there—two miles—she was about exhausted and out of breath, and came down to the field to tell me about it. I wasn’t excited at all because I thought—felt sure that he’d kick himself out of there before [laughing] I had a chance to ever get back. But she was so concerned about it that I guess I went home to see what the trouble was. Anyway, the horse was all right by the time I got back there. But she was certainly concerned about the plight of the horse in the manger.

Another time, I was harrowing down in the fields and one of the spring storms came up in April, sort of a spring blizzard. They last for only just a few minutes, and when they do come, they throw down the big snowflakes in great abundance for a short time, and the wind blows. Then they pass on over and the sun shines. On this occasion, I stopped the team and sat down alongside the shelter of the team until the storm passed. She looked down and she saw that the team was standing there and she couldn’t see me anyplace. So she didn’t know what had happened. So she ran

all the way down to the field to see what was the matter and found that [laughing] I was all okay. So she was relieved to know that I was okay, but quite provoked to think that [laughing] she had to run all the way down there [laughing].

King was certainly a good watchdog. I mentioned King before. We never had a dog before; he was the first one, and we have never had one since who was anything like King. We thought a lot of King. That was before Andrew was born and shortly after we were married. We made a lot of King and he thought a lot of us, also. On some occasions, I had to take King along with me to help with the cattle. But I tried to leave him at home as often as possible so that he’d be there with Mamie when she was home alone. On this one occasion, I had him over to the point field with me, and a tramp came along (we called them tramps those days, any itinerant fellow that wandered around on foot, trying to bum off the country; we called them tramps), and Mamie was in the kitchen doing something—cleaning shelves or something, and as she turned around, she looked out through the screen door. He was looking right straight through the screen door at her, and, of course, that gave her quite a fright, she being there alone. So she went over immediately and closed the door, and he came to the door and wanted to know if he couldn’t get a bucket of water or do something to help her in some way. She said no, she didn’t need any help; she had plenty of water. First, he wanted a drink of water and she told him, well, there’s plenty of water in the well, just pull the bucket up and help himself. But he apparently wasn’t satisfied with that. But when she closed the door, he couldn’t talk to her any more, and I guess he was a little undecided what to do, also. Anyway, it wasn’t very long after that that I came home. Of course, as soon as King saw the tramp, his hair bristled up and

he was just about ready to attack him right now. I had quite a time keeping [him] away from this fellow.

Well, he stayed there that night and then the next day, of course, we gave him breakfast and supper. He went across the flat to John Sin's place, which was the old White place (that was eight miles across there), and he hung around there for several days. They wouldn't let him inside, either. John happened to be gone—the man of the house had to be gone—and left Mrs. Sin alone at home with the children. And she was frightened, too, at his aspect and general appearance. So one day, when John was gone, he went out in their cellar and he took all their cheeses (they made cheeses; you know, the Italian people made cheeses) and broke them in two and threw them on the floor. Perhaps he was a little provoked at something they wouldn't do that he wanted them to do, so that was his way of getting revenge. So it showed that he really was a character that couldn't be trusted.

Ollie Cox used to run a trap line down past our place, too, about this time. He used to come down about twice a week to inspect his trap line and take out any coyotes that were trapped and reset the traps and see that they were all in good condition. But King always could see him coming several miles away. He'd get up on the house and he'd stand way up on the highest part of the house and bark and bark and bark at Ollie until he got out of sight. For some reason or other, he didn't like Ollie; he didn't like his [laughing] coming by like that.

I had a trap on one occasion set above the house, oh, up near the mouth of the canyon. And one morning when I wasn't there, King came down to the house and he started to paw on the door. Mamie opened the door and wanted to know what was the matter and he started to bark and whine; then he'd run a little way up toward the canyon and turn

around and look back trying to attract her attention. He got her to come and see what was doing up that way. So she got on her coat and hat and followed King up there and she found a coyote in a trap up there. She took the .22 along with her, of course. And as soon as King got there, he rushed in, attacked the coyote, and she had to make him leave the coyote alone until she had shot him. But that was King's way of telling that something had happened. No doubt, he had heard the coyote rattling the trap chain up there and had gone up to investigate.

In our field over there at the point, that was a mile and a half from home, and the one at the rock was around two miles; that was mostly pastureland. There was a spring right there at the southeast corner of the point field where the cattle would come in to water. And there was good grass inside, and, of course, the outside—the grass outside the fence was pretty well eaten off from so many stock. But inside the fence, the grass grew high so the cattle would reach through as far as they could and eat the grass that was available inside by sticking their heads through the fence.

I went over there one day and I found a big bull with his head right through the fence, lying dead. Apparently he'd been struck by lightning just when he was enjoying himself, munching the lush grass on the inside of the fence. Well, I thought that he died happy, anyway [laughing]. But he was one of the nice bulls. He wasn't ours; I don't remember now who was the owner. But there was no apparent markings on him to show that he had been burned by the lightning, but no doubt that's what had happened.

One of the little horses that I broke and we used for a saddle horse and also for work, he wasn't very big; I don't think he weighed more than nine hundred pounds, and perhaps not that. He was a little sorrel. But he got to



be quite gentle and quite trustworthy. Mamie rode him quite often, too, but he was very hard to ride—that is, he was rough riding. It tired a person out, it seemed, to ride him; especially Mamie was always tired after she had ridden old—his name was “Strip”; we called him Strip. He had a white strip down his face. So one day when Jorgen and I had to go to Elko—we would take teams in the fall, usually a four-horse team apiece, and go in for supplies. Mamie, we didn’t want her to stay on the ranch, so we hooked up Strip the morning that we left to the little buggy, the shafts in the buggy, and she took King alongside of her on the seat and took the .22 along. They headed for Eureka where she could stay with her folks until we were back from our trip to Elko. It was quite a long trip to Eureka, and, of course, Strip didn’t know the way, didn’t know where he was going or anything. He had never been up there before. So by the time he got to Eureka, he was really tired out [laughing]; he thought he was, and the buggy was quite heavy. And the horse had to travel the middle of the road, a single horse, where it wasn’t—it was always soft in the middle of the road; it wasn’t like on the side where there were teams, horses in teams always traveled. So he was tired by the time he got to Eureka, and when he saw the places, why, he thought he ought to stop. So Mamie had a hard time getting him up through town to her folks’ place, which was up about a mile and a half south of town. She had to lean out over the dashboard and whip him, and, of course, that created quite a sight. Everybody around there, Mrs. Dan Morrison and some of the others who knew her very well, called out [laughing], “What was the matter,” or something [laughing]. But she finally urged Strip on up through town and got him up to the place. And, of course, Strip was mighty glad to have a place to stay.

But coming back, Strip didn’t get a bit tired. He knew his way back. He knew he was on his way home. And he didn’t get a bit tired on the way back. Coming back, she had no trouble at all. But King was a lot of company for her on the ranch alone, also on trips like that. We got to thinking a lot of King. He had a little bell around his neck, just a little tinkling bell. And whenever he went any place or was around, we could always hear that little tinkling bell.

I used to keep Strip for a wrangle horse; I used to keep him in the wrangle pasture, which was a little pasture surrounding the spring, and it always furnished enough grass for one horse. And I’d go down there and catch him and jump on him bareback and go down and wrangle the horses out of the pasture that I wanted to use during the daytime. One day, one morning I went down to catch him and went on down to wrangle up the horses, and King jumped a rabbit down there that he could just about catch up with. So he did catch up with the rabbit and caught the rabbit. The rabbit for some reason or other couldn’t run quite as fast as rabbits usually do. So King was killing the rabbit and I jumped off from Strip and finished the job for him. Then I took the rabbit by the hind legs and jumped back on and started down to wrangle up the horses.

Well, Strip didn’t like the appearance of this rabbit that I was carrying in my right hand on the side of him. He started to buck. He hadn’t bucked for years and years before that, but he wanted to get rid of that rabbit. Of course, I was bareback and I went right over his head and lit on my shoulders. If I’d lit right on my head, I probably would have broken my neck. But I turned far enough that I landed right on my shoulders. Strip ran off a little way, but stopped. Well, I finally gathered myself together and went and was able to get back on Strip. So King and I rounded up the

horses and brought them back up. But we didn't bother about the dead rabbit any more; I wasn't going to take any more chances of carrying that rabbit home and being bucked off again. Brought the horses on up through the pasture into the corral and got off to close the heavy gate that was the entrance to the corral.

That was the beef gallows corral. That was the corral next to the round corral, off from our big corral. Now as I was closing the gate, for some reason or other, the clevis came loose on top and the whole gate fell on me. It was a heavy gate, too, and I was already crippled from the fall which I had had out there in the field. But I was crippled up then [laughing], and I could hardly get to the house. And Mamie wanted to know what to do, so I told her to turn the horses back on the pasture, that I wasn't going to do any more work that day. So she turned them loose and they had to go through the wrangle pasture on down to the main pasture. So she had to go on down and close the gate between the wrangle pasture and the main pasture, which was a wire gate with a pole on each end—on the end that had to be inserted in loops of wire at each end. And it was all right; I could close it very easily myself, but she had an awful time closing that gate. So by the time she got back up, she was almost as bad off as I was [laughing].

Anyway, I went to the house and went to bed. I felt that I couldn't do anything else, so she was worried about me and then her own work in trying to get that gate closed. So we both went to bed to [laughing] rest up. We were in bed almost all day, but we felt better toward evening. But I felt that catch or pain in my back for two or three years after that. So it wasn't anything that was trivial; it was bad.

World War I broke out in the year 1914, as I remember it. Of course, we weren't involved immediately. But I remember some folks

came from Eureka and told us that a war had broken out and that England and Germany were involved. And, of course, we had always heard about England as being the mistress of the seas and the sun never set on her domains, and all that sort of thing, and had heard very little about Germany's big land armies. Of course, England was much, superior to Germany on the seas; she was known as the mistress of the seas. But we thought that Germany had a lot of temerity to think that she could whip England. That was just a snap judgment which proved to be incorrect, of course. England's land armies didn't amount to a great deal, whereas the Germans certainly had a well-trained organization. We didn't get into it until 1917 and US. Of course, all the younger men had to go and register for the draft. Most of the ranchers were exempted. I was exempted by virtue of the fact that I was a rancher at the time, so I never did have to join up or go into the service.

In the year 1915, Jorgen and Grace, my brother-in-law and sister, decided to go down to Fallon to visit with our folks down there at Stillwater. And we were asked to go along with them for company and also to help out on the trip, if necessary. In those days, a trip was rather hazardous; you never knew what was going to happen, because the roads were—none of the roads were paved, and across the flats, the alkali flats were just like plowed fields. They'd take one road, or one path, across those alkali flats, or young brush flats where the ground was soft; they'd take that until the ruts got so deep they'd have to take another one alongside of it. Some of those places looked like plowed fields, where the tracks were each side by side, Looked like a plowed field across the flat. And you'd go across and the dust would rise in great clouds because it was that fine, powdered alkali dust.

The first day we managed to get as far as Austin, which was quite a trip. We stopped there at the hotel. I've forgotten now the name of it. Anyway—I guess it was the International Hotel. Tie stopped there overnight and got a good start the next morning. That night for supper, we had a choice of menu. I know one of the items on the menu was lamb chops, and Jorgen asked the waitress if it was an old lamb or a young lamb [laughing].

Anyway, we got a good start the next morning, and it was after dark before we reached the Stillwater area; finally found our way into the place where the folks had their place. They had eighty acres, about two miles south of Stillwater itself. We were there for perhaps about two weeks, I think it was, when we were ready to go home. My mother was sick from what was diagnosed as malaria. The water was not tested; it was warm, a warm area down there around Fallon and Stillwater, and she got malaria. None of the others had malaria, though. So she was quite ill, and when we were there, Mamie took over as housekeeper and cook and also nurse to Mother as best she could. But she got a little better; we decided to come on home.

While we were there, one day Mamie was down in the cellar, which was a little way from the house, getting a pan of milk to bring up for supper. And as she was coming out, starting to come up the stairway, she had an odd sensation, and it seemed like she wasn't able to hold the pan of milk. Anyway, she was able to get on up, and by the time she was up at the head of the stairs, why, we were outside, telling her it was an earthquake, that the whole country had been shaken by an earthquake. That was severe enough, but one came afterward that night which was a whole lot worse. We felt a rocking and rolling when we were there in bed and tried to get up. I know I got up and stood in the doorway

between Mother's room and [laughing] our room and it seemed that I had to hold onto the door. And my mother kept a lamp burning; they had kerosene lamps; they didn't have electricity in the house. And she called to me to catch that lamp before it upset. It was on the table by the side of the bed. So it was quite an earthquake. But we lived through it, and when my mother was a little better, we started for home. But Fred was quite concerned; he wanted to know where we were going to stop that night, in case my mother grew worse during the day he would be able to call us back. But she continued to improve from then on out and was soon able to be up and around.

During the year that we were there (we were there for about two weeks' time [in 1915]), the county fair, Churchill County Fair, was being held. That certainly was a good fair. I think it was more complete and really more to see than we have had at the state fairs in various places since then. There was a lot of handiwork that were on exhibit. The women in that vicinity brought their handiwork, like quilts and patchwork of all kinds, knitting, crochet-work—doilies of all kinds, and all kinds of vegetables and grains and other produce of the farm, all types of livestock—cattle, swine, rabbits, chickens and turkeys—most everything that were raised in that section were all on display. And the displays all seemed to be kept fresh and nice. They were kept so that they didn't wilt and become bedraggled looking after a few days.

Also at the fair, there were concessions and shooting galleries and ring-a-duck, all kinds of different games and things to attract people with their few dimes extra, attract anything that might be coming their way. That was always the case at county fairs.

We certainly did enjoy that. There were horse races, surrey races, and foot races, and there was a huge baled hay pavilion that they

erected, where all the exhibits were exhibited. This baled hay was almost like a great building itself. And it was something to see, that pavilion of baled hay. I don't think that they ever had one since then.

It took two days on our way home, also, but we knew the way and knew where we were going and just what to expect in the way of roads and other things, so it didn't seem quite as bad going home as it did going down.

When we reached home, we found our things weren't in a very satisfactory condition. As I previously stated, I believe, when we left home any time, we always left the house unlocked so that people could go in and make themselves at home if they came along, and expected them to take care of things, which was always the case. A great many times, ranchers in the vicinity, or cattlemen, would come around and have to stop there overnight and they would go in and make themselves at home, which we expected them to do and wanted them to do. But we found that someone else had been there, someone going through. Jorgen told us afterward that it was a family, people who seemed to be ne'er-do-well people that came by, and they decided to make themselves at home there at our place because there was no one around. They weren't satisfied to take hay out of the stack and put it in the mangers to feed their horses. They turned their horses loose right in the hay corral. I think they had—I don't know if they had two or four horses—just turned loose right in the hay corral. And when we came, they had gone. But they'd taken every available thing that there was to eat in the house that was [laughing] of any importance to them. So we certainly had to stock up again on food. We didn't mind their taking what they needed to eat, but to go in there and clean the place out, why, that was just something that we didn't think was right.

It was in 1914 or '15 that Mamie had an accident, also. In our bedroom, we had no regular clothes closet, but we did have an improvised one in the corner of the room, which was a shelf put across the corner with a nail in each end and one in the middle, and a string strung across with curtains hung on the string to cover the front of the closet. And above that, we stored hats and anything in boxes that we had that we wanted to get out of the way, stored on the shelf above. Well, one day Mamie took the stool and was looking for something up above on the shelf and as she started to come back down, the ring on her wedding finger caught over the head of one of these nails that was holding the string that held up the curtain. When she stepped down, her weight pulled the ring right into the flesh of the finger and stripped it down for quite a little distance. She herself doesn't know how she was able to extricate herself from the predicament, but she did get away. And it happened that her sister was there at the time, Nevada Johnson. So Nevada came running down to where I was in the field, doing some work down there. And she was excited, and I, of course, had to take care of the horses, take them up to the fence and tie them to the fence before I went to the house, because I didn't want them running away with whatever I was working with down there. Nevada was excited and wanted me to hurry and hurry and hurry, and she led the way back to the house at least, and got up there. She had tried to take the ring off from Mamie's finger by soaking it in hot soapy water, but, of course, it was swollen so badly that the ring would not come off, just impossible. So I got a little splinter of tin and slipped under the ring in back, and took the file and filed it off, filed it in two, and then spread it with my pliers to get the ring off. We didn't have any doctor in Eureka at the time. If there was

one, he wasn't to be trusted, at least. So we did our own doctoring. We worked the skin back in as well as possible, kept the wound cleaned with Lysol water, kept it bandaged.. And it healed all right, but the nerves to this day are close to the surface and very sensitive. So that was quite a little accident, but could have been worse.

Before I went to Elko to high school, there were very few sheepmen in the country. There were a few sheepmen, larger outfits, as we knew them, like the Eureka Land and Livestock Company was about the only one in that immediate area whose base of operations was in Eureka County. But there was also the Wheeler brothers who lived in Reno most of the time. But they did run sheep in our section of Eureka County and Elko County and down into White Pine; I don't know how many bands of sheep they did have, but several bands. And the Eureka Land and Livestock Company also had several bands of sheep. (You'll note that we call them "bands of sheep," not "flocks." Nobody referred to them as flocks of sheep; they were always bands.)

These two outfits did run sheep. In the summertime, they grazed them in northern Elko County and also up in southern Idaho, and as fall approached, worked them back south, down toward Nye County and White Pine. They couldn't get beyond where they could get water until after the first snows came. So they had to depend on good luck in knowing when the snows were coming, and kept them where they could get water until the snows did come.

Sometimes' they could get caught, though, with a big snow that would come early. And that was the case of a happening in about 1915 or '16, when a great many sheep were caught, were unable to get south to the ranges on account of the deep snow, and a lot of the sheep died. It wasn't hard on cattlemen, didn't

affect them too much because cattle were able to travel where sheep can't on account of deep snow. And most of the ranchers also had plenty of hay for cattle so that the situation wasn't bad for them. But the sheepmen depended on getting into the white sage down in the southern counties for winter feed and using the snow for water. Then, as spring would come, they would follow the snow back on north. Usually they would come by our place, usually in March or April, going on north just when the green grass was starting to come. As a usual thing, they would move along quite slowly, a few miles a day, and were careful not to graze their sheep near the ranches because there was a state law\* that no band of sheep was allowed to graze within one mile of a ranch home. But they did stop for longer periods where there was no ranch near.

These two outfits were operating before I went to high school. By the time I returned from the University in 1912, there were others that were starting to operate also. These larger sheep outfits gradually started to hire Basque herders who migrated from Spain and France, the Pyrenees mountain ranges, came to this country for employment. These people were good sheepmen; that is, they knew how to herd sheep and knew what the requirements were for taking care of sheep. That was all they knew, perhaps, in the old country because that's the stats. of Nevada, 1917, Chapter 91. way they made their living. They knew sheep and nothing else at the time. They would be hired by these larger concerns as herders because they really were dependable men. They didn't want to get off on weekends or anything of that sort; they would stay with the herd from spring to fall and from fall back to spring without ever going to town to have

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\* Stats. of Nevada, 1917, Chapter 81



a good time, like so many of the native men would want to do. So they were profitable men to hire for taking care of the sheep. And then they would send back for more, so gradually practically all the herders were people of Basque descent, or were directly from the old country.

And these people were also vary thrifty. They would herd for a few years until they accumulated a little money of their own, and then perhaps two of them would go in together and buy a little herd of sheep and operate for themselves, no expense to amount to anything. They gradually built up their herds until they would have another herd or two. Some of them got to be quite extensive in their operations.

The ranges before the sheep came in were always good. In the canyons were always lush growth of grass in the springtime, especially. And in the fall, it would die down and furnish a lot of good feed for fall grazing for cattle in all the canyons. And up around the springs, we'd find grouse; there was always plenty of grouse and other game birds if we needed them for use, and always sagehens, of course, in season, toot Quail, there were some quail that came in, also. For a few years, there were quail in every canyon. We would find a covey of quail and they flocked around the springs and near the springs and fed on serviceberries and other berries—currants and chokecherries and things of that type. One year, we had a hard winter, and practically all the quail died. After that, why, there were no more quail.

But I was telling about the sheep industry and the Basques coming in to take—which gradually took over. It came to be that in practically every canyon, there was a herd of sheep. And they would come in early in the spring when the grass was just young and the ground was soft, and the sheep's hooves, of course, were sharp. So it was only

a matter of a very few years until the grass was pretty well trampled out. They, being migratory, had no real interest in preserving the ranges; they overstocked them. And when the range was eaten out, they could travel to the next place because they had no ranch of their own; some of them did later on buy a ranch, usually down in Elko County. Several of the larger Basque outfits did buy ranches as their base of operations. But they could go from one place to another if the range became depleted or eaten out; they could move on. They operated without much expense, whereas the rancher had to cut his hay and (had] the expense of cutting and putting up hay and operating the ranch and taking care of his ranches and paying taxes on the ranch property. But these itinerant sheepmen would travel from place to place; they had taxes to pay only on their livestock itself. So it was quite understandable how they were able to operate where ranchers were not. And you can understand quite readily the feeling that sprang up between the cattleman and the sheepman because of this fact. The cattlemen, of course, were there first, and to have the sheepmen come in and take their ranges—Cattle will not graze where sheep have been unless they're really hungry. Of course, sheep can graze land a whole lot closer than cattle can because of the fact that they can nip the grass closer. Horses will not stay where sheep have been at all. And at first there was—I told about the bands of horses that were in those canyons; practically in every canyon there was a small band of horses, and also out in the flats there were bands of horses. But after a few years, these horses disappeared completely. And so I don't think you could find a mustang in that part of the country at all after the sheep had been there for a few years. So there was a certain amount of friction that sprang up

between cattlemen and sheepmen as a result of these range conditions.

As I said, the Basque people were very thrifty and good, substantial people. We certainly liked them personally; we had some very good friends among the Basque people who came in, too. I remember distinctly one of the owners of some sheep had two Basque people come out from France. He was taking them down to his herds to put them to work at herding the sheep, and they stopped at our place overnight one night. And Mamie had just made a chocolate cake, layer cake, and put it on the table and had cut it as [she] usually did for people, in slices. The cake was passed to one of the men and he took his knife and slid it in under the top layer and was taking the whole top layer off [laughing] until the other man told him how to serve himself. We always served ourselves; we didn't pass out the things as they do in society. But these two men sat all evening, I remember, in the living room with their hats on [laughing]. Guess that's about all I can think of for the time being, anyway.

I find that in telling about the sheepmen and herders and the sheep business that I had neglected to tell about a few different things that I should have.

Prior to the coming of the sheep into our country, the grass, the summer and spring growth of grass, dried in the fall and made a splendid feed for the cattle in the late fall and in the early winter. But after the sheep came and trampled it all out, of course, there was no more grass for fall feed.

During the summer, the way they operated these bands of sheep, there would be one herder to each band. And the bands varied in size from a minimum of perhaps a thousand head to a maximum of perhaps five thousand head. Those would be the extremes in the numbers of sheep taken care of in a

single herd. Each herder had a burro with all his needed accessories on the burro in a pack. And the burro stayed with the sheep at all times. And he also had a dog, who was his working partner. In fact, the dog did a big part of the real work. The dogs were trained; the herder could send them up around the bunch of sheep and have the dog bring them in off the hillside and saved a tremendous lot of walking on the part of the herder. So the dog was really not only a companion, but a faithful worker as well. And a valuable sheep dog, well-trained, was a very, very valuable animal.

Besides his cooking paraphernalia and his bed and things of that type that he needed from day to day, he always had a gun, a rifle of the carbine type, which he usually carried slung over his shoulder. He did this to forestall the possibility of coyotes coming in and grabbing one of the lambs from around the edge of the herd or one that perhaps strayed off a little way. So they were always ready for anything of that kind. These guns were usually a Winchester repeater, usually .44 caliber. The sheep always bedded down at night, grazed during the day on the hillsides, in the canyons, and covered a considerable area each day. They would bed down when evening came, and then, of course, the herder himself had a chance to roll out his bed and have his sleep for the night, also. The dog would always be on guard and sleep near the herder so that he was ready for action, too, if anything should happen that would require his attention.

The camp tender, who supplied the herder with needed supplies, usually visited the camp about once a week. His base of operations usually was down on the main road. Of course, they couldn't take the wagon up into the hills where the sheep were. They would usually go out about once a week, he on a horse, going horseback and leading a burro or

perhaps two burros, depending on if he had more than one or two or three herds to visit during the day. He would take up the needed supplies that the herder needed during the week. Besides that, there would be salt for the sheep, which came usually in blocks that weighed, oh, perhaps twenty pounds, most of them, around ten to twenty pounds. These would be made available for sheep because sheep, like other animals, require a certain amount of salt from day to day.

The camp tender himself would have a team of horses and his saddle horse and two—perhaps two or three burros that he used to supply the camps.

Some of the supplies that he would take would be bread, which he would bake up during the week down there. They baked them in the big cast iron ovens underground as a usual thing by putting wood into a hole in the ground, and after it burned down, set his Dutch oven in there with the bread in it, all ready for baking, then cover it with coals. And in about an hour, it would be all nicely baked without any additional heat. He would bake enough to supply the herders with bread for the needed period, about a week. Beside bread, they would take other needed supplies, like coffee and salt and matches and sometimes corn and tomatoes and bacon, raisins, prunes, something of that type. Ofttimes, when the tender would go up, they would catch a lamb and butcher the lamb on the spot. Then what the herder thought he wouldn't need, the tender would take along for his own use down at camp.

Early in the spring was lambing season; it usually came in March or sometimes April, usually March, I think, and shearing period was usually about this time of year, also. Shearing took place usually down near the foothills or in some place that could be easily reached, because the wool had to be taken out

and taken to the market. They would usually have corrals for separating and shearing sheep; a lot of times, these corrals were made out of willows or whatever material was available in the place itself, willows cut down and woven between posts. That way, sheep could be separated out for different purposes.

In shearing the sheep, when we first remembered, when they first came into the country, the shearing was done by hand; there were no mechanical shears used at that time. Later, of course, the motor-operated shears, clippers, came into use. But a good shearer could, in the old days, shear around a hundred sheep in a day, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less. It was hard work and they had to work fast. I don't remember just what they were getting, but I think that they got seven and eight cents when I first remembered the price that was paid for shearing sheep. Of course, later on, they received more than that for shearing.

The fleeces, then, of course, were taken out and they were put into a press, a wool press. These presses operated something like the old type hay press that I described in one of my previous interviews. And the wool, of course, was much heavier than hay. A bale of wool would weigh three hundred and fifty pounds, or thereabouts, and were really quite compact and heavy. After the crew had sheared the sheep and the sheep had gone, they would load it onto wagons, or sometimes trucks in later times, and take it to market, ship it away. Then when the sheep went south in the winter, why, the tender followed them on south to the winter range and operated very much the same down there. Of course, in the south, they could keep right with the sheep, or near the sheep, because of the fact that it was level country down there; they could go all over those deserts down in the southern part of the state, south of Eureka.

As I said before, they followed the winter storms to the southern ranges because there wasn't enough water available for the sheep until the winter snow period. And as more snow came, they went farther south to avoid snow that was too deep. Then, of course, after winter had passed and spring came, they followed the snow back and repeated the old cycle again, which I have just tried to describe.

One of the earlier Basque settlers who came to Eureka County was Isadora Sara. He raised a family and later bought into the Eureka Land and Livestock Company and became the manager of the Eureka Land and Livestock Company. Pete Corta was the one who bought real estate property in Elko County and was a big sheepman in that section.

Others of the Basque people who came to work in the sheep industry, after a period of time, they amassed a certain amount of money and branched out into other businesses. Some bought hotels, bars, restaurants, or other businesses. They usually did quite well in business, also, of that type. But when they first came, they as a usual thing knew very little about anything mechanical or about animals other than sheep. But they certainly did know sheep, and that was their business. They'd learned that in the Pyrenees mountains and they grew up with it. So they were invaluable as sheepherders or handlers of sheep.

I remember very well [laughing] one of the camp tenders came with a couple of horses and left them on pasture at the Nels Toft place early in the spring. And they fattened up during the spring months so that they were really quite fat and raring to go when about June came along. Well, this man came after his team—he'd also left his wagon there—and he was going north, so he got into the wagon. The horses were, of course, ambitious to go, especially one of them. I think one wasn't so

much of a bronco, but the other one was more of a bronco and he was ambitious to go, and so he started off on a dead run. I was at home down in the field working in that wheat patch that I was telling you about when he came by, going north. By the time they reached our place (that was seven miles), they were still on the run. But the driver himself was standing up in front of the seat with his whip just a-whipping that horse, making him go that much faster, thinking that, well, if he wanted to run, he was going to give him a good chance to run. I never knew how far he got, but I just doubted whether he'd ever be able to make the Sadler ranch (which is twenty miles to the north) at the rate he was going, because if a horse wears himself out like that, why, he's going to stop dead still and nobody can move him. Well, maybe the fellow had to walk in; we never heard because there weren't very many people on the roads at that time..

The camp tenders, after they got a little more affluent and automobiles came in, the men who owned the sheep, the automobiles they bought were the Dodge, four-cylinder Dodge, which was a very hardy car. It was built with heavy materials and could withstand a lot of abuse. These Dodges were certainly abused, too, by the sheepmen because they would take them out in the sagebrush and put them in low gear and go right through a patch of sagebrush and clear a road out that way themselves. Wherever they wanted to go, if the old Dodge would go at all, why, they certainly made a road and went.

The car which was supposed to be a little finer, and, of course, higher cost, was the Hudson Super-Six. Those Hudson Super-Sixes were quite a large car as compared with the Dodge, and we could always tell when one was coming by the noise of the exhaust. They seemed to roar. More of the sheepmen that were better off always bought those Hudson

Super-Sixes to travel around from place to place.

The Handley brothers were also two who operated in that section, in our valley and in Newark Valley. Isaac Handley himself came from England when he was a young man. He went to work for the Eureka Land and Livestock Company for a number of years as camp tender and in various other capacities. Then after a few years, he decided to send for his brother, which was Waiter Handley. He was several years younger than Isaac. Walter came and also worked for the Land and Livestock Company for a time. Then the two of them left Eureka Land and Livestock and bought sheep of their own. They were thoroughly familiar with the handling of sheep and got their training with the Eureka Land and Livestock Company. They branched out and bought two or three different ranches, one in Newark and one not far from Eureka, out on the way to Newark. They handled several bands of sheep and became well known, of course, in Eureka and Eureka County. They shipped their lambs and operated in that section, two very fine men.

Then in later years, after the Depression, they sold out their sheep. - Isaac went to California, moved to California. He passed away down there. Walter came to Reno and is still living in Reno. Isaac never had any children of his own as I remember, but Walter had two, a boy and a girl.

Angelo Florio was another sheepman. He came from southern Italy. He was quite a sheepman, quite an investor, and very energetic and quite enterprising, and also a little belligerent at times. He acquired a number of springs for use of his sheep as well as ranching property that he had around Eureka and south. Of course, quite a bit of his time was occupied in maintaining these springs, or in holding his right to the springs,

so That he could have the water for the sheep. Of course, they were contested a good many times because it was something to hold a right to a spring and hold other settlers from watering their sheep there in that one particular place.

But, of course, when the Depression came in 1929 and '30, there was a heavy loss in sheep as well as in other livestock. And those that were involved too heavily, that were perhaps in debt fifty percent of their assessed valuation, were usually wiped out by the Depression because they lost half, and that was about what the Depression did to sheepmen as well as cattlemen at the time.

Jorgen Jacobsen had been talking about sheep ever since about 1914. He was enamored with the idea of getting a bunch of sheep, because he saw how much money some of the sheepmen were making and how they branched out. He always talked sheep, sheep, sheep and wanted me to go in with him and buy a bunch of sheep, take them south in the wintertime. He even suggested that Mamie and I go along for the winter, spend the winter in the south. But we just couldn't see it that way. We were satisfied to stay with our cattle, because we knew that cattle were a safe investment, that there wasn't perhaps as much to be made from cattle as there was from sheep, but we didn't know anything about sheep—that is, the handling of them—so we decided to stay with our own line of work.

There was a Sadler, one of the Sadler relatives, Herman Sadler, who lived in San Francisco. That was his home; he had been born and raised there. He had great ambitions to do great things with the Huntington Valley Sadler ranch. So he acquired a little money from the owners of the property down there; they had the estate. I don't know just what relation they were to Sadler. Of course, Sadler himself may have had some little interest, but



it was perhaps his father who was, I think, the brother of Reinhold Sadler, who was our governor at one time. Anyway, this Herman Sadler came up to show the people of Nevada how to operate a ranch profitably. He had a few thousand dollars that were advanced to him; I don't know just how many thousand dollars he did have. But he came up and made some changes, brought in peas and he planted quite an acreage to peas and brought in a lot more cattle that he fed, whereas before, most of the hay was either sold or fed out to someone else. He bought cattle and stocked the place, which was, of course, a good idea there. But he was going to instill a little new blood into the operations.

His cattle didn't have sufficient range down there in that area, in Elko County, so he used to run them up into our country, also. That was before very many sheep came in; that was 1914 and '15 and '16, about there. He ran his cattle up, brought them right into the valleys, shortly after he'd turned them out in the spring in March and April. And, of course, they would drift all through the valley and eat up a lot of feed.

Mr. Henry Baalman was a man who lived up in Davis Canyon, which was just the canyon north of our place. And he had some mining interests up there, prospecting it was. He mined, operated a little mining interest that he had of his own, never hired anyone, but he operated a little from day to day, took out a little. He, of course, didn't have much money of his own and was anxious to get a few dollars wherever he could or however he could. So he rented Davis Canyon one summer to Herman Sadler for his cattle. There was a fence across the canyon, about halfway down, and they drove the cattle on up and closed the gate; the cattle would ordinarily stay up there. But really, he had no right to rent it because he just had a cabin of his

own, and this fence that was put across the canyon was our fence because it had been there for years and years and years, before my time. My father had used it before us to keep cattle and horses up in the canyon during the summertime. So we didn't think it was right to bring the cattle in there.

So Fred and I—that was after Fred came from Stillwater. I'll tell you a little bit later, but [laughing] as long as I'm on the subject right now—when Herman Sadler and his two men brought about two, three hundred head of cattle and put them up Davis Canyon and then went on back home, secure in the knowledge that the cattle would wax fat on the fine grass that was up the canyon, he hadn't much more than reached home, I guess, until Fred and I went up there and shoved the whole herd of them over the pass to the north, back into Five Mile Canyon, and then they would drift on back toward home range. But it was every man for himself; he had to take care of his own interests or he would be eaten out, wouldn't be able to find feed for his own stock.

Along about 1915, we started to hear reports about a rabies epidemic that was becoming prevalent in certain parts of the state. And it didn't take long for it to drift into Eureka County. It affected—of course, the first thing we saw that were affected were coyotes.

One of the first coyotes that I ever saw with the rabies was one that I saw when I was up to Nels Toft's place. I was up there one day and old Pete was out to the woodpile chopping wood. And the old coyote came and Pete saw him coming, but he ran down to the house to get his rifle. He had one of these great big .45-.70 rifles, a Winchester repeater, an old model, but it carried a forty-five-grain bullet (a lead bullet) and seventy grains of black powder. And when it discharged, it roared like a cannon! Pete used to use it to shoot deer with in the fall. He would nearly always bring

a deer home, because one of those slugs, when it hit a deer, why, it would certainly kill him. It was a big heavy bullet; it didn't have a great deal of velocity, but when it did strike, why, it would shatter anything that it did hit. Pete saw the coyote and he ran in to get his .45-270, but by the time he got out, the coyote had disappeared, going on farther north; he was making his way on north. And I happened to be there and saw it also. So it was in the afternoon and I had to go on home.

It was in the spring, I believe. I was still feeding some cattle at the point place, about two miles from home, feeding them by hand. They were in the field, and I just pitched them hay off the stand and over the fence and then [would] go up and scatter it for these twenty head of cattle that I still had in the field. I was feeding them, and here this same coyote came right along, right from the south. He had perhaps come through the brush and along through the fields as I traveled along the road. Because when a coyote or a dog was afflicted with rabies, they'd strike out in one direction and they keep going in that one direction, right straight. You could hardly deflect them from that one course that they were pursuing. Well, this one was bound north, and nothing was going to interfere with his going north. I saw him and I threw the pitchfork at him, which was not a very good idea, either, because I didn't have anything to defend myself [with]. Anyway, I didn't hit him, but he just went out and he nipped at one of the cows that I was feeding, nipped a cow on the back leg and then started off north again toward our home, continuing on his northern trip.

So I jumped on my horse and didn't lose any time getting home to tell them about it. But Grandpa Dibble went out and got the axe, I think it was (I told him that he was coming), and I hadn't much more than reached home when here I saw the old coyote coming on up

the lane from the spring. He had come to the spring and was coming right up on the lane toward the house. And Mamie was out with the .22 and I got the .22 and he came on past the house, and I was starting to shoot at him; I don't know how many bullets I put in him at quite close range. And he started on up toward the foothills to get around the house. I had put several bullets in his body and also one or two in his head, but he kept right on going. I happened to get pretty close to him, and he made one lunge, tried to grab my foot in the stirrup, and he almost did, but just not quite; he missed it far enough so that I was safe in that respect. But finally, I got enough bullets in him that he died. But they're awfully hard to kill when they're in that condition because their brain is not normal anyway. Dogs will do the same thing.

One night, we heard a noise outside. We usually, of course, kept King penned up so he wouldn't be bitten by anything during the night. We didn't keep him in the house as a usual thing, but we kept him someplace where he wouldn't be bitten. We heard this dog barking or making an awful noise out there; he wasn't barking. But we went outside, and here this dog was trying to get through the fence into the yard. He was chewing on the wire and trying to get through the fence, so I went in and got the .22 and shot him. It was a few days after that that we heard that somebody in Union had lost their dog. The description fit this dog entirely. So he had become afflicted with rabies and had started out and made a beeline, no doubt, and came up that far. They thought a lot of that dog. We never did tell him that we killed the dog [laughing]. But it was the only thing to do.

Of course, when they get going, they want to get water, too. Among cattle, the idea of cattle, the symptoms of rabies in cattle was different. They wouldn't start to run, travel,

but they would go out of the herd as a usual thing, at the edge of the herd, and just start to bawl and bawl and bawl. It was a kind of a pitiful call, it seemed. You could always tell when they had rabies. And I'd get on my horse and go down close to them; why, then, of course, they would charge me, they tried to chase me. And I would open up the gate at the edge of the field, the fence, and just keep far enough ahead of the cow that was afflicted until I got her outside the fence. And then I would shoot them out there, put them out of their misery, and try to burn the carcass as much as possible with sagebrush and things like that.

I never did see a horse with the rabies, but there were some that were afflicted with rabies. And we were told that they would try to bite. Cows—cattle and dogs and stock would always froth at the mouth when they were afflicted with rabies.

Toward the end of the epidemic, they did get a vaccination for dogs. The doctor in Eureka had a vaccination [with] which he would vaccinate dogs for a five-dollar fee. Most everybody that had dogs that they thought anything of too, them in there to have them vaccinated against possible rabies attack. But before they had this vaccination in Eureka, one morning I was out in the corral milking our milk cow, one of our milk cows (we just milked one or two for our own use during the year); I was sitting down milking the cow and I heard a noise behind me. King was there and he and a big coyote were fighting, right in the corral; it was about fifty feet, or less than that, from where I was milking the cow. The coyote, no doubt, had crawled under the gate and was coming right toward me and my back was turned. And I have no doubts at all that he would have snapped me before I knew that he was there if it hadn't been for King.

Well, King and the coyote had a big battle, and they were fighting and kept on fighting. I ran to the house and got the .22 rifle and came out and shot him, but King had a lot of—several bad bites on him. We knew there was no chance of keeping King because he was so badly bitten in so many places that we knew that he would contract the rabies in a short time. And it wasn't even advisable to keep him around to await the results. So I had to take King and shoot him myself. That was the hardest thing I ever had to do. And for a long time after that, it seemed that we could hear the little bell, King's little bell.

When this rabies epidemic first broke out, of course, everyone was alarmed, and for protection, I sent away and got a revolver. And I had a holster and carried that revolver with me wherever I went. Even when I was working in the fields and whenever I went outside, I always carried that revolver with me, fully loaded, prepared for action. But it just happened that I didn't have the revolver on that morning when I went out to milk the cow when King protected me. But it wouldn't've done any good anyway; the results would have been the same. I didn't happen to ever have to use it when I was in the fields, either. It seemed that I just didn't happen to have occasion to use it on any rabid animal that happened to come along.

I had mentioned that Katrina Jacobsen was born to my sister and brother-in-law in the year 1912 in Elko. My sister came in there—I think I mentioned it; I'm not sure. But she was very, very ill at the time and was very, very sick because she had never had any medical attention before. And when Katrina was born, she was very, very sick. For a period of time, they didn't know whether they would save her or not. Then in 1913, Lloyd, a boy, was born, about a year later.

In early September, about the first week of September of 1916, my sister and Mamie went to Elko. We, Jorgen Jacobsen and I, took them in to Elko and they stayed with a nurse there whose name was Mrs. Frances Leberski, who was very, very good at time of childbirth, took care of mother and child very, very well. They stayed at her place until on September 9, 1916, Beth Jacobsen was born. Beth was a twin; there was a little boy born at the same time, but he died at birth. So Beth was the only one saved. Then two days later, September eleventh, 1916, Andrew, our son, was born. So he was just two days younger than Beth.

I stayed on the ranch after we took them in. I stayed on the ranch, had to take care of the ranch. I didn't have any automobile or anything in those days to travel to Elko. Quite a trip. So I stayed on the ranch but Jorgen Jacobsen was in; he and Auntie Cox were in a day or two after the babies were born and came out and stopped at our place on their way home. They were trying to describe Andrew, and Auntie Cox said that he was all head and legs [laughing]. But he was a tall child and he did have quite a large head for a little baby. So I didn't go to Elko to bring Mamie back until she was able to come, which was about three weeks after the children were born, the babies were born. It was close to the first of October before we went in to bring them home.

By that time, weather can get quite severe up in Elko County. There was a big storm that hit Elko just at that time, or on the day that I stopped on the way into Elko that night—the day before I reached Elko, there was a big storm in the Rubies. There was a Scoutmaster out in the Rubies that had a Scout group that were caught in the storm. And the Scoutmaster and the group were lost. They had finally found a place, a refuge, in one of the cabins or something in the mountains and

stopped there overnight. And the Scoutmaster himself seemed to contract something that acted very much like rabies. Nobody knew whether he had been bitten or something before, but he seemed to wander away and act very much like someone who had rabies. Anyway, he died before they could give him medical attention. Dr. Claudius William West, who was one of the physicians in Elko at the time, was summoned out to give the first aid to the Scouts that had been on the trip and also to the Scoutmaster if they could get him in time. He went out to Lamoille, and in order to get up to the cabin where they were quartered after the storm, he had to crawl on the flume for quite a long distance on his hands and knees. And, of course, he wasn't equipped for that and wore out his trousers right down to the bare skin, and I suppose he wore off a lot of the skin, too, in crawling on the flume. Dr. West was a wonderful physician, was very conscientious, too, at that time. He was quite a large man, a fine looking man.

So I went in with the wagon to bring out the suitcases and the luggage, and all that sort of thing. Jorgen had a Ford automobile, a 1915 Ford, which Nels Toft, his uncle, had bought for them to use. And they were using that on the ranch. So he went in; he said, "I'll bring out the womenfolk and the babies if you'll bring out the luggage." The road didn't go on over the Lamoille summit at that time. They had a shortcut which went over by the hot springs and out that way. You had to go over quite a summit. I started out with a team and the suitcases and luggage and anything that I had to take on home. And the others came in the Ford car, Model T Ford, on their way home. They had to go over this quite steep summit, and Mamie and Grace had to get out and carry the babies up the steep places, because the old Ford wouldn't navigate the steep places.

There was a peculiarity about the old Ford; there wasn't a pump that supplied the fuel; it was done by—the tank was higher than the carburetor and it was just gravitation that fed the gas down into the carburetor. If you had to go up a very steep hill, oftentimes the carburetor would balk and wouldn't function for lack of gas. But it didn't have a great deal of power, either, so they had to walk up the steep places, which was quite a trial, too.

Anyway, they got over the summit and came on and started home. The roads were muddy from the terrific rain that they'd had for several days. When they finally reached the Sadler place down there in Huntington Valley, night was coming on. So they got out and went inside to warm and dry off a little bit and feed the babies. Mrs. Henry Snackenberg was there at the time. Mrs. Snackenberg was Herman Sadler's sister. And her husband, Mr. Henry Snackenberg, was working on the ranch. He did most of the ranch work itself. Herman Sadler himself didn't do very much work; he did mostly riding around and supervising and bossing of the job [laughing]. But the Snackenbergs were fine people; we liked both Mr. and Mrs. Snackenberg. And Mrs. Snackenberg said, "Well," she told the folks, "now, you don't have to go on. It's getting late and you should stay here tonight. And we'll make room for you; we have an extra bedroom and you'd just as well stay with us tonight and then get an early start to go on home the next morning." So it was arranged that that was the way that it would be done.

Herman Sadler happened to be out riding or something. He came in a little later and he put his foot down; he said, "No," he says, "I'm not going to be in a house with a lot of squalling kids all night." He says, "You've got to go on home." That was a neighborly gesture, you know [laughing].

So Jorgen said, well, okay, they'd get in the car and come on home. They were afraid they'd get stuck in Railroad Canyon, which was really bad when it was wet. And it was not only muddy, but it was really sticky, and the water would settle in those little low places in the canyon where it would settle in a regular pond. They had to go up around almost on the side hill to get around this pond of water and mud in the bed of the canyon. Anyway, Herman said, "Well," he said, "if you get stuck," he says, "you can come on back," which was logical reasoning [laughing]. "If you get stuck, you can come on back."

We started out and did make it home. Of course, I only went halfway because I had a team and couldn't drive all the way home, stopped at one of the ranches. But Mother was with them; Mother had come. My mother had come up from Stillwater shortly after the babies were born to be with them there and to come on out home. I didn't know that she was coming. And when I went on into Elko, when I got there, why, I went in to see the babies and Mamie and Grace, and Mother came out from hiding and surprised me. I was quite surprised to see her there. Before I came into the room, why, Jorgen, my brother-in-law, said, "Well," he said, "we'll just put these babies up and see if Andy knows which is his baby." So [laughing] they were there on the beds together and Jorgen said, "Well, now," he says, "here's the two babies." He says, "Which one do you think is yours?"

Well, I looked and I didn't have any trouble picking out our baby. [Laughing] I thought that Beth looked very much like her dad, so it was no trouble deciding which was mine. And I was right. Andrew weighed over ten pounds when he was born. So that was—I got that confused with myself. I weighed ten pounds when I was born, my mother said. I don't remember it, but she said I weighed



ten pounds, and I had two teeth when I was born% Now isn't that something unusual? I had two teeth when I was born and weighed ten pounds [laughing]! That doesn't have to go on the record, though [laughing].

When they got home, the day before I got home, they found that the chicken house had been raided by cats and nearly all the chickens were gone. There were some dead chickens scattered around in the yard. And it was late at night when they got there, but we had left a little place where the chickens could go in and out of the chicken house so they could take care of themselves, and left plenty of feed for a few days. But the cats had found out that we were gone and they raided the chickens. There was one cat especially. The next morning after the folks arrived there, they saw a big cat out in the corral near the chicken house, came back to hunt for chickens. Mamie took the .22 rifle and went out in front of the house and took a shot at the old cat. The bullet passed through the cat's spine and crippled his back part, so that he just dragged his back parts. He started off down through the brush near the road. My mother wanted to go out and kill him with a hoe, but Mamie wouldn't let her go down. She said that the old cat might spring on her, but I don't think he could have, because he was paralyzed in such a way that he wasn't doing any springing.

After I got home, Mother and I went out and we followed the trail where the cat had dragged his hind parts for quite a ways into the brush, and finally we lost the path and came on back home. But it was several days after that, when I was out in the corral one morning, here came the old cat, dragging his hind parts right down toward the old chicken house. He was pretty well worn and hadn't had anything to eat since he had been so well fed on the chickens before the folks came home. But I guess he had enough chicken stored

away to last him for a few days. But the hair was all worn off where he'd dragged his back parts. I went in and got the .22, and, of course, dispatched him forthwith. That was one of the episodes of the chickens in the chicken house.

Mother stayed on the place and visited, then, for two or three weeks before she went back to Fallon, to her home in Fallon.

in 1916 (that was the same year, a little later, in the fall), the folks sold the Fallon place, the Stillwater place, and Mother and rather bought a place in Fallon, a little home there on Stillwater Avenue, to live in. And Fred came up to our place, to Diamond Valley, came back into Diamond Valley to stay with us. That was in the fall, November of 1916. Andrew was two months old at that time. We didn't have too much work there. Fred stayed in the bunkhouse, lived in the bunkhouse, and boarded with us and operated a trap line. Right in November was the prime time to start a trap line anyway, because the animals, the furs, were prime at that time of year. So he operated that trap line all that winter and did quite well.

In the spring, then, of 1917, our folks decided that it was quite expensive living in Fallon; they had no income. We invited them to come up and stay on the ranch if they chose to do that. So they decided that they would sell the place. They didn't sell it at first; they rented it for a few months before they finally sold it. They had thought they might come back there. One of the old relics that had been in their home for so many years which I have described before was the big box that we used to have in the kitchen, where Mother had always stored her fruits and sugar and things like that so that we children couldn't get at it and overindulge [laughing]. She had taken that to Stillwater and then on to Fallon. And when she left Fallon, thinking that she

might be back or would send for the box later, she stored a good many of her things that she prized quite highly, stored them in this box and left them on the back porch. But when they sold the place and went back to get the box and the contents and a few other things that they had there, they found out that the box had been—everything had been taken out of it and scattered around, and most of those old things that she had that she prized so dearly were lost, old pictures and things of that type. Didn't have a great deal of intrinsic value, but sentimental value more than anything else. But she—things that she didn't want to lose.

When they sold the place in Fallon, they bought a Model T Ford, 1917 Ford, paid The whole sun of five hundred and fifty dollars for it. It was the first model where they had done away with the brass radiator. Before that, the models of '16 and prior had the old brass radiator with an octagon top. This had a regular black radiator, and, of course, the side curtains, which were put up whenever it stormed. We thought that anyone that had to travel with curtains all up were certainly sissies because we had always traveled out in the open and thought everybody else should.

They came in June of 1917, just at a time when Mamie and Andrew came down with an attack of measles. They were certainly sick from that attack of measles, especially Mamie. She and Andrew both were broken out all over and flushed red with the [laughing] measles that they had caught, just at the time that Mother and Father came from Stillwater or Fallon.

About this time, the World War I was on, as far as the United States was concerned, We became involved in 1917, and, of course, all The young men of available age had to register and report. Some were taken and some weren't—others—we were in the stock

raising and ranching business, so I wasn't called up for service in the first World War at all. Had to go take my tests and classification, but I was never called into service.

Rationing, of course, was applied at that time. It was quite stringent, too. We were allowed a certain amount of sugar and a certain amount of flour and a certain amount of other staples which might be scarce. In buying flour, if we bought ten pounds of flour, we also had to buy ten pounds of rice flour and ten pounds of corn flour. Of course, everyone who bought had to comply with the regulations. But most people didn't use the corn flour or the rice flour for making bread. I don't think that the rationing was really very effective as far as the flour was concerned, because it was used for feeding chickens and things of that type, animals. So it really wasn't wasted, but people didn't make bread out of the corn flour and the rice flour to my knowledge. We had quite a supply of flour on hand, which we had to report. But when we were allowed to buy more, we always did buy a little more to be sure to have some on hand. Some places, they did take some of the flour and sugar or other staples away if they thought the rancher or the party had too much on hand.

In 1917, Mamie began to have pains in her abdomen, and so we went to Elko to see the doctor, find out what the trouble was. The doctors diagnosed it and said she had appendicitis. They had no real hospital In Elko at the time such as we would call a hospital today. So Dr. West told her to go home and to return in a couple of weeks, and they would be prepared to take care of her at that time, that he didn't think she would have any more attacks during the time that we were gone. So we went home, and in about two weeks we returned to Elko and they were ready to operate. They had acquired an old home, a larger old home, and

fixed it up for a hospital. It was not, of course, like the modern hospitals, but they did have one or two registered nurses that took care of their patients in a pretty good way. And operating for appendicitis was something new about then. In fact, they were just starting in Elko to operate for appendicitis. The others before that—patients—had gone to Salt Lake or Reno, or perhaps other outside facilities. She was quite ill from the operation because there seemed to be a lot of gas on her bowels that they couldn't get rid of. They said they took her intestines out on a plate and had them out for almost an hour when operating, which would be unheard of now. So she was really very ill afterward for several days and suffered a lot of pain for a day or two, also, but the nurse brought in some tablets and told her, "Now, the doctor left these tablets. If you're in very bad pain, we'll give you some of these during the night. But don't take them unless you have to, because they always have a depressing effect." She was in a lot of pain, but she didn't take the tablets. She withstood the pain and eventually recovered from the attack.

The flu epidemic broke out in the fall of 1918. Everyone around town who were in crowds or mingled with other people wore masks which were made out of gauze, covered the mouth and nose, and were tied in the back. Nearly everyone made their own masks out of wide bandages of cheesecloth and used some sort of antiseptic on the bandages. We were lucky; we didn't get any flu, but there was a lot of flu around and a lot of people died. Even in Eureka, a lot of people died. One of the main troubles was that they would get pneumonia afterward. But sometimes, it would take them without their knowing it; they were very ill. It seemed to be a subtle type of disease which really took away a lot of the people.

Two that we knew were down between Eureka and Tonopah. They had the ranch there

out in the hills. One was Alfred Pedlar and [the other was] his brother-in-law, I think—a relative, anyway. They had two children, Alfred Pedlar did, a boy and a girl which were, oh, I'd say ten or twelve years old. The men contracted the disease and didn't think they were too ill. The snow was deep on the ground, but one morning when the children got up, both their father and uncle were dead. The children managed to get their horses and hook them up to the sled and got to a neighbor to report what had happened. It was quite a heroic attempt of the young people to do that. It showed that they were really born of the West and able to take care of themselves.

In the spring of 1917, Fred bought Jorgen Jacobsen's half interest in the Box Springs place. So he took over as the co-owner in the place with me. And we went to Ruby Hill and bought an old house—that is, one of the older homes up there that wasn't being occupied. It was one of the Fine's; it belonged to Harry Fine's father and mother at one time. We bought the place and tore it down piece by piece, loaded it on the four-horse wagon and hauled it out to the ranch and rebuilt it out there just as it was built at Ruby Hill. We built it out there for the folks—my father and mother. In the meantime, they lived in our house while this house was being built. That was during 1917 that we rebuilt it. That was my first experience at building, especially handling lumber in rebuilding. It made a comfortable home; it was not a very big home. It had two bedrooms and kitchen and living room. We also built on a shed for woods and other things that they needed to store, and a little cellar underneath.

In 1918, Harold Jacobsen was born, he was the third child; there was Katrina and Lloyd and Beth and now Harold, in 1918.

At this time, also, Fred and I contracted to carry the mail to Eureka on Saturdays. The

contract read that the mail was to go in on Saturdays and back on Sundays. We received in the neighborhood of ten dollars, just a little less than ten dollars a trip for carrying the mail to Eureka and back. When the roads were good during the summertime, we used the Model T Ford which my folks had brought from Fallon when they came up the previous year. But during haying time when we were real busy, Grandpa Dibble said that he would carry the mail. Prior to that, we had been going in one day and back the next. So we asked the postmaster in Eureka if it would be satisfactory with William Cox, who was a postmaster down there. They said okay, that if they went in and back the same day it would be all right with them, too. So it was taken up with Washington and Washington also approved, So Grandpa Dibble, when he started out, we didn't expect him back until the next day, but he went in to Eureka and did the business and was back before night. So he really set an example for us younger people. So after that when we drove the car, if the weather was good and the roads were in condition, we always went in and out the same day, also. But he really showed us up on that part.

In the wintertime when the roads were bad, we used the spring wagon, usually two horses, and made two days' trip of it. Sometimes it was very bad; we had to go on horseback if the snow was very deep. We would go up as far as Jacobsen's in the evening, and then from there into town the next day. That was when the snow was very, very bad.

In 1917, shortly after we got the mail contract—'17 or '18—Mamie was playing with Andrew on the floor—that is, he was on the floor and she had a ball and was throwing the ball to him; that is, scooting it along the floor, and he would pick it up and throw it back to her. And as she was boosting the ball along the floor (just a wood floor that

we had—didn't have any linoleum or floor covering on them excepting rugs, throw rugs, in spots), she ran a sliver under her fingernail. That was while I was gone, one evening when I was in Eureka carrying the mail. She ran a sliver under her fingernail which was as large as a large-sized toothpick. It went clear back the full length of the nail and into the quick beyond and broke off. Grandpa Dibble and Fred tried to pull it out and get it out, but they just couldn't do it. So she suffered a lot that night and all the next day, and kept it soaked in carbolic acid, or Lysol water, to keep down the infection as much as possible. When I reached home the next day, which was in the afternoon, toward evening, I took a file and held her finger tight and filed clear through the fingernail from the base to the front of it, got hold of the sliver, and pulled it out. But luckily, it didn't break off again; it all came. It was perhaps a quarter of an inch back into the quick beyond the fingernail.

In the fall of 1918, of course, the war terminated in November on Armistice Day, and everyone was glad to be relieved of the war. We thought that was a war to end all wars; we thought there would never be another war, which was only natural. We had hopes that that was going to be it, anyway. Of course, they were celebrating and jubilation on the part of practically everyone. We didn't hear about it until a day or two before. Of course, we got newspapers once a week of the weekly variety, and the week before, [in] our last newspaper, there was some talk of an armistice. There was a report that the Germans were about ready to give up, but we didn't know for sure until the news came, the glad news that the war was over. At least an armistice, and, of course, that led to peace.

That fall, my wife's brother, Gene, had a contract to carry the mail from Eureka to Union. In fact, he and his brother-in-law had

the contract to carry it all the way to Palisade. There was some disagreement with the railroad; the railroad was running all right, but they had a disagreement; they wanted a certain price for carrying it, or anyway, the government couldn't come to terms with them for carrying the mail, so it was let up to bid. And these two men took the contract to carry it to Palisade and back once a day. There wasn't very much work to be done on the ranch during the time, during the winter, and Gene Johnson didn't have anyone to carry the mail as far as Union, which was his part of the contract. so we agreed to carry it for him for a period of time until he could get someone else, or the contract was terminated. So we moved to Eureka and lived with my wife's folks, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, moved in there in late November. Andrew was just two years old at the time.

At first, there was just a little snow on the ground. But eventually, about a week or so after we started, there was plenty of snow that came. And so practically all the winter long, I had to carry the mail on the sled. I would take the team from Eureka and drive it out as far as Sulphur, where my brother-in-law lived, the Sulphur ranch, changed teams there for a fresh team on to Union. I also had my lunch there with them and in the afternoon would go on to Union, and we had a place to stay there. There was an Italian fellow there named John Sestenovich, who always had a hot meal cooked up for us, and he was a pretty good cook. His name was Sestenovich, but he always went by the name of "John Brown" because people had trouble pronouncing his name. He said, "Oh, just call me John Brown." So everybody knew him as John Brown. Anyway, he always had good meals cooked up for us and we had a good place for our teams. And so I would meet the driver from Palisade there and take his mail the next morning on

back to Eureka, and he would take the mail that I had and take it on back to Palisade.

The snow was quite deep, but we had good teams and the road was kept open by traffic that was going up and down. Nobody thought about grading out the roads or grading the snow. We continued this until about the first of February. On the first of February, the contract was terminated. The railroad agreed to take over the carrying of the mail. So the teams were laid off and their contracts terminated while the railroad carried the mail from then on out.

So we came on back home to the ranch and helped them with the ranch work. And the snow was still quite deep when we came home. I know the snow was at least a foot and a half deep on the ground, and they were still feeding the cattle just about all they would eat because the weather was cold, also.

Late that spring, Mamie's father had an accident down at the depot. He was working down at the depot night shift taking care of things for the railroad during the nighttime, keeping the engine fired up and keeping it warm, ready for the trip the next day. And when he heard about the Armistice, he was so glad that he felt jubilant, in fact, a little too jubilant. He jumped off of a moving car one day and fell and broke his collarbone. It was—the doctor set it, but setting a collarbone with the facilities that they had in that time was quite a serious operation. Now, I believe, they wire the bone together, and in that way, keep the union in place. But where it just had to be done with bandages—and he was so active anyway—it really failed to knit. So it really didn't knit, but he tried to work even though he was in pain from that.

Then along in mid-spring, he was taken ill with a fever, and nobody seemed to know just what it was. We had a new doctor, Dr. William Henry Brennen in Eureka, who was



from Pennsylvania. He tried to find out what type of fever it was; it was several days before he really discovered it was Rocky Mountain, or tick fever. So he was a very, very ill man, and died a few days later. Of course, we were in town for the services and things. All the sons came from Tonopah—Martin and Chris and George—for the services.

Then after he was laid away and things were being straightened up, we all decided to take a little trip to Tonopah to see the folks where Mamie's brothers lived and worked. And Mamie's sister, also, Nevada, went with us on the trip down there. We went in the old Ford, the old Model T Ford. The road was really rough. We got quite a good start in the morning, thinking we would make Tonopah early in the evening so that we would be there before night. But it took a long time to travel those roads, and when darkness came on, we could see the lights of Tonopah way out ahead across the flat from up there around Belmont someplace; I'm not sure just where we were. But it seemed like an interminable time before we reached Tonopah. The roads were corduroyed, and we could go just so fast and that was all. If we went too fast, why, it would shake things to pieces; or if we went too slow, it would hit every one of those little corduroy ruts. We would drop into every one of them, which was really worse. So we had to speed up to just about the right speed in order to get over those corduroy roads.

Anybody who's never had traveled over corduroy roads doesn't really realize what it is to try to travel over those, especially with the old Ford with the high-pressure tires. Nowadays, with what they call the balloon tires, when the balloon tires came out, why, they were a little larger, and we thought we really had something. But the old Ford had high-pressure tires which carried a pressure of sixty pounds, and they were thirty by three

and a half. When the old Ford first came out, when we first got it, it had thirty by three smooth front tires. Front tires were smooth as they could be; there was no tread on them at all, excepting the smooth rubber. And the rear tires were thirty by three and a half. But they were on the same size rims, so it wasn't very long when we had to change tires. We also got thirty by three and a half for the front wheels, which were really better. They had the tread, also.

So when Grandpa Johnson passed away, there was no reason for Grandma Johnson's staying at a place in Eureka any longer. In fact, she couldn't live there long. So it was arranged that she come live part of the time with Gene and part of the time with us. So that arrangement was made and Gene sold the place in Eureka for her that fall.

On September fourth, 1920, Virginia was born in Elko. We also had Mrs. Frances Leberski to take care of her, and she went in a week or two before time and stayed with Mrs. Leberski. But with both Andrew and Virginia, and also my sister Grace when she was expecting, they never had a doctor's advice or never consulted a doctor up until about the time that the birth was due. But there was no complications or trouble. We took Mamie in and left her with Mrs. Leberski and went back to the ranch. We had figured about the time that Virginia was due. So Andrew and I stayed on the place together. That is, I took care of him at night; he was only a little less than four years old. I took care of him at night but Grandma Dibble took care of him during the daytime and learned to think a lot of Andrew and took care of him just as well as anyone could.

Well, when we decided that it was about time for us to go to Elko, we got in the Ford—that is, Andrew and I—and started for Elko. when we got five miles from home, at what

we called Five Mile Canyon, there had been a flood that came out of the canyon and washed quite a lot of mud and debris down and washed out the road to a certain extent. I forgot my shovel at home.

But we did get into the middle of the ditch where the flood had come down and the old Ford stopped. We got out and I didn't have anything to scrape the mud away or try to make a rut for the wheels to get out on, so I took the floorboards out from underneath the front, between the front seat and the dash, and used those to scrape the mud away and worked some sagebrush and things in under the wheels, and finally, we got through. Andrew was less than four years old, but he remembers that to this day. He knows that, remembers about our using the floorboards in the car to work ourselves out of the mud.

But there were no further incidents in going on to Elko. There were some, of course, big ditches on the way to Elko—that is, side ditches. The road was all right; it wasn't washed out. But Andrew always talked about it. If he only had his little shovel along, he'd fill some of those big ditches [laughing]. His shovel was a great tool for him. He always carried that shovel around when he was on the ranch, and was always using that shovel, his little shovel.

Got into Elko and it so happened that Virginia was born the day before. So we arrived there on the day following. We arrived on the fifth and went up to see Mamie, Andrew's mother. Andrew wanted to know why she was in bed. He said, "Mamma, get up. Mamma, get up!" [laughing] "Don't stay in bed." And she showed him Virginia, but he didn't seem to be very much interested in Virginia. He wanted to get going. He said, "Come on, Daddy, come on, Daddy. Let's go. We've got things to do." So [laughing] we left

his mother and went back in the evening again to see them.

Of course, we couldn't take Mamie and Virginia home that time; we had to go back home. And in about ten days after that, we went in and brought her home. We had a little buggy, the same buggy that Andrew had used which we had bought secondhand when Andrew was a baby, and paid five dollars for it. So you see, we were quite frugal and thrifty. It was a pretty good buggy, even at that. And Virginia was lying in the buggy cooing and Andrew was looking at her one day. And he turned to his mother, and he said, "Just think, Mamma. It won't be very long until she'll be up running around and she won't be laughing up at me any more," [laughing]

I almost didn't mention the twins' birth. They were Vida and Vera, their names. They were born in October, about a month and a half after Virginia. I think I mentioned them casually, but I wasn't very specific in the mentioning. They were born on the ranch, a little bit sooner than expected; Grace hadn't gone to Eureka or Elko to be in a hospital or be taken care of by a physician. So they came unexpectedly, and Jorgen sent word over to Auntie Cox, who lived, of course, only one mile north from there. Auntie Cox came over immediately and took charge of the situation while someone else went to Eureka for the doctor. The doctor arrived in due time, a few hours later, but everything was well taken care of. Auntie Cox made the best of the arrangements; she didn't have [laughing] anything prepared. Auntie Cox tore up some bed sheets and sterilized them in the oven and took care of the babies and Grace. Everything was in prime condition, according to the doctor when he arrived, so he had to stay only just to make examinations and see that things were all right. He went back to town, and that was it. Auntie Cox stayed and took care of the

twins and Grace. Of course, Katrina was old enough at that time to go ahead and take over the household duties. She was eleven years old. That was in 1920.

So after my father and mother were comfortably located in the house that we built, the one that we had taken from Ruby Hill, we decided we also needed more room in our place for us there on the ranch. So in the fall of 1920, Fred and I went to Ruby Hill and bought another house up there and tore it down. We didn't bother about trying to mark the different boards because we wanted to build it up differently from the way it was built at Ruby Hill. We hauled it down and tore down the temporary kitchen which I had made adjacent to the three-room log house that was the original building, and tore the roof off the cellar. Father Dibble helped; he did most of the rock work to rock up the cellar. Fred and I hauled the rocks, trying to get the flat rocks, and he rocked up the entire four walls of the cellar. So it was a little smaller, but it was really nice and clean. Then we built a living room right over the old cellar. We had to dig it a little deeper in order to make it deep enough with a room built over the top of it, the floor over the top of the cellar. We dug it perhaps two feet deeper, taking the dirt out with a slip and a team,

Then there was a kitchen that we built on the north of that, and a storage room between the living room and the old part of the house. So there were really three rooms that we built on from this lumber that we hauled from Eureka. And it made it quite nice and comfortable—large kitchen, quite a nice living room, and the storage room in between. We went down to the cellar from the storage room. In the storage room, we kept the wood box and we kept the dish cupboard, and we stored our flour in there, and a lot of other things. I also had my darkroom in there,

because I did practice taking pictures, not for profit, but just for our own satisfaction. (I still have the camera that I bought when I finished school.) And I used that for a darkroom; there was a little window in the south end which could be screened over and made the place real dark. So that made things more comfortable for us. We had more room, much more airy.

In the fall of 1919, Jacobsens were without a teacher up at their place, and sister Grace and Jorgen asked if I wanted to take the job of teaching the school for the term. We thought it over and talked it over. I got a permit to teach from the deputy superintendent of public instruction. So I taught the term of school from the fall of '19 until the spring of 1920.

The schoolhouse was at Jacobsen's place, or Nels Toft's place. We had Katrina and Lloyd the first year, and there were one or two other children that were brought in order to make up the number of students required to hold the district. It was always interesting teaching there because you'd give the children a lot of individual attention. In fact, I taught there for two years, 1919 and 1920. Then Pearl Ricketts came in as a student the second year that I taught there. Pearl Ricketts was Minnie Cox's daughter. In fact, in 1914, Minnie Cox had married Bert Ricketts and had moved to Elko where they lived. They lived for a time in Isleton, California, and moved back to Elko. And Pearl was born there in Elko. Bert died in 1916, so Minnie was left a widow with Pearl, who was born in 1915. So Pearl started to school in 1920, there at the ranch at Diamond Springs. So that year, there was Katrina and Lloyd and Pearl and one other child. I used to ride horseback up and back each day. The salary was eighty dollars a month at the school.

In 1921, the schoolhouse was moved to a point halfway between our place and

Jacobsen's, which was on Willow Hill, just off the road. The schoolhouse was moved bodily; it was not a very big schoolhouse, just a frame building, and was loaded on the four-horse wagon, hayrack, hoisted up and loaded on the rack and taken down there and reset down there on Willow Hill. We taught school there until 1925.

So then, of course, Harold came in. He was born in 1918, so in 1923, he came in as a student. Also, Andrew and Beth started. Andrew and Beth were born in 1916, so they started in 1921 when we moved the school building down to Willow Hill. So there were Katrina and Lloyd and Pearl and Andrew and Beth, which made a nice little country school.

We didn't have too much in the way of play equipment. We had horseshoes, which we played during the recess and noon hours, and a ball; we did a little playing of ball games. But mostly, the children devised games of their own to play during the noon hour.

Pearl, of course, being without a father, was humored to a certain extent. And Ollie was wondering when she came to school what I would do if she went on one of her tantrums that she sometimes pulled at home. And it so happened that Pearl never did cause a bit of trouble; she was always a good student and always was well behaved in school, as were all the rest of the children. I had never had a particle of trouble in any way.

Some of the things that they did outside in playing were rather crude. One day, Pearl suggested to Beth, says that they found a badger hole just down below the road. She says, "I'll stick my head down the badger hole," and says, "You play that I'm badger. And when I come up out of the hole, you hit me on the head with a sagebrush." Of course, Pearl just thought that Beth was going to make-believe hit her on the head, but when Pearl brought her head up, why, Beth did hit her on the head

with the sagebrush. And [laughing], of course, Pearl cried and shed a lot of tears and came in the schoolhouse and sulked for a while, but she got over it, anyway, after a little bit, and there was no more trouble [laughing].

In 1922, Minnie, Pearl's mother, was taken with a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. And George took her to Eureka to the hospital there at the south end of town for treatment. And she was really quite ill. Doctor had to drain the pus out of her lungs by a drain from her back. She was ill in the hospital there for quite a period of time, a month or so; I don't remember just how long. Of course, we went in to see her occasionally.

One time when we went in to see her, one of the inmates of the hospital was a colored woman they called "Peg." That was her name; I don't remember what her last name was. Anyway, she was a little, small, wizened colored woman who had spent very much of her time in mining camps. She was around Cortez for a number of years. Everybody knew her in that section of the country. I think that her birthplace was down in Alabama, but she'd found her way into the mining camps and followed that—mining camps—the boarding houses, and things of that type. But eventually, she became too feeble to really take care of herself that way; she wasn't really feeble, but wasn't able to work and support herself. So she was brought to Eureka to the county hospital there.

When we went to see Minnie one day, after we came out of the room where Minnie was and were out in the other part of the hospital, Peg was out there and she saw Virginia. Virginia was just two years old, wasn't quite two years old yet. So, oh, she wanted to shake hands with Virginia. And this was the first colored person that Virginia had ever seen. And Virginia was sizing her up and down, up and down. So she held out her

hand to shake hands with Virginia. Virginia was a little reluctant at first, and she looked at her mother and me, and her mother told her, "Why, sure, shake hands with her. She's a nice lady. You have to shake hands with Peg because she wants to shake hands with you."

So Virginia, rather reluctantly, shook hands with her. Then after she had shaken hands, she wiped her hand on her dress and then looked at her hand to see if it was black. Peg got quite a kick out of that. And Peg laughed and she says, "Isn't she a caution!" [laughing] Anyway, why, Virginia made up with Peg and they were friends. And when we left, why, Virginia was willing to wave to her and Peg told her to come back and see her again.

We took a vacation trip to Yellowstone Park in 1923 with our friends George and Rob Anderson. I have told about that trip in another chapter. When we returned home, there had been so much rain practically every day that we were gone, at our place, just the same as it had been up in the Yellowstone. The water was coming out of the canyon in a large stream and had been coming out ever since we left. And it kept Grandpa Dibble quite busy keeping the water turned onto the fields, so the grass was high and we got a good crop of hay. Also, in the yard, the grass was so high all around the house and all around the yard that it was something that we hadn't seen before like that.

Well, George and Rob were good friends of ours and had been and have been ever since, until, of course, George's passing just a few years ago. But they used to come out to the place every once in a while, perhaps at least twice a year, and visit there on the ranch. On one occasion when they were there, we had a dinner. Mamie gave a dinner. We had a large turkey. When he was dressed, he weighed thirty pounds. It was really a big turkey, and it

was all that Mamie could do to get him in the oven after he was stuffed and ready to roast. So we invited quite a number of the folks around the valley, also, to come and be with us at the dinner because we had plenty of turkey and other goodies to eat. George Anderson and Rob were there, too, as well as some of our own neighbors.

We had talked about our experience teaching at the little schoolhouse there in Diamond Valley and had come to a point, in 1925, when that was the last year that we taught there in Diamond Valley. I forgot to mention that at the end of every school term, we had exercises, which was quite the thing in those small schools. All the pupils were glad to get up and do their bit at the exercises. The people, parents and interested neighbors in the vicinity, would come to be present, also, and it was really quite interesting. The children always did quite well because they were glad to practice their pieces and knew them all by heart. I don't remember any of the pieces that were given at that time, but speaking about recitations and things of that type at the end of school makes me harken back to the time when we were kids in the little schoolhouse halfway between Cox's and our place. And I remember quite well about one period when school was out. Seemed like everyone had several pieces to do. One of the pieces that I remember [laughing] was a dialog between two colored boys. I've forgotten now just who did the skit, but I remember that two colored boys met on the street, and one said, "Well," he said, "haven't seen ya, Zeke, for two, three weeks. What y' bin doin' f'all de week back?"

And the other one replied, "Nevah had a weak back."

The other one said, "What? Nevah?"

Said, "No, nevah. Always as strong as a lion, Zeke!" [laughing]



Then a piece that I spoke was [laughing]—I guess that I was about eight years old, I guess. Been well over sixty years, yes, seventy, but I remember some of it, about “Barney O’Linn and the Leeches.” It went something like this (and, of course, I stood up there and looked straight ahead and recited my piece in a monotone, like children usually do if they’re not schooled [laughing] to better expression:

Bad was the wife of Barney O’Linn,  
Worse did she get, and more fallow  
and thin;  
Nothing but taters could Barney  
obtain,  
Wife had had them again and again;  
Sickened was she and one morning  
did cry,  
“Barney, my darling, I’m sure I shall  
die.”

Barney was busy, just scratching his  
head,  
But left his amusement, and ran to  
the bed;  
“Was it dying ye mentioned?” said  
Barney, the thrue,  
“Don’t die till I fetch you old Dr.  
MacDrue.”

The doctor appeared and went off to  
the bed,  
Counted her pulse and shook his bald  
head,  
Then, taking a rickety tub for a seat,  
“Barney,” quoth he, “what’s your wife  
had to eat?”

“Taters, your honor, and salt now and  
then,  
But it’s seldom that same’s seen by  
Barney O’Linn.”

“Barney, some leeches I’ll send her  
to try;  
If she don’t have them soon, she’ll  
speedily die.”

The dozen of leeches made Barney  
to stare:

“Tare an ages!” said he, “but they look  
mighty quare,  
And bottled he’s sent them, as thrue  
as I’m here,  
But how we’re to cook them I’ve not  
an idear.”

“His worship left word, Barney, didn’t  
he, eh?”

“No, sorra a sentence his honor did  
say,  
But sure we can’t tell how they’ll be  
till we’ve tried,  
So six shall be biled and the rest shall  
be fried.”

Well, Barney biled six with taters, he  
did,  
And the other half dozen he fried in  
the lid.

Well, I’ve forgotten exactly what—I  
know something about what happened, all  
right. He took the six that had been boiled  
and persuaded his wife to try some of them.  
So she put one of them in her mouth and  
chewed and her eyes got big, but finally, she  
gulped it down. But she didn’t want any more  
boiled leeches. So [laughing] he persuaded  
her then—maybe it was the fried leeches;  
they should have been fried; I should think  
they probably would taste a lot better. So he  
persuaded her to finally try one of the fried  
ones. She munched on it a little bit, “by some  
means or other, / She bolted it down, but she  
tried not another.”\*

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\*[Anon.], “Barney O’Linn and the  
Leeches,” in Phineas Garrett (ed.), *One  
Hundred Choice Selections* (Philadelphia:  
Penn Publishing Co., 1909), Vol. 27, pp.  
122-124.

Well, the outcome was that Wifie got well right away quick after that. So [laughing] on future occasions when Wifie was indisposed, all Barney had to do was mention leeches and she was a well woman, forthwith. I wish I could remember it all, but that's all I remember, anyway. [Laughing] So those occasions were quite memorable occasions, and also, everyone had a lot of fun. We learned the pieces so that what Fred and Grace and Minnie Cox spoke, we— that is, Ferris and I and Ollie—could go in and do them just as well as they did, I think [laughing]. Anyway, we knew them all by heart.

And after this Barney O'Linn, after I'd finished talking about Barney O'Linn, Mary White, who was one of the invited guests and who was there, leaned over to my mother and whispered, "Well, just how are leeches cooked?" [laughing]

In our first interviews, we told about how, when we were children, Father Dibble put up hay in the summertime. Of course, as time went on, those methods changed. By the time that we came back to the ranch and took the place over, after we were married, methods had changed. For a year or two, I did do the pitching, and we did do it by hand. But then shortly after that, we got a buck rake which was all the go at the time. Every ranch had a buck rake or more; the larger ranches had several. These were horse-drawn contraptions that had a sort of a big rake in front that was pushed ahead. Had long teeth, perhaps about ten feet long, spaced about a foot and a half apart, and there were perhaps ten or twelve of these mounted on a frame which was on two wheels. Then it extended back for a seat for the driver and a singletree on each side of the driver, where a horse was hooked on both sides. These horses were driven very much the same as any span of horses. If you wanted to turn

right, the left-hand horse was urged to go ahead, and, of course, they would turn the buck rake around. And if you were going left, then you would urge the one on the right to go forward and it would push it. There was a swivel wheel just under the driver's seat which operated to allow the contraption to turn around. They were very successful and made the work a lot easier.

In working on the ranch, I usually drove the buck rake. Then we had a John Deere stacker, also, which was a boon, too, in putting up hay. The buck rake operator would follow along windrows, or along a row of hay bunches, and pick up the load of hay on the buck rake. And it was a quite compact load because it was pushed on. The team sometimes would have to pull pretty hard in order to get a full load. Then the fork itself, the rake part, would be raised by a lever just in front of the driver's seat. He would pull that lever back and raise the front end of the teeth off the ground so the weight would be all on the wheels. Then they would go on back to the stack, pull up over another fork, which was very similar to the one on the buck rake, and let the teeth down and deposit the load of hay on the fork of the stacker, and the go on out to the field for another load while the one that operated the stacker would raise it, very similar to the way a derrick would raise it. The fork would remain in a horizontal position and swing out over the stack. And at a given signal from the stacker, the operator of the John Deere stacker would pull a trip cord and trip the load on the stack.

When we stacked hay, or when we did our haying, our hay there at the Box Springs ranch was usually ready just after the Fourth of July. And a crew of hands from Nels Toft's would come down to help with the haying there. And then after we had finished, which

was perhaps about two weeks, we would all go on up to Nels's and do the haying up there.

Usually Mamie did all the cooking for the crews. Her mother was there after she started to live with us and helped out in the way she set the table and helped with various things. Mamie did the cooking, so she learned to be a pretty good crew cooker [laughing]. And you have to feed those crews pretty well, because they're quite stomach-conscious. And if they didn't get a good meal, they would let the rancher know that they wanted something better to eat. That happened on one or two occasions that I remember. Not at our place, but [laughing] I can remember its happening at another ranch.

And we would, as I say, leave the place and go on up, and Mamie would usually help my sister, Grace, with the work at the Nels Toft place.

Mamie's brother, Chris, lived in Tonopah at the time. He was working at a department store there. And he was married and had a little girl. They used to come to our place about once a year during the summer vacations when Chris got his vacation. They would come up there and spend a few days on the ranch with us. They were quite experienced hunters. Even the wife, I know, was a good shot, also, and Chris; they liked to hunt grouse and things like that. In Davis Canyon, the next canyon north of us, was a good place to hunt. There was always grouse to be found, and sagehen and things, other game fowls. He also liked to hunt ducks or anything that was available. But we didn't have very many ducks there on the ranch because we didn't have enough water. However, there were usually ducks up at the Nels Toft place, there being a lot of water up there. So he worked in Tonopah for a number of years. Then Mr. Eaton of the Reno Mercantile Company happened to be in Tonopah one time. He saw

Chris working and liked the way he handled customers and asked him to come to Reno to work for him there. So Chris considered it and came down to Reno and saw what the setup would be and accepted the position. And he worked for Mr. Eaton then, until the time of his death here in Reno. So after they moved from Tonopah here to Reno, they didn't come to the ranch any more. They had other places to go and it was a little too far for a vacation, they thought.

On one of the trips that George and Rob made up to the ranch, we went across the flat to visit some friends on the other side of the flat. And on our way back, it was after night. But there was a moonlight and everything was quite visible. But it seemed like there was something went wrong with the old Model T Ford out about the middle of the flat; at least I thought there was something wrong. And I put on the brake, the emergency brake, but I guess I didn't get it on far enough to stop the car. The flat was smooth and there was always a little vibration of the car, so that it was hard to tell whether the car was really moving or not. So George says, "Well, I'll get off and see if I can see anything wrong with it." And so he opened the door and stepped out and fell flat on his side and rolled over two or three times. The car was still moving [laughing], and George thought that I had played a trick on him. And I didn't realize that, since I saw him fall, I jumped out, also, and I fell down [laughing]. But it shows how level the flat is and how level it was at that time. Mamie had to reach over the front seat and pull on the emergency brake [laughing] to stop the car. George was almost getting sore because he thought I had [laughing] played a joke on him until he saw that I fell down; then he had a big laugh about it, too.

We'll return now to some things that are a little more somber. In 1923, Uncle William

Cox died. He was taken to Eureka—became ill and was taken to Eureka. He had been in rather failing health for a year or two. So the Post Office had to have someone for a postmaster, so it was moved up to Mr. [Henry] Baalman's place in Davis Canyon.

Baalman was a man that was a prospector—that is, he had a little mine that he worked; he didn't ever take any ore out for shipment, but he did get some pretty good samples, and one or two people at different times put up a little bit of money to finance him on his way. He had a daughter in Salt Lake City and he corresponded with the daughter. So the daughter thought she would come out to see just what the setup was. And he was telling about how his "dauther" was coming out to see him. And he prepared quite elaborately in his own way to receive her. Anyway, she came to Eureka and then got an automobile to bring her down to The place. But she apparently didn't think too much of it; she just stayed part of one day, and then the same automobile then took her back to Eureka. She found out just how her father was living, but it perhaps didn't live up to the glowing account that he had given about his prospects as a mining man.

Mr. Baalman was a little unusual in several ways. He had some goats and he milked The goats for his own milk. He thought that goat milk was good for his health. He was one of those who was health-conscious, also. Even though he did say that he had liver trouble, he used an unusual amount of cocoa. He would get cocoa by a five-pound can, and with every meal he would take a large heaping teaspoonful of cocoa and then pour boiling water on it. That was what he would drink. And also, between meals, he drank That cocoa, which was one of the worst things for his liver, if one has any trouble with his liver, but he didn't seem to realize that. He was also quite a crank on bread. Of course, he

made his own bread, being way up there in the canyon. He never bought white bleached, bolted flour, always bought the whole wheat flour and would mix in almost half bran with that. So you can imagine how his bread was; [it] was really heavy bread. There was no yeast that was powerful enough to really raise it up. He was pretty much of an outdoor man and quite active, did a little scratching around in his mine and also did some more prospecting, but I don't think he ever found anything that was very rich, at least we never found out about it. We'll hear about Mr. Baalman a little bit more at a later period.

As I said, Uncle William Cox died in the spring of 1923. Then in that fall, along about September, I think it was, Nels Toft also died. He had been ill for quite a period of time, over a year or two. He had been quite ill and bedridden for the last six months, stayed there, right there on the ranch, and was taken care of there in the old house.

A year or two before that, Nels had arranged to have a new house built for Jorgen and Grace and the family. And it was built just north of the old house. It was built of concrete. Henry Wedekind was the carpenter and also The man in charge of operations. It was the same Wedekind that used to be here in Reno; he had a brother here in Reno, also. One of the landmarks is the old Wedekind mine between Reno and Sparks, landmark of the Wedekind family. This was quite a comfortable house; it was built of solid concrete, though. And it was really cold in the winter and hot in the summer, because when the sun shone on it (there was no insulation), it became as hot inside as it was outside because it would follow right through the cement blocks, there being no air space between. In fact, it wasn't cement blocks; it was built with frames put one on top of the other, similar to the way that basements were built here in later years.

And it was rather cold in the winter. I know in the kitchen, where there was a metal nail in the wall or anything, it would be frost on that nail, right in the middle of the day. But it was quite a nice home.

But Nels died, and when he passed away, he left a will, leaving everything to Jorgen—the ranch, which was free of all debt and livestocked with cattle. So it was quite a nice inheritance.

In 1923, they had made a trip, Jorgen and Grace and the family, to Yosemite after we came back from Yellowstone and told them what a fine time we had on the Yellowstone trip. Grace and Jorgen decided they would take a trip, too. So they came west and came through the Yosemite. I don't think they went as far as San Francisco; I don't remember their mentioning that.

So after Nels passed away and left the cattle, Jorgen decided to go into the sheep business, and therefore, fulfill the dream which he had had for so long a time. Nels would never listen to going into the sheep business; he was thoroughly satisfied with the cattle business. So when the uncle passed away, why, Jorgen went into the sheep business with a Basque who was quite friendly with them and knew the sheep business from A to Z. They acquired one or two bands of sheep, and, of course, Jorgen stayed on the ranch during the wintertime and let the Basque go south with the sheep in the winter, to take care of the sheep down on the southern ranges. there was a hard winter; it was quite hard, and a good many sheep died. And Jorgen's bunch of sheep came back quite decimated. So nobody knew for sure whether all the sheep died that were missing, or whether the man in charge had made some bargain.

After Uncle William died, Auntie Cox and the children became dissatisfied on the ranch and so they sold out the ranch to Jacobsens.

Jorgen bought the ranch and stock from them for a figure; I don't know just what they paid for it. And Auntie and the family moved to Elko where Auntie bought a lodging house there on one of the main streets and took in roomers. She and Minnie took care of the place. When they went to Elko, of course, Pearl went with them. And as I had told you about Pearl being in school with the Jacobsen children, and Andrew, also, so that when they moved to Elko, Pearl, of course, had to attend the larger school. The first day at school, she came home crying, she didn't want to go back to that school any more. She wanted to go back and go to school to Uncle Andy. She always called me "Uncle Andy" and called Mate "Aunt Mamie" because the Jacobsen children always called—we were Uncle and Aunt to them, and she being with them all the time, learned to call us Uncle and Aunt, the same way that they did. And to this day, she calls us Uncle Andy and Aunt Mamie, which is quite nice.

Pearl married in later years, and her husband eventually died. They had four children. But Pearl has been postmistress at Lamoille for about ten or twelve years, perhaps more than that. They live at Lamoille. The children are practically all grown. One of the daughters works here in Reno in one of the hotels, has been here for a number of years, the oldest daughter.

In 1923, Bill Crofut, Jr. came for a visit with us. Bill Crofut was the son of Bill Crofut, Sr. They lived in Cleveland, Ohio. Bill Crofut, Sr. was the owner and manager of the Forest City Rubber Company, which was a company that bought rubber products wholesale. Then they packaged them under their own name, the "Sentinel" brand, for sale to different places; these dime stores and other stores handled their line of products, which was the Forest City Rubber Company products.



Bill Jr. had graduated from college at the age of twenty-two back there in Cleveland. He and three other boys decided they wanted to take a little trip West. So they bought an old Ford and each put in a certain amount of money. Bill's father gave him one hundred dollars and said, "Now, this is for your trip. But I'm quite sure you'll be calling for more money, sending for more money before you get back." But Bill right then and there decided that he would walk back before he'd send for any more money from his father [laughing]. So all four of them came to San Francisco, California, and visited there. I guess that the money was about all gone by the time they finished visiting there. Anyway, Bill got a ride up to Palisade (I think that he probably rode the rails or was on the train), and I guess he had enough money to pay for his ticket to Eureka. He came on out to the ranch for a visit with us.

Bill was new to the West and everything was different, but he had a great visit there. He went with Fred on his trap lines. In the meantime, we had bought Fred's interest in the ranch, so that we were owners of the ranch, and Fred had gone out to trap the upper trap line which extended over into Ruby Valley, across the Overland Summit. Bill went over there with him one time and spent a few days, and Fred stayed over there while Bill came on back. Fred took him to the top of the Overland Summit there, at the end of the Ruby Mountains, and told him where the pass was to go over the Diamond Range coming down at the Diamond Springs ranch where the Jacobsens were living. He said, "Now, there t5 the little pass; you can see it right through there. And if you'll make a straight line, you'll not miss it." So he had to follow the route which the old Overland Trail followed; it was the same route that the Pony Express followed, also. But the trail had

been pretty well obliterated; it was grown up with brush so that no one could really follow the trail any more. It hadn't been used since practically the time of the Overland exodus into California. But Bill kept his eye on that pass and found his way across and came down all right to the Jacobsen place. And he spent a few days up there and then he spent a few days down at our place.

When he was down at our place, we did some of our working of the cattle in the fall, which, of course, happened every year. And we thought nothing of it at all when we took the calves in and roped them and branded them and earmarked them. It was a matter of course; we had done it all our lives and we thought nothing of it. But to Bill, it was something that he couldn't stomach very well. He had never seen anything like that. He didn't say anything at all, but he left the corral and went into the house and sat down on the chair. Mamie said his face was quite white, and she said, "Well, what's the matter, Bill?"

He says, "Well, I never thought anybody could be so cruel to poor little calves." He says, "Cousin Andy out there is branding and marking those poor little calves, cutting their ears, and—and putting that hot iron on their hip. It smokes and they—they bawl and they struggle trying to get up, but they're held down by those ropes." And Bill was quite sympathetic for the calves. But we didn't know anything about it until after it was over. He didn't come back to view the proceedings any more for the rest of the day. He'd had all [laughing]—about all he wanted.

Bill, then, when the time was ready for him to go, he went back to Elko. Someone was going to Elko and he went back to Elko and finally got back to San Francisco. And from San Francisco, he signed up to go on a freighter through the Panama Canal and around to the East Coast. He had to work his

way because he didn't have any money. And, of course, the old hands knew that he was a green kid, and they took advantage of him, too. When he had been at the ranch, why, Father Dibble had asked him if he'd ever done any boxing or knew anything about athletic experiences to take care of himself in case of an emergency, and Bill said, .oh, no, he thought that diplomacy was the best thing. He had never gone in for boxing or wrestling or physical exercise of that type. And Father Dibble told him, well, he thought it was a good idea for every boy to know how to handle his fists and take care of himself in an emergency, because he says, I've been through the mill." He says, "I was on the plains and went through a lot, and I know that it stands a person in hand to take care of himself." Well, Bill couldn't see it that way.

But on the trip around Through the Panama Canal, it got quite warm. And the regular hands, of course, they realized that he was a green kid, as I said, and took advantage of him. He had to do a great deal of the hard work, and there was one sort of bully that punched him around a few times. And some of the others said, "Well, why don't you stand up and fight?"

And Bill said, "Oh, I don't know how to fight!"

They said, "You fight anyway!"

So the next time the bully came around and punched Bill, why, Bill also tried to swing at him a few times and did the best he could. He got licked and knocked down a couple of times, but nevertheless, the rest of the crew respected him and thought a lot more of him afterward because he had stood up for his rights. And even the bully thought more of him, too.

Some of the old clothes that Bill was wearing got so dirty that he and one or two of the others that were working their

way around tied Them on the end of a rope and trailed them on behind the boat in The waters down there in the southern waters, where the water was really a little warmer. That's the way they washed Their clothes. But they came around through The Panama Canal and up the coast to—I guess it was New York where they landed, and Bill came on home, a much wiser boy than he had been when he left. That was a great experience for him, the whole trip.

So he then went back into the factory with his father and worked there, and eventually took over the place when his father died a few years later.

In the following year, in 1924, we had a cousin, Julia Crofut, who was a teacher back in Connecticut, in Naugatuck, Connecticut. She had taught school a number of years. Then one winter, she and another teacher decided that they wouldn't teach, that they would spend the winter in San Diego where it was warm; they had heard a great deal about California. So they came in the late fall to San Diego and spent the winter there. She and the other teacher had a room and spent the winter vacationing at San Diego. Then, when spring came, along about May (she had been writing to us, of course, all the time), we invited her to come and visit us on the way back if she was going back to Connecticut. So it was in May that she came to Palisade on the train.

She told about when she was waiting for the little old E and P train to come to Eureka to take off the next morning, why, she saw a big turkey buzzard wheeling around above the town of Palisade, and she became frightened. She didn't know but what it might be some big eagle that [laughing] would do damage to her. So she ran inside, asked what that bird was. They told her it was just a turkey buzzard, that he was harmless if you didn't contact him.

She came on up to Eureka. I was going to meet her in Eureka, but Jorgen knew she was coming. Jorgen had been to Eureka early in the morning, and as the train came on up, he came on out to Garden Pass, flagged down the train, and took Cousin Julia off, and took her home. As I came by the next morning going to Eureka to carry the mail, Grace and Jorgen came out to talk, and I told them that I expected to meet Cousin Julia in Eureka. She was supposed to come in the day before, and, of course, they knew that. Well, pretty soon, Cousin Julia came out from the house. I knew the minute—I'd never seen her, but I knew who she was. So I went on to Eureka and carried the mail and then came back and brought her on down to our place. So she had a little visit with the Jacobsens before she came down home. She was there from the middle of May until about the twentieth of July.

We had a wonderful time. That year, we didn't have much hay; there hadn't been much snow during the winter, so there wasn't very much hay. In fact, there was very, very little hay. So we didn't worry about the hay crop. We had just a good time riding horseback around different places. Julia was always ready to go. We also went to a number of dances in the vicinity and had a general good time. Like Father and Mother Dibble, especially Father Dibble, thought that we were neglecting our affairs there on the ranch during the time that she was there. He said that we shouldn't be running around so much; we should be doing ranch work. But we were glad we did because there was always plenty of work to do on the ranch and plenty of time to do it. And inasmuch as there wasn't much hay that year, we could afford to do that. We'd go for a little ride every evening, always go on up to Mr. Baalman's to get the mail and take the mail up there, too, at weekends, when it was time to get the mail and to deliver it. All three of us

would go, and usually, Andrew and Virginia would stay at home with Grandma Dibble. She'd take care of them; she was always good to take care of them whenever we wanted to do something.

Mr. Baalman usually washed his socks every night, and as a usual thing, he'd have half a dozen pairs of socks drying on the chairs, hanging around the kitchen. And Cousin Julia would always giggle about those [laughing]—those socks hanging around on the chairs. But Mr. Baalman thought Cousin Julia was certainly a fine girl. And he used to refer to her home as "your state of Connecticut," [laughing] "your state of Connect-icut."

One day, as we went up—as I mentioned, Mr. Baalman was quite a health enthusiast with his bread, and also, he liked to take sunbaths. There was a stone cabin which had been built years before just above his place. The roof had tumbled in and had been taken away, and there was just the stone walls around and the opening where the door was, and opening where there was a window or two. Mr. Baalman had a cot in there in the center of this room where he used to take his sunbath. He would lie on this cot in nature's garb and take his sunbath. One day, as we went on up, there was Mamie and Julia and I, and I think Fred. We were going on up past; we wondered where Mr. Baalman was. We didn't see him at his house; we'd called and he didn't seem to be around. And as we went on by the cabin—I was just in the lead—I saw Mr. Baalman there stretched out on the cot. And I tried to divert Julia's attention by talking, mentioning something on the other side down in the willows. But she was pretty alert; she was looking around and looked through the door. Just at that time, Mr. Baalman had heard us, too, and he was a figure of rapid motion. All you could see was arms and legs, getting out of there. And Julia exclaimed,

“Oh, there’s Mr. Baalman now!” [laughing] We never got over talking about Mr. Baalman and his [laughing] sunbathing suit.

Baalman and his goats were quite a feature. He had perhaps five or six nanny goats and a billy goat. In fact, the billy goat, he had bargained for the billy goat in Eureka one time when he was in there and asked me to bring him out to the ranch to him. I said, well, I didn’t have any facilities, but if he didn’t have any other way to get him out, why, I would be glad to help him out. So I had the old Model T Ford and put the billy goat in the back. I took the cushions out of the back seat and stood the billy goat up in the car between the seats, tied him to one side so he couldn’t jump out. Sometimes they say that goats are entirely odorless, but I can’t say that his billy goat was odorless, by any means. I got him out all right and took him up to the place. Mr. Baalman was going to raise a bunch of goats.

Not very long after that, Mr. Baalman was out in the yard where the goats were. He was bending over doing something and the goat thought it was a good target. So he made a run and butted Mr. Baalman onto the ground. Mr. Baalman got up, and he was one angry man. He went and got a rope and caught the old billy goat and tied him down and got a saw and sawed off his horns. Well, the horns are one of the most sensitive, and, of course, the large part of the billy goat’s body. But I guess he sawed the horns a little too close, and the next day, the poor old billy goat was dead. I don’t know whether he bled to death or if it was just the shock from getting his horns sawed off. So his venture of raising goats wasn’t very successful as far as that was concerned.

In July, about the twentieth, Julia said she had to go back home. And Fred decided to go back with her for a visit with the cousins and

see all of our relatives back in Connecticut, of which there were quite a number. None of us had ever been back to Connecticut, so that we, of course, didn’t know any of them. Julia was the first one that we had ever seen of the Connecticut cousins. So they left about the twentieth; we took them to Elko and they left on the train going back to Connecticut. Fred stayed back there until November. And when he came back on the train to Elko and then took the stage out to Snackenberg’s, the old Sadler place, I met him there. In fact, I was to meet him on a certain morning, but when I drove on down that far, I met him about five or six miles this side of the Sadler place; he was coming home, walking. If I hadn’t met him, he’d have had to walk the full twenty miles. But he was glad to get back home.

He had a wonderful visit back there, took a lot of pictures, and saw all the folks and all the old homes where Father Dibble had been born and where he had been raised. Father Dibble had always told about how he climbed out on a limb of an apple tree when he wanted to get out at night. The apple tree grew not very far from his bedroom window and he used to open the window and climb onto that apple tree limb and go on down the tree. He would be able to get out, and in that way, his father and mother never suspected that he was out. But Fred took a great many pictures and brought them back. We were all glad to see the pictures of the old homes and cemeteries and of the cousins back there.

Before Fred came back, along in August, Bill Crofut, Sr. came out from Cleveland. He had been in ill health; he was under a doctor’s care, not really ill, but his health was not the best. And the doctor had prescribed a diet and certain other regulations regarding his habits and things of that type. One of the things that the doctor had prescribed was no starches of any kind. And for bread, he prescribed that he

would have to have a gluten bread instead of the regular wheat flour bread. When Cousin Bill came to the ranch (now, this is Cousin Bill, Sr., Cousin Bill, Jr.'s father), he was fifty years old while he was there. And that was in 1924. His birthday was just a day sooner or later than Virginia's, on September the fourth. He was fifty and Virginia was four.

But he must have gluten bread. And, of course, there was no gluten flour in Eureka, because nobody used gluten flour in Eureka. And Bill wanted to know where he could get gluten flour so that Grandma Dibble could make gluten bread. We looked in Feldhusen's catalog. Feldhusen was a mail order store in Sacramento who sold groceries to people and shipped them, shipped the groceries out to them. So we saw where they had gluten flour listed. So when I went to town on a certain day, Bill had an order made out to Feldhusen's for a sack of gluten flour. George Anderson happened to be there at the time, also, and Rob. He went to Eureka with me. So I was to get the money order in Eureka and send the order out for the flour. When we came back, why, Bill says, "Well, I guess you got the order off for my flour, gluten flour." And George and I looked at each other and—we'd forgotten to send his order off. So Bill was pretty sore. He didn't say anything—that is, didn't try to reprimand us for it because he was at our place and he couldn't very well. But [laughing] I think if we had been under his employ that—he looked pretty black.

It happened that Jorgen was going to town the next day. So we gave him the order and asked him to send for the flour. So he did; he got the money order and sent for the flour. And it was there by the next Sunday. When we went in after the mail, the gluten flour was there. So, after that, Grandma Dibble made gluten bread for Bill, and he ate that, excluding any other bread.

We always ate pretty well there at the ranch, especially at breakfast, or any other time. We always had quite hearty, substantial meals. And George was always a good eater, also. And at breakfast, we used to have pancakes and some kind of meat and eggs and bacon, or most anything that was of a hardy nature—fried potatoes, usually. And one day, Bill was amazed at how much we ate. And he observed, "Don't you know," he says, "I've read statistics. And more people die of gluttony than anything else." That was quite a hit at us, but we laughed about it. We thought that as long as we were doing a lot of physical exercise, we could take care of the food that we ate. He didn't directly say that we were gluttons, but it was an inference that we took to heart [laughing].

That was pine nut season, when he was there. We went up in the mountains and gathered pine nuts. Bill was very, very much in love with pine nuts. In fact, Bill had been out to the ranch years and years before, about 1887, when he was about ten years old. His health wasn't too good and his father had sent him West to spend the summer with Uncle Ike and his Aunt Emma. So he had spent the summer there and had a wonderful time riding around on horseback; and, of course, after he went back, he had written to Mother every once in a while. And so when he decided to come out (we had invited him, of course), he said that he knew just how everything looked and he could go without any guiding and knew just where everything was. But when he came out, things looked a little different from what they—. Things change in your mind and you imagine a certain amount of things that—when you're ten years old, they look different from what they did after he was fifty years old. A period of forty years' time had elapsed. But he was very much in favor of pine nuts. We had always sent him a



few pine nuts whenever there was a crop of pine nuts. We sent him a few by mail and he would roast those. But, oh, he wanted to take some pine nuts back with him. So we gathered up pine nuts; he went up and helped us. We picked pine nuts off the ground and we would take them out of the trees with long hooks on the end of poles—something like a shepherd hook, pull the burrs off. So he got three or four or five sacks of pine nuts. He said, “I’ll ship these back and when I get back there, I’ll invite all my old friends in and we’ll have a pine nut feed.”

We took them to Eureka to the Eureka depot and I billed them by freight to go back to him in Cleveland. So he thought that everything was set and he would find the pine nuts back there when he got home. But when he did get back there, the pine nuts weren’t there yet. So he wrote and told us about it, to see if we could put a tracer on the pine nuts. We did and found that they had got sidetracked in Palisade and were still lying in dock, and so they shipped them on. But by the time they got back to Cleveland, they were pretty well shelled out, and a lot of the nuts had [spoiled], also. But he got some and I guess enough to have a pine nut feed and invite all of his old cronies in to partake of the nuts.

As a usual thing, people who have never eaten pine nuts don’t relish the flavor of them very much because they do have sort of a turpentine taste. But you can acquire the liking for pine nuts and really like them better than any other nut, if you have been raised where pine nuts grow.

Bill had completed his visit after a period of two or three weeks; I’ve forgotten just how long. Of course, George and Rob stayed only a few days, and they went back. There seemed to be a mutual disliking for each other between George and Cousin Bill. Cousin Bill

was sort of a man of the world, and I don’t know if—for] some reason or other, he and George didn’t really hit it off very well. There was a certain amount of arguing and differing on different points of conversation, and each one liked to argue his own point. Even though he might think that, he was in the wrong, he would try to make himself appear in the right just for the sake of argument.

George and Rob had old Blackie along with them. That was the dog that had the experience with the bear up in Yellowstone Park. We had a dog that we called “Snick,” which was sort of a Russian wolfhound. He was good with the children, but he was a big, powerful dog. George and Rob kept Blackie on a leash, tied to the car, unless they took him out for a walk. Old Snick, of course, he liked to go around and investigate. Whenever he went anywhere near around the car at all, Blackie would tackle him. One day, Blackie got loose and he and Snick really had an all-out fight. Snick chewed him up a little bit. Anyway, he got the best of the battle, and George and Rob felt it was pretty bad to have poor old Blackie chewed up a little bit. But it was a fair battle, anyway, so—. After they had gone, Bill Crofut said that he was surely glad those people had left. Now he would have a little peace [laughing].

While he was there, George and I decided to take Bill for a ride. Bill wanted to ride horseback a lot and we were all glad to take him on a ride. So George got on one horse and I was on another and Fred was gone, so we gave Bill Crofut Fred’s horse. We went up Davis Canyon to the head of the canyon, followed along the ridge above our canyon and Rock Canyon, Jackalow and Judd [Canyon], over to Neil Canyon. We had to go up quite a steep hill to get over into Neil Canyon before we came down to the road. But Bill was getting pretty tired. And after we

got down to the road, Bill was anxious to get home. So he went on ahead of us. He whipped his horse up, and I guess he galloped all the way to the ranch. George and I came along behind. And about the time he reached the ranch, we were a couple of miles behind, and we suddenly realized that he would probably turn the horse loose and turn him into the water where he would get all the water he wanted to drink when he was still hot, which was bad for a horse. So we suddenly didn't lose any time getting to the ranch house, and just about the time that Bill turned the horse into the corral, we ran out and caught him before he got very much water, so it didn't bother him. We rubbed the horse down and kept him inside until he cooled off.

After we had taken that long ride to the head of the canyons and then back down and he had made the hurried trip back home, turned his horse out, he was really quite a tired man that night, and was sore and stiff for several days afterward and didn't accompany George and me on our little trips into the canyons. He was satisfied to rest. He didn't want to lie on the bed in the daytime because that would be too obvious. So he got some boughs and twigs and other things to improvise a sort of bed out under the trees. So he rested out there for a couple of days until he recovered from the trip that he had. I guess we were a little too strenuous on him in taking him for such a long ride. I-le said that if it hadn't been for that last canyon, or last hill to climb, why, it would've been all right.

Bill, of course, had always been used to having his shower, and we didn't have any showers on the ranch. He had rigged up a shower of his own. I'll have to digress just a little bit here to tell how we got our windmill. During about this period, or just a year or two before, there was a little early excitement out in the Diamond Valley, where several had

drilled for water and staked out a little ranch. Mr. Ed Skillman was one who had a little place between Nels Toft's place and the Sulfur place, which was across the valley. His was about the center of the valley. Then Mr. Wedekind also had a place there where he had erected a windmill, dug a well, or drilled a well, and put up a windmill for pumping water, and he did raise a few little items from that. Then Mr. States, whose wife [Magda] later had a store here in Reno, had a little place out about ten miles from town, toward the east side of the valley. But none of these ever amounted to a great deal, although they were played up some in the paper. But they were in approximately the same location where all of the activity has been going on in the last ten or twelve years, where all the farming has been going on there in Diamond Valley.

There was Kitty Winzell and her brother over at the JD ranch, which was just at the south end of the valley, that big valley west of us. At the JD ranch, they had drilled for water and struck artesian water. Before that, they had bought a windmill with a fifty-foot tower. And after they struck the artesian water, they didn't have any more use for the windmill, so they never had put it up. It lay there in the old barn for a number of years, and finally they decided to sell it. They advertised it in the Sentinel and we thought it would be a good buy, so went over and bought the tank and the windmill.

We brought it on home; I went over with the team and brought it. Of course, it was all knocked down in the crates. Brought it on home and set it up there at the ranch. Father Dibble and I did the entire job of setting it up alone, the fifty-foot tower. We built it on the ground, then also put on the wheel, and then jacked up the top end of it, the wheel end, to an elevation of perhaps twenty or so feet, and anchored the two bottom legs so

that They wouldn't slide along, attached the cable to the tower part, at the upper part, with the team and a load of posts on the wagon to give it weight. We also had guy ropes running each way so it wouldn't tip from one side to the other. And there was a certain amount of play in those. I started the team up and we pulled it straight up and set it on its legs where it should be.

It was quite an undertaking. Mr. Wedekind thought that we never could do it. He was the one who had set up his little windmill in the valley. It was just a small windmill, his, only a twenty-foot tower, whereas this one was a forty-foot tower, and all together it was almost fifty feet high. Then we set up the tank and had a pipeline running over to the house to irrigate the water around the house. It was a very, very goOd setup. That windmill never did pump the well dry, the well which had been dug when we were young. (I told you about the building of the well and drinking out of the well.) But it certainly did yield a lot of water. And even if the wind blew all day long, it never did cry up that well. There was always water to pump. So it did furnish quite a lot of water.

But I was telling about Bill Crofut's rigging up a sprinkling system from the pipeline that went over to the house. He attached the hose to it and he built sort of a little shack out of something—horse blankets and canvases and one thing and another—to conceal himself while he had a little shower, which would suffice to give him his daily bath.

Bill Crofut always wore white shirts. And Father Dibble said to him one day, he said, "We don't wear white shirts here on the ranch." he said, "It's a lot of hard work for the womenfolk to do up those white shirts every day."

So Bill Crofut, he was a little heavy, and he did do a lot of perspiring, especially under

his arms and around his neck, and the white shirts became quite badly stained. So there was quite a lot of rubbing and boiling in the old boiler to restore the original whiteness. And they had to be starched and ironed. But Bill Crofut didn't have any shirts except the white shirts, so he always wore those white shirts to the time that he was ready to go.

When he was ready to go, it was only a little while before that—I think a month or two before that—during the last school year, I had noticed that my eyes had bothered me to a certain extent. There was a Dr. [Ward] Taylor from Reno who was an optometrist, who did go up to Eureka about once a year and do eye examining and prescribe for glasses, also. Sold the glasses after they were ground and fitted to his own prescription. I saw the notice that he was coming to Eureka, so I went in to Eureka and had my eyes tested. And it was a week or two or three after that, the glasses cane. I could see fairly well with them, but they weren't the proper prescription. My eyes still were tired when I'd read. A younger person, to get a proper prescription, you have to use drops in the eyes to dilate the pupils so that there is no accommodation, no muscle strain, So these glasses didn't fit, so I talked it over with George Anderson y he said there was an eye specialist in Palo Alto, where he had gone to school at Stanford; he knew him very well, Dr. Black. And he recommended him to me, so I decided to go to San Francisco with Bill; he was going to San Francisco and then on up to Seattle and Portland before he returned home to his home in Cleveland.

So we took the old Ford and went to Elko. On the way down, Bill said, he says, "You know, Cousin Andrew," he says, "I kind of envy you out here." He says, "You have nothing to worry about, no cares or woes of any kind. You certainly lead the simple life."

And he says, "It's so much different from the life that people live in the large cities." He says, "I sort of envy you."

It was not very long after he got back home that he sent two tires for my old Ford, rear tires from This shop there. He dealt in tires, also. And they came quite handy there. Always used plenty of tires on the old Ford. They didn't last very long.

So we went on to Elko and took the train from there, left the car in the garage and went on to San Francisco on the train. We got rooms in the hotel in San Francisco and saw a good many of the sights around San Francisco, visited around. First day, I went down to Palo Alto and got Dr. Black to examine my eyes. He said that he telephoned into San Francisco a prescription and had the glasses made at one of the shops there in San Francisco, told me where to go to pick them up. Of course, he used drops in my eyes and dilated the pupils so that there was no trouble. The glasses fit perfectly at all times; I wore them for a number of years.

But we took in a good many of the sights around San Francisco. One of the things that we really enjoyed was the seal house and the Sutro. Adolph Sutro had gone to San Francisco and the money that he made in Virginia City he had spent in San Francisco on the Sutro Museum, Sutro Baths, and Sutro Heights there along the ocean front. Sutro Museum was not a large museum, but they did have quite a number of things to see, some old mummies, too, Egyptian mummies; I remember that very well, the first mummies I had ever seen. And the Sutro Baths were quite nice, large baths and all glassed in. Of course, they've been torn down, dismantled since then. And the Cliff House, those buildings were burned a few years ago, so that they don't look the same as they did, either.

But after a few days, I came on home and Bill took the train on up to Oregon and Washington and When on home. Bill was back home when Fred came on back from the East, from Connecticut. He stopped over there a few days and visited Bill on his way back home.

It was on the next year after that, our other cousin, a half sister of Julia's, Jessie Abbie Crofut, came out. She was a little older than Julia. In fact, she was just the age of my brother, Ferris. She came out to visit us; she had heard glowing accounts of what a fine time Julia had had while she was out here, So she came out and visited in 1925, visited for a few months. She went with Fred on his trap lines. Minnie Cox had quite a nice lady's saddle, stride saddle—not a side saddle, but stride saddle—which was padded and quite a nice little saddle. And when Minnie went to Elko, sold the place and went to Elko, Minnie had no more use for this saddle. So Fred and I bought it for Cousin Jessie. She used it all the time that she was there, and it stayed on the ranch, and I don't know just what did happen to it. I guess Jorgen got it when he got the place. But it was pretty handy for Jessie. She had a good visit, too, but she said she missed the trees of Connecticut, all the trees and all the forests and so much greenery there, where there wasn't that much in Nevada.

I'll close our little discussion about the school with my experience at teaching on the ranch while I was still operating it. The ranch itself was not a big ranch, and I was able to carry on most of the work while I was still teaching. Of course, after Father and Mother Dibble came from Stillwater, why, they were able to do the chores and relieve me of that responsibility so that I could feed the cattle in the morning or after I got home from school. And they did the chores that were necessary. And Fred was around there a good

part of the time, so he could also help when he was needed. So the school-teaching and ranching were done perhaps each one with equal responsibility, and each held its own place. So we got along very well. Neither one was a side issue. We enjoyed teaching there at Diamond Valley very much. All the children were good students; they all did well in school. Every day was really a pleasure because I think that everyone profited by the work that we did there in that little old schoolhouse.

Every year, there was a teachers' institute someplace, usually in Elko, which was the logical place for a teachers' institute in the eastern part of the state. When it was held there, why, I, of course, always attended the institute. One fall, one December, or latter part of November, it was held in Elko, and Mamie and I went in. It was the time that I was teaching there at Jacobsen's. Our old Ford was getting quite old and dilapidated; Jorgen volunteered to let us have his Ford, which had been furnished by Nels and was a newer model. So we took that and went on into Elko.

At that time there was a scare about the end of the world coming. Some fanatic predicted the end of the world, just the same as they do every once in a while. There's a fanatic or two that crops up that predicts the end of the world. So some of the people around thought that we were rather foolish to go to Elko just when the end of the world was coming. But we discounted that and went on in to the institute.

It was quite a profitable institute. They always had some very interesting and instructive speakers who were selected to speak at the institutes and deliver their message to the teachers.

On our way back at that particular time, the Ford front axle spring broke on the way back. Of course, there were lots of ruts in those days. The roads were, in fact, full of

ruts, and you never knew when you were going to hit a chuckhole or a deep rut. And with the Ford, there was just one spring in front with several leaves, and a bolt went right down through the middle, which weakened the spring. So the spring broke and we had to jack it up and put a piece of two by four underneath the spring to hold the motor up in its proper position. Of course, that made the whole thing ride pretty hard on the way home. I delivered the Ford back to Jacobsen's with the broken spring, but it wasn't all broken at that trip. When we took the spring off, we found that there were only one or two leaves that weren't rusted. So it had been broken before. So I felt better about that.

In 1924, we lost the mail contract. We had been carrying the mail between our place, or the Birch post office, and Eureka, but in 1924, we put in a new bid for a continuation of service and didn't know anyone else was going to submit a bid for it. It was common knowledge as to the amount of money that we were getting for the service of carrying the mail. But when it came out and the bids were awarded, we were surprised to learn that Jorgen had also put in a bid for a few dollars less than our bid, so we lost the mail contract. It meant quite a little bit to us because we didn't have very much coming in, and ten dollars a week on that trip helped out a little. But Jorgen said that he had to be going to town about once a week anyway, so he thought that if he had the mail contract, it would help him out, also.

So in 1924, we had bought Fred's share of the ranch, as I mentioned, and he went to trapping for the federal government, into the predatory animal control with E. I. Sans as the state head. He had his headquarters here in Reno. The way it was operated, the government furnished some needed supplies. If the trapper wanted to poison animals, they'd



get their poison through Mr. Sans's office. All animals that were taken had to be skinned and the skins were sent in to Mr. Sans here in Reno. Of course, the government then sold the furs for what they would bring. But the trappers received a stipulated monthly payment, salary, for their service as a trapper. Of course, they had to turn in a satisfactory number of pelts every month in order to continue on as government trappers.

We were always quite interested in elections that were held every fall. We didn't have primary elections at that time, as I remember, but just the general election. During the earlier years when we were children, of course, in most cases, the elections were held across the valley. Usually, the Sadler place would be the polling place, which, was rather central for the people of the valley. We never lost an opportunity to go over and vote. I know Father Dibble would always go across and vote, women, of course, couldn't vote in those days; they weren't considered as being eligible for voting. That was before the days of women's suffrage. But Father Dibble, no matter if there was a storm on hand or not, he would always never miss the elections. And when we were on the ranch, operating the ranch, then, there was no more polling places out in the valley. Everybody went to Eureka to vote. We never missed an election in Eureka, either, no matter how deep a snow or how many storms were on. We would always go to Eureka and vote. We took great pride and interest in doing what we could for our country and trying to do the best we could in the way we thought was right.

Did people come out to the ranch electioneering? Oh, yes. Prior to election periods, of course, the ones who were running in Eureka for county offices would always make the tour around the county to contact the people and solicit their votes or support

in the election. Some of them would bring a bottle of whiskey; others had just a jug of whiskey. It was quite a knack in taking a good drink from the old jug of whiskey. Of course, that was a little before my time and I really didn't acquire the knack of drinking out of the jug. But old experienced drinkers could handle that demijohn in a very adept way. They'd put it on their right arm and hold it up in a certain way and take a drink without using their left hand at all. It is quite something to see how they did it. But everybody drank out of the same jug. There was no thought of sanitary pre cautions in that respect. I suppose that the liquor itself was strong enough to kill off any germs that might accumulate [laughing] on the neck of the demijohn. But some of the more experienced campaigners would sometimes bring a box of candy to hand out to the womenfolk's, even though they didn't vote. They wanted to get within their good graces, thinking perhaps that they might influence their husbands in the vote, I suppose. But some of the merchants that could also brought whiskey in the bottles and would leave a bottle of whiskey to each of the ranches, or if they themselves couldn't come, they would send out a bottle of whiskey to the prospective voters.

Each one had a card that he would pass out with his own qualifications listed on the card. You would see those cards tacked up all over the town and on the fences and at different places on the ranches, also. They tried to see that their cards were tacked up in conspicuous places at every ranch. These cards were of various sizes and various colors; some were orange and some were yellow and some were white; some were bluish tint. They averaged in length about usually from four to three inches long and from two to three inches wide. Sometimes they had the picture of the candidate and sometimes they didn't.

These candidates would travel around trying to cover the entire county to solicit the votes.

Then there were candidates for state offices which would come to Eureka. Some of them were quite oratorical, and we always made it a point to get to Eureka because they would throw a big dance. They would first have a little talk telling why they were qualified for the office and why they were so much better than the opponents (presumably) and why they should be elected to the particular office. Key Pittman was one who, of course, always traveled around from town (he covered the larger towns), and most people wanted to get to Eureka to hear Key Pittman and also to take in the dance that followed. They would hire an orchestra and really have a good dance following the little get-together for the people. So it was a social gathering as well as a campaign for the ones who were seeking state office.

Did people looking for state office come out to the ranch, too? Not as a usual thing. No, the ones in the state office, state level, seldom came to the ranch, unless the ranches were on their route that they were traveling. But they did go to the towns, and most people made it a point to go to the towns to hear them because it wasn't every day that you could hear a good talk from anyone and also take part in the celebration. So they made quite a bit of those gatherings that they had in Eureka during the campaign. There were a lot of big black cigars that were always passed out, too, so that Father Dibble always accumulated quite a supply of cigars whenever election time came around.

The local politicians with team and buggy] would make the trip out that far, and usually that was almost a day's trip from Eureka out to our place, which was thirty-five miles. And when they had covered the ranches and saw the prospective voters in between, it was

almost night, as a usual thing, by the time they reached our place. So as a usual thing, they stayed overnight with us before continuing on around the country.

When we would go in to vote, we would usually stay over the next day in order to find out definitely how the election had come out, the results of the election, because we were always interested.

While teaching in Diamond Valley, the reading that we taught at that time was the phonetic type, which was learned by sounds rather than by sight, or glance, which followed as a later system of teaching reading. I think the phonetic system, while it may not have been quite as rapid as some of the other systems of teaching reading, I think it was quite effective in teaching correct reading. I took a teacher's examination and acquired a regular teachers certificate. In fact, I took them two or three different times. And as luck would have it, I always passed the examination. I've forgotten the name of the readers that we used when I was teaching.

We always thought a great deal of history. Of course, the histories that were taught at that time dealt more with wars and progress of wars and what happened, the names of the generals and just how the battle was fought and strategic procedure in the operating of war, rather than teaching more about the economic type of development of the country. The pictures of all the generals always appeared in the histories.

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## WE LEAVE THE VALLEY FOR NEW PLACES: WORK IN ELKO, PRESTON, CARSON CITY, RENO, DELAPLAIN, AND CONTACT, 1925-1935

Well, then, in the fall of 1925, Katrina had graduated from the eighth grade and was ready for high school. They decided to move to Eureka to put her in high school in Eureka. So Jorgen took the family to Eureka and rented a house just between the courthouse and on that road going up to the cemetery. They rented a home there and kept them there for the winter.

Of course, then, there were no more children on that side of the valley that were of school age, so the school was discontinued. We had to send Andrew to school. He'd been attending school for four years, and, of course, we didn't know what to do at first. But Father Dibble and Mother Dibble decided that they would stay on the ranch and take care of the place in the wintertime. Fred was also staying there and trapping from the place, lived there at night. So we took the old Ford and went on into Elko, thinking to send Andrew to school. We rented a house there on the eastern edge of Elko and took Andrew up to school one day, in the morning. And the principal saw Virginia and he says, "Well, how about this

little lass? Isn't she going to school? how old is she?"

And Mamie said, "Well, she's just five years old."

"Oh," he says, "we'll put her in the kindergarten."

We hadn't thought about sending Virginia to school. So Virginia was enrolled in the kindergarten. And my, how she loved that kindergarten and she loved her teacher, and she just got all kinds of fun out of going to school.

Andrew had a little difficulty at first because of the fact that he'd never been to a larger school. He was always in a smaller school, and going to Elko with all the children, it was a little difficult for him to get up and recite before so large a class. But he worked in; I went up and saw the teacher and had a talk with her and we understood, so that he worked in all right. So Andrew was in the fifth grade and Virginia entered the kindergarten.

I, of course, had to find something to do in order to bring in the bacon for the [laughing] family, so I scoured the town and

inquired all over, trying to find something to do. Eventually, I went into Sewell's store, which was the only store that Sewell had at the time. Mr. Abner Sewell, Sr. had originally had a store in Tuscarora. The senior had passed away and the three boys moved the equipment to Elko and opened up a store there a year or two before. So I went in to see them, and there was Herb and Abner and Harvey. Harvey was the oldest of the boys. He really was the manager of the store. Herb was just a young fellow; he had been delivering groceries for the store during the summer, but he was attending Stanford University. So it was time for him to return to Stanford to attend the university, so they said if I wanted the job of delivering groceries, why, I could have this job. I was glad to get something to do, so I signed up with them for the job.

Herb went around with me for a few days to show me the route and tell me the procedure of delivering the groceries to the different homes. They had about a hundred and twenty-five different homes, or regular customers, there in Elko. The way that they usually did, the customers would call up at the store and give their order. Then the clerks or the store people would cut the meats and put up the orders in boxes. And all they would mark on the box was the customer's name. There was no address or anything to show where they lived. Also, the deliveries were all made from the alleys. We didn't go up the street; we always went through the alley, so there were no numbers. We had to just learn where these different people were. A hundred and twenty-five different customers, to learn where they live from the appearance of things in the alley, was quite a little job. After Herb left and I took it over alone, I had a little trouble at first. I did make mistakes and sometimes had to do

a little extra running to find where certain customers lived. But it came out all right.

Mr. Charles Helfrish was the butcher, or the meat cutter, in charge of the meat department. We did quite a lot of delivering of beef by the quarter. Sometimes those quarters would weigh a hundred and twenty-five, or even up to a hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Helfrish showed me how to carry those quarters of beef in the way that required the least amount of effort to handle them and carry them into the restaurants. The restaurants usually took the beef by the quarter, and also the jail always took meat by the quarter. As a usual thing, the poorer quarters, the front quarter of beef, and sometimes the poorer beef, was bought by the authorities for use at the jail. But they got enough to eat, anyway, and I guess as much as they deserved. In those days, they used to take the inmates of the jail out on chain gangs to do street work. The overseer would take them out every day to do some repair work, maintaining the streets. But in later years, they discontinued that practice because the unions and other people said that it interfered with their jobs.

These were literally chain gangs? They were really chained together? Yes, some of them were chained together, most of them. Of course, they were all called "chain gangs," but a lot of them weren't chained together. But some of them were, some of the worst ones, ones that were considered that they might try to get away.

During the winter, Virginia caught quite a serious cold and was kept at home. It settled in her kidneys and she became a very, very sick little girl. And we were certainly afraid that we were going to lose her. We had a consultation with doctors, and for several days she couldn't take any food at all; all she did was just lick a sucker, as I remember it. She just kind of licked on that sucker a little at a time. But

eventually, she came out of it and went back to school.

We lived there in Elko on the east edge of town. We had as neighbors Ted Carville and his family Who lived just two doors from us, and Griswold, Morley Griswold, lived not very far from us, also. The boys, of course, on weekends, Saturdays and Sundays, and sometimes after school, would play on the vacant lots. And one day, Mamie saw them out there playing. They had boiler lids as shields and some of the boys had air rifles. And they were practicing; they'd shoot at one, and the other fellow that was being shot at would hold up his shield to intercept the b-b shot from the air rifle. So, of course, Andrew was in on the game; he didn't have an air rifle, but he was out there playing with them. She saw what was going on; she rushed out there and took Andrew in the house, said that he wasn't going to play such games as that because they were really dangerous. But it was continued and one of the Carville boys lost his eye as a result of that kind of practice. He didn't have the shield in front of his face when the other one shot and it entered his eye and destroyed his sight.

Virginia recovered her health and went back to school. Then we went on back to the ranch when school was out in the springtime. That was in June of 1926.

In going from Elko back to the ranch, the lights of the old Ford went out about the time that we got over the top of the grade. It was nighttime and we had to travel all the way home without any lights on those rutty roads. We hit a good many ruts, but we managed to get home. And old Snick, the dog, he could hear the Ford coming and he seemed to know what it was; he came way up there on the hill to meet us, barking. He knew that we were coming. He could either tell the noise from the exhaust or the kind of noise the old Ford

made. But he was certainly glad to see us back because Grandma and Grandpa Dibble were on the ranch, and we came back there.

Well, we didn't know what to do. We knew that we couldn't stay on the ranch any longer because we had to send Andrew and Virginia to school. So we bargained with Jorgen and he bought the place. Then Grandma and Grandpa Dibble decided that they didn't want to stay on the place any longer because there would be no one else there excepting they. Jorgen and Grace were up at the other place and the older folks didn't want to stay down there alone, which was, of course, out of the question. So Fred went to Eureka and bought a place in there, which was the old Herman Bremenkampf home in the north end of town. It was an older home, the home of Mrs. Frank Lewis. Mrs. Frank Lewis was one of the Bremenkampf girls. Frank had for many years stored his grain in this old house, and feed supplies. But it was partly of logs and was quite a comfortable house. Well, Fred bought the place and I went in and helped him as much as I could during the summer. We renovated it, put on a new roof on parts of it, and painted and cleaned it all up inside, put on a storage room and a place for the cellar, and it made it quite comfortable for them. So they moved in the fall, about the time that we left Eureka.

In living in Eureka, we had already contacted Preston, the school board at Preston, and had been given the school there at Preston, which is in White Pine County, south of Ely, about twenty-five miles over a little ridge, down into the valley where Preston and Lund are located. That was in September of 1926. So we took the old Ford. : don't remember shipping any of our goods over; we may have. We took the old Ford, piled it up high with everything that we could find, even took Snick along with us, our big dog,



because the children thought a lot of Snick, and he was a good watchdog, too. We got to Ely and then went on down to Preston. They welcomed us down there, very glad to see a family come in, and a teacher to teach the school.

I taught the upper grades, and Mrs. Eva Peterson taught the lower grades. I, by the way, was the principal of the school. Andrew was in the sixth grade; Virginia was in the first grade there. Each room had between thirty and thirty-five pupils in all the various grades. In each room, we had four grades and there were pupils in every grade. That keeps the teacher quite busy, to teach all the subjects in four grades, and all in the same room. Children also have to learn to study while other classes are going on, so they really acquire the knack of concentration. But we taught all the subjects in all these four grades. The basic subjects were arithmetic and history (of course, mental arithmetic as well as written arithmetic), geography, reading and writing, language, or grammar, and the fundamentals of music, singing, and, of course, discipline, and all That sort of thing that was necessary.

We tried to carry on the school in an orderly way. The children always marched in and out at the opening of school and also at recess and noontime. They would always form in a line and march in, take their seats. Then when recess time or noontime came, they would be given the “stand, turn, and march,” and they would march out in order and keep the line until they were out on the school grounds, which was very much better than to have them all get up and run out.

But there was a lot of work. A teacher that was conscientious, such as I always tried to be, we had to correct all those papers, all the arithmetic papers and all the history papers, or anything that was written—themes or anything of that type—that required

correction or grading. I never missed a paper; always, it was always graded and handed back to the children the next day so that they could see just where they had made mistakes in their work and they would know what the correct answer or correct result was. So in that way, I think the pupils would learn more than they would in mass teaching, such as is done to a large extent nowadays. The teacher also had to prepare all the lessons. I always saw that I was fully prepared for every lesson that would come up during the next day. When school was out at four o'clock and was dismissed, I always spent about an hour and a half in grading papers and also preparing lessons for the following day. Then what I couldn't finish then, I would take on home with me and do the work at night, and have everything in order for the next day's lessons. That school was for a nine-month term, and the pay was a hundred and fifty dollars a month for the nine months only.

The trustees had selected a little house for us not very far from a big spring in the central part of town. And it was a comfortable place, but it had been inhabited by bedbugs, so that we did have a little trouble, used quite a little fly spray before we finally eliminated the bedbugs, and the place was really quite nice then.

During the noon hours and recess periods, I always tried to get out and play ball with the boys. They always seemed to like to have me do that, too, so I enjoyed it quite a lot.

Andrew was in my room, and, of course, it's not the easiest thing in the world to teach your own son in the same room, because there is bound to be some idea that there might be partiality. But I always strove in every way to eliminate any possibility of any idea that there was partiality shown.

Preston was a regular Mormon community, There was quite a little farming

land outside of the town. I've town formed a nucleus or a core of the community, with the farming land surrounding it. They had various acreage, each one. Each one had a garden, some alfalfa land, some pastureland, and a few cattle, and a few horses, of course, to operate their farm with.

The land was irrigated by means of a large stream which flowed from a spring near the center of town. There was quite an incline going down into the spring; it was sort of a bowl affair, but the lower end was open and the water ran out. The water was really good, pure water. However, there was irrigation also from water which flowed from the mountains. That was used in irrigating the land around town to a large extent.

Of course, with so many farms around the town, one of the great pests was flies. And we, of course, arrived there right in fly season, which was in August or early September. So, of course, we were a little annoyed by the flies, but the people themselves there had become used to them. Because they had lived with flies for so many years, it seemed that they were accustomed to flies as a way of life. Didn't have a fly spray, that is, as much as they do now; it didn't seem to eliminate the fly pests, at least. Soon after we arrived, a large part of the most influential ladies came to visit, of course, to make themselves acquainted and to welcome us to the community and make us feel at home. Very nice people and very sociable and friendly in every way. When my wife mentioned something about the flies, they said, "Oh, well, you'll get used to them," which we did, more or less. Of course, when wintertime came, why, the flies made their departure, too.

There was a board of school trustees as usual, three trustees: Mr. Allred, who had three children, all in the grades; Mr. and Mrs. Hyrum Whitlock, who had three children,

also; and the clerk of the board was Mr. Christian Jensen. He had quite a large family; I don't remember how many children he did have, but it must have been in the vicinity of nine or ten. Some of them were grown and others were mere babies. The Jensen family lived near the south end of town. Mrs. Jensen was the postmistress there, while Mr. Jensen was the clerk of the board. He also had a dairy and bought milk and made butter and sold it in Ely and in other places where there was an outlet.

There was another Jensen who was a brother of Chris Jensen. Mrs. Jensen was a Danish girl. This was Nels Jensen. He was older than Chris Jensen, I believe. At any rate, he was considerably older than his wife. His wife was a Danish girl; he had made a trip back to Denmark and had been acquainted and were married back there, and he brought her out to this country. Very many of the people in Preston were Danish or of Danish descent. It seemed that they had recruited a great many of their people from Denmark. The people of Denmark seemed to think that the Mormon religion was just about what their needs were. Mrs. Jensen and Mr. Nels Jensen had three children, one boy and two girls. Very, very fine people. They operated this little store that I mentioned, and we always used to buy our groceries from them. And we bought very little in Ely, always patronized the people down there.

The schoolhouse itself was a fairly large brick building with two fairly spacious rooms for class work. That occupied the front of the lot, which was on the street, the main street going through town. The wind certainly blew over Preston. It seemed that there wasn't a day that we were there that the wind didn't blow. And it blew it seemed like every day and part of the night. And it rattled the windows (we had the windows partly open for ventilation)

and made quite a racket [laughing]. So sometimes we had a hard time conducting our classes because of the noise that the windows made in rattling in the wind. And the dust blew. We didn't have very much storm down in that valley that winter, not like there's been this last spring and winter down there, which has really been bad. But there was very little storm. A considerable amount of moisture fell in Ely, and most of it was snow. But get over that little summit going down into Preston, after we passed the summit, it was dry practically all the way. And so when the wind blew down there, it always carried the dust with it, about in the vicinity of twenty-five miles, I believe, from Ely over to Preston.

There was no drinking fountain for school children, nothing provided. The children went out and drank out of the irrigation ditch which ran down the main street and spread out to the various farms around for irrigation. They would just lie down on the ground and drink their fill out of the ditch which they had always done and thought it was just the only thing to do.

Mrs. Mary S. Black was our district supervisor. She made her trips around, visiting the schools, two or three times a year. Of course, we were always glad to see her come. She was quite friendly and very helpful in every way she could be.

As I said, the women—the men, too, but the women especially—were very friendly and liked to have parties whenever it was possible, or any other chance to get together. So they made very much of their birthdays, especially the womenfolk. When they had a birthday, why, they would invite the other women of the community to come and have a little party and usually a dinner, or sometimes just refreshments, but oftentimes, a regular dinner. And, of course, we, in a great many cases, got in on that, too. They would send out the

invitation the day before so that I would be sure to leave and come over as soon as school was out. So in that way, why, we met a good number of the families in their own homes. They liked to visit and be friendly in that way.

Lund was a sister community across the valley, a little farther to the south, I've forgotten—I think perhaps ten or twelve miles from Preston. And each entertained the other quite often. And, of course, nearly everyone in Preston would turn out to go over there when they had an entertainment of some type; and vice versa, the Lund people would come to Preston.

In the fall, during the fall sometime, they had a little fair over at Lund. I think it was on a Saturday and Sunday. At least we were over to take in the fair, a nice little fair for a little community of that type. Some of the displays showed the produce that was raised, and the other displays were handiwork and things like that created by the people, women especially.

At this fair, we went to one of the booths and got to talking with one of the ladies in charge. She described the various articles on exhibit and we had quite a long talk with her, very, very nice. There didn't seem to be anything that wasn't normal about her or her attitude in any way. But we learned afterward that she was totally deaf. She read lips and was very adept at reading lips, because we didn't even suspect that she was totally deaf until afterward. But it's marvelous how some deaf people can acquire lip-reading and be so proficient in it that you would hardly realize that they were handicapped in that way.

We attended church regularly. They always held their church on Sunday morning and we always sent the children to the Sunday school to be with the others, just the same as the boys and girls of the community. We took part in the church meetings as much as we could. Of course, we didn't conduct any

meetings or anything of that type because they conducted their own meetings in their own way.

The church itself was one of the central buildings of the town. It was also a community hall as well as a church. They used it for practically all the purposes that a community hall would be used. Nearly every Saturday night—not every Saturday night, but on a great many of the Saturday nights, they had dances, a community dance in tin church. The church had a wonderful hardwood floor, which was as good a floor as anyone could wish. So we, of course, went to the dances and danced with them, and I think we danced ourselves out, because we haven't been to a dance since that time [laughing]. But we did have a lot of good fun. It just never happened since then that we were in a community where they had dances, so, of course, we didn't dance. But they all got out and danced, old and young alike. The music they had was a violin and piano, which were by local people. But at the stroke of twelve, all activity ceased; no more dancing after twelve o'clock because their religion stipulated that there was no festivities of any kind on a Sunday.

I guess I should say a little something more about the Mormon religion as we understood it when we were in Preston. The Mormon people were all very, very fine people as far as we knew, and we really enjoyed our stay with them down there in Preston. I was telling you about their dances and their social functions on Saturday nights, and then we attended their church meetings and sent our children to the church school, Sunday school.

Then usually in the afternoons on Sunday, if we weren't out for a ride or otherwise occupied, they would send one of their church officials to our house, bringing literature and brochures. They also would read from these different publications and

try to instill the idea into us that the Mormon religion was the proper religion. Their creed was that Smith had founded the Mormon religion. He was, as I remember, in the East; I think it was New York. He was crossing over a fence one day and fell off, or something of that type, and he had a vision. The Lord appeared to him and told him where he would find certain bronze tablets, and these bronze tablets were then produced by Smith. And that was the founding of the creed, as I remember it. I don't remember whatever happened, or where these bronze tablets were being kept, or if anyone had any idea if they were still extant or not. But these bronze tablets were the foundation of the Mormon religion. They also taught that during the early period in our history, there was an expedition that left the Holy Land and came to what is now South America and made its way up north from South America, and they were the originators of the Mormon religion. They brought the Mormon creed to what is now the United States. If I'm in error on any of this, why, I stand corrected. But that is our memory of it, as [laughing] we remember it. These interviews that they had with us were all—they weren't too persuasive; that is, they didn't really suggest that we join the Mormon religion, but, of course, I think they hoped that we would. They left the literature there for us to read and they always asked us to read it. Then when they came back after the literature, they would be willing to explain any passages or any material that was in the literature which we might not understand. So they were cooperative in every way. So we, of course, always tried to cooperate with them, too, and were friendly in every way because we really enjoyed the people and really liked the people. So I think that perhaps concludes what we have to say about the Mormon religion.

Mormon creed, of course, was that there should be no strong drink, no alcoholic beverages of any kind, and no coffee or tea, as far as that was concerned. Coffee and tea were also taboo. One night during the term that we were there, Preston entertained Lund at a night festival. The bishop at Preston always boasted that he made one of the best imitation coffee drinks that anyone had ever tried to concoct. And most of them agreed that it was pretty good. But this night, the committee of women decided they wanted to do themselves proud; they wanted something extra nice, and so they decided that they would do something a little different from what had been done before. So two or three of them went to Mrs. Jensen's store and bought two cans of Hills Brothers coffee. And they secured a small five-pound bag, a sugar bag, that the sugar had come in (they were little cotton bags) and put the coffee in the bags and threw it in the coffee urn when nobody else was looking. Well, it was good coffee, or imitation coffee, and they all congratulated the bishop on his wonderful coffee. And he agreed; he drank two or three, four cups himself, and was quite proud of his ability as a coffee maker. He made his coffee out of parched barley and molasses. And I don't know what else he did put in his brew to make the concoction that he usually served up to the people. So he said that indeed it was good coffee and he was proud of his ability to make such a brew. So all went well, and when the dance ended at twelve o'clock, why, everybody went home. Whether the bishop stayed to do something about it or not until morning, I'm not sure, but anyway, before church took in the next morning, he had discovered the coffee in the coffee urn. I suspect that the committee had planned to take it out of there, but they didn't get it out before the bishop himself found out about

it. Well, of course, he was humiliated and mortified; he thought that was a sacrilegious act. So he went into temporary seclusion for the day at least. We didn't see him at church, and, of course, we surmised the reason why he didn't come to church.

The people of Mormon communities all have their little cemeteries, or graveyards. I remember the little cemetery that was there at Preston, and I remember distinctly that all the graves were headed in one direction. I think that they all faced the rising sun, if I remember rightly. I think that was it; they all faced the rising sun. But each town had a little community cemetery.

The older church members tried to keep the younger ones in line. However, sometimes, the younger ones didn't like to conform too well to the rules and regulations that were set down by the church and which were stipulated by the elders and by the ones who had charge of the church order. There was one man—let us call him Mr. Hansen. He had a son named Ogie. One Sunday, I was at Mr. Jensen's and Mr. Hansen was over there; they were talking over their religion, and Mr. Hansen was telling Mr. Jensen that his son Ogie wished that he had some of the money that Henry Ford had, that he didn't have very much money himself and he would certainly like to have some of the money like Henry Ford had.

And so Mr. Hansen said, he says, "I tell my son, Ogie, you've got something that Henry Ford never can have. You've got the holy priesthood; Henry Ford doesn't" So Mr. Hansen considered himself blessed with something that Henry Ford didn't have, which was all well and good.

This same Mr. Hansen had a few cattle, especially cows, milk cows, and he had a little alfalfa patch. (He was also a stonemason. He built a number of chimneys, fireplaces



around town, and he was telling about the art and knack in building a fireplace so it would draw properly, not smoke and still give out the maximum amount of heat.) It's commonly known that alfalfa does bloat cattle if conditions are just right. If cattle are kept inside during the night and are let out on young alfalfa early in the morning when there's still dew or frost on the leaves of the alfalfa and they gorge themselves with it, it will bloat them. Father Dibble had trouble that way on several occasions when we were children. And he used to have a regular knife That he would use to relieve the pressure on them. Otherwise, they'd die. He knew just the point to stick the knife so it would enter the paunch and let the gas out, just about four inches ahead of the hip bone, I remember he used to tell us.

Well, this Mr. Hansen knew also about bloated cattle and about using a knife to relieve the situation, One morning, he did have one cow, especially, that was so badly bloated that she was down. She had lain down and wasn't able to get up. Well, he hurried to the house and got the butcher knife and came out and felt around and felt around to find the place to stick the old cow [laughing]. Well, finally, he thought he had the place, and he put the point to the cow's side; it was almost like a drum, it had bloated so tight. And he gave it a thrust and it seemed that the whole cow exploded, because everything blew out in Mr. Ransen's face and all over his [laughing] shirt and front; in fact, it just about covered his entire anatomy with what had come out of the [laughing] cow, to say nothing of the gas and so forth that also came out of the opening [laughing]. But I'm not sure, now, whether the cow lived or whether it was too late. Anyway, it was too late for Mr. Hansen to do anything about it after he learned how it should be done.

Chris Jensen, the trustee, who was clerk of the board, was from Denmark where they

all know how to make butter; they're all good dairy people, practically all of them. And he certainly did know how to make good butter, and we always bought our butter from him. We did buy our milk, though, from another farmer who lived near there. His name, I believe, was Jensen, also, and he was perhaps related to Chris Jensen. It seemed that nearly all of them were related in some way or other because they [laughing]—a large part of them originated from Denmark, and they were related by marriage if not by blood. But the butter that Mr. Jensen sold was sweet and very tasty. He sold it for twenty-five cents a pound.

Usually after school was out in the afternoon, why, I would stay for an hour or two and do some of the schoolwork, correcting papers or preparing lessons for the next day. Then I would go by the post office and pick up the mail to take home. He [Jensen] had a dog, a white dog, that would usually lie behind a bush and bark at me, but he never did bite. However, in the spring of 1927, he did bite as I went to get the mail, walked up the path. The little post office was in a little room behind the regular home. I walked up the path; he jumped out from behind the bush and grabbed me by the arm. And he hung on; he just wouldn't let go. I still have the marks on my arm where his teeth went in. It seemed that they [laughing] met from one side to the other, right through my arm. Well, I, of course, shook him, and he did let go. He wasn't a real large dog, either.

Of course, Mr. Jensen was upset at the fact; he said that he was a good dog, a good watchdog, and he didn't want to kill him, but he did kill the dog. And after he'd killed the dog, he decided he'd better send the head to Reno to the laboratory for testing. Now, that was in '27. Rabies did break out. There was an epidemic. Rabies started there in our part

of the country in 1915,; before Andrew was born. So, you-see, it ran a course of around twelve years. And in 1927, rabies still was prevalent in the section; there were still isolated cases of rabies. So he sent the head to Reno for testing to find out if the dog was rabid. But the report came back in a few days that the head was in such a condition when it reached Reno that it was impossible to make a test on it. But the head of the laboratory suggested that if the dog had bitten anyone that the party had better take the Pasteur treatment as a matter of precaution, because they didn't know whether he was rabid or not, and it would be better to be sure.

At first, I wasn't going, but, of course, as we thought about it and thought about it, why, it seemed to magnify itself, the idea. And even at night, I would imagine that I could see a dog's snarling teeth, all that sort of thing, just mere imagination. So we decided to come to Elko to take the Pasteur treatment. It wasn't given at Ely. So we drove to Eureka and then on to Elko, and we had notified Dr. Arthur Jacob Hood ahead of time so that he had sent to Reno, I guess it was, or Oakland, for the treatment.

The treatment consisted of injections, daily injections of an ounce or two of serum into the abdomen at different locations. Of course, it wasn't painful, but it was very annoying. While we were there in Elko for a week or ten days, we stayed with Auntie Cox and Minnie, George, and Pearl, and, of course, had a little visit; that was just a little break in the year's work, too. We returned to Preston after the treatments were completed and finished out the term, including the week which we had lost. There was no thought of asking for damages or even for any expenses such as were incurred because Mr. Jensen had a large family and was working hard to make a living. Nowadays, people sue for something a great deal less than that. But we didn't.

Well, come May Day, why, everybody joined in a May Day celebration. We all went up above Preston on the creek which flowed down from the hills; there were groves of aspen and cottonwood, Quite a nice place. It was a lovely May Day, sun was shining, quite warm and nice. They had various forms of sports and festivities, and each one brought a lunch and it was all spread out on one big table. And the children especially had a lot of fun, whereas the grownups, mostly, we visited and relaxed. They had "Ring around the Rosey," and all that sort of thing, I remember.

Then on May twentieth in 1927, why, it was an epic day for Charles Lindbergh, the "Lone Eagle," who made his epic flight across the ocean to France. That, of course, was the main subject of conversation and the main articles that were described in the newspapers of the day.

During the time that we were over there, we had—I think I mentioned Snick, which was [laughing] the name of the dog, of our family dog, that Andrew and Virginia thought a great deal of. He was a sort of wolfhound, a large yellow dog. But Snick was never happy over there because he was away from home. He was, of course, glad to be with us, but it never seemed like home to Snick. He whined and cried a little bit. But Mamie was always glad to have him home with her during the daytime when she was there alone. And Snick was a good watchdog.

Then the election campaigns were on in the fall, fall of a number of those who were running for office came around, of course, to see the people of the town. One fellow came to our place and Mamie was there alone. And Snick, of course, took his position right in front of the man on the sidewalk, the walk leading up to the door, and he wouldn't let him come in. He started to growl and bark, and then the man knelt down and picked up

a stick, thinking to protect himself, which was the worst thing he could do. As Snick was just about ready to tackle him right then and there, Mamie rushed out the door and called him and grabbed him, and she was just about frightened to death herself, thinking that if Snick ever did jump on him, he certainly would have perhaps done a great deal of damage. But Snick wasn't going to have anybody—especially an outsider—venturing on the property or telling him what to do.

But then one night, we were going out, so we locked Snick in the living room. When we came back, the living room was almost a shambles. He thought perhaps we'd gone away and left him, I guess, and weren't coming back at all. He'd chewed up curtains and tablecloth and pulled things off the table and chewed out one of the panels in the door leading out. He really wasn't going to be left there alone like that. So, of course, we had to fix all that after we came back.

But there was never a dog that was more happy in the world than old Snick was when we left. Of course, we had the old Model T and there was a place on the running board where he could ride if we had too much inside. And that day, we did have [laughing] so many things inside; in taking our things out of there, we were loaded down. But when we got to Ely, why, I had to go in to see Mrs. Black, who had her office there, the district superintendent. Got in to see her, and Snick barked and barked and barked and barked in the car. Mamie couldn't keep him quiet. And she was so mortified! Everybody going by were looking our way and wondering what the dog was barking about [laughing]. But Snick didn't want to tarry along the way. He wanted to get going and get home.

Well, we came on to Eureka and visited with our folks there for a few days and then went on to Elko.. Well, by that time, the old

Model T was ten years old. It was the same Model T the folks had brought from Fallon with them in 1917. Now it is 1927. It had run a good many thousand miles but had always been a good old car like most of the Model T Fords were those days, a wonderful car for the time, especially here for the West. So we traded the old 1917 Model T Ford in for a Chevy, Chevy coupe, 1927 Chevy coupe. It was the box type; they aren't considered a very beautiful car if we'd see them nowadays. They were the box type, but we thought it was a wonderful car, which it did serve very well; it was a good car. We were going on into Reno because I was going to attend summer school at the University of Nevada. We were told to travel no more than twenty miles an hour because the car was new and had to be broken in. Of course, we lived up to that to the letter; we didn't travel more than twenty miles an hour any time. Left for Reno quite early in the morning. At twenty miles an hour you don't travel very far in a day.

Night overtook us down around Golconda. It was going down the grade from the higher lands down into Golconda, which lies in a lower basin there. The road went straight down from the summit down into Golconda at that time. Now, the road makes a sort of a sweep around to the south of the old road. We reached a place down there about halfway down and it seemed to be nice and level, so we pulled off the road and took our tent out and bed, and stopped there for the night. I guess we must have cooked our meals there, too, or what was necessary. And next morning, I know we went on into Golconda and filled up with gas quite early in the morning, and then continued on to Reno.

The road was unpaved as we know it nowadays; it was graded, but a real dusty road. And even though we did get an early start, it was fairly late in the afternoon before we

came into Reno. Coming through the canyon north of Sparks, the dust hung in there in great clouds. The sun was right in front of us, right in our faces, so it was really no easy thing to drive along the narrow road (it was along the hillside quite a lot of the way) facing the sun when there was so much dust hanging around. But we managed it and didn't run into anyone else and no one else ran into us, so it turned out all right, anyway.

As we came through the canyon and looked about out upon the valley where Reno and Sparks lie, of course, the dust had cleared away, and everything looked peaceful and green and nice. Reno and Sparks nestled in "Oh, how wonderful! I hope we never have to leave this valley!" We didn't realize at the time that we would make our home for practically the rest of our lives in the valley that we were entering.

There was a celebration that was being held in Reno at the time, celebrating the finish or completion of the transcontinental highway through. The highway, such as it was, they considered it a Lincoln Highway and it was completed, so everyone was celebrating. That was the time that the California building was built out in Idlewild Park and the old library building was constructed near the post office, which was torn down last year to make room for the new modern building, the auditorium.

We lived for the summer with Mamie's brother, Chris, who had moved from Tonopah to Reno to make his home as he was working for Reno Merc, Mr. Eaton. Chris's folks (his wife and daughter) were on vacation with her folks in Oregon. They were spending the surer up there while Chris was home taking care of the place. So we stayed with him. He was renovating the home, doing a considerable amount of painting in his spare time. So we had quite a nice visit with Chris, too, while

the summer vacation was going on. Mamie did the cooking and we were very much at home; quite a nice little place.

We were here only just a few days when a contract came from Preston for rehiring me for the school term there for the following year. However, we had been in touch with the school in Carson City and had been notified that we would be given the school there, the fifth grade. So I sent the contract back to Preston school district with my regrets. We liked the people over there, but we thought we would rather go to Carson City.

In Carson City, we rented a home from Archie De Grosselier. They were two middle-aged people, Mr. and Mrs. De Grosselier, with no children. The only child they had was a parrot. We always called him a "pollet." [laughing] They had their home next door to the house that they rented to us. This pollet was quite a pet and also pretty much spoiled. They'd leave him outside in the daytime. He would walk around the yard and he would crawl up on the fences and come right over into our yard. [laughing] Virginia used to have quite a lot of fun. The old parrot would get on the fence and so she'd take the broom handle and take the end of the broom handle, put it over there, and the parrot would grab hold of the broom handle and get on it, after he'd tried to chew it for a little bit. He would get on the broom handle and Virginia would swing around and around, and the old parrot, hanging on the end of [laughing]—on the end of the broom handle. I don't know whether Mrs. De Grosselier ever saw her doing that or not. She'd think something dire was going to happen to the parrot if she did, I guess. But when we did leave there, she wanted to give the parrot to Virginia. She thought that Virginia would take good care of the parrot, but we couldn't see it that way. We wouldn't let Virginia have the parrot.

In school, why, Mr. Charles Priest was the principal of the school, and Mrs. Margaret Gleason taught the eighth grade. Mrs. C. C. (Maude) Taylor was the teacher in the seventh grade. I don't remember who taught the sixth grade. Mrs. Eva Noteware taught the fourth grade, and Miss Elizabeth Sanger was the first grade teacher. I'm not sure whether she had two grades or not; those are the only teachers that I can remember at the present time. They were all good, dedicated teachers, and they all had large classes of around forty pupils in each room. So they were really kept busy. They were all good disciplinarians and the classes were all conducted in a very orderly way.

So our full time was occupied, Mamie in making a home, and I in trying to instill a little knowledge into the children. We didn't do much visiting, either. A few of the neighbors came to see Mamie shortly after we were there and told her something about Carson City and its people. We didn't in any way hear about the capitol tales or speculations that perhaps were going around.

When I left Elko, I still maintained my membership in the Presbyterian church there. And even while we were on the ranch for many years, I always kept my dues paid up and was a member in full during the time that we were gone.

When we went to Carson City, we decided also to go ahead and transfer our membership to Carson City church. So I wrote to Reverend J. M. Swander in Elko and asked him to forward our withdrawal from the Elko church to me and said that I would join the Presbyterian church in Carson City. We had attended the church regularly there in Carson City after we arrived and also sent the children to Sunday school every Sunday. But about the time that our transfer came in the mail, we were at church one day, and the minister—I'll not mention his name—gave quite a tirade

about people who hadn't paid as much as he thought they should pay in the way of dues, hadn't paid as much as last year, and he thought they were able to pay if they wanted to. And he made it very clear about the ones that he was castigating for that purpose. So we thought it was such mercenary blackmail that I didn't even care to join the church. So I didn't join the Presbyterian church there.

Virginia entered school under Miss Sanger, as I remember. It was found that she was deficient in her reading. There had been some fault in the way reading was taught, perhaps at Preston. At least, Virginia hadn't learned to read. When classes were conducted, it seemed that Virginia had learned the story all by heart from just hearing the others recite, or something of that nature. At least, she was deficient in her reading, so she had to take remedial work in order to brush up and be on a par with the rest of her class. But once she had corrected that deficiency, she was all right.

The classes were quite large. I taught the fifth grade, and I also taught two classes, I think, in the sixth and seventh grade history. There were very many children from the Orphans Home, which comprised perhaps almost half of the children in the school at that time. These orphans were all nice children; I think that they were on a par with the other children in the community. I couldn't see that they weren't in every way as well behaved and as good children, and also had the same mental capacity as the other children. Andrew and Virginia played with the children. However, it was sometimes suggested that Andrew and Virginia shouldn't play with the Orphans' Home children. Some of the—one or two of the teachers there made that suggestion. I won't name the party who made that suggestion, but we couldn't understand why our children shouldn't play with them,



because we thought that they were on a par with the rest of the children.

Then the snow fell quite deep there in Carson that winter, the children used to play out in the yard and they had a game that they called “statue,” which was, they would lie stretched out in the snow in imitating a statue. And Mr. Priest, the principal, thought that that was very, very unladylike for children to lie on the snow stretched out like a statue, so he suggested to the other teachers to see that that was discontinued. Mr. Priest was quite demure in his ideas.

Mr. Priest had taught in Eureka. One of his first schools was in Eureka; he was the first principal, I believe, or deputy principal, or assistant principal. Then, the next year, I think he was the principal, if I remember rightly. Anyway, he was a teacher in several classes that Mamie attended. He was quite a strict disciplinarian and he always wanted to see that they really got down to work at all times. I remember Mamie used to tell about how if there was any disturbance or anything, why, Mr. Priest would call out, “Now you gulls get to wuk down theah!” [laughing] He was from Tennessee.

As I said, I couldn’t say too much in praise of the Orphan Home children because I think they were fine kids in every respect. Many of the pupils, after I left the school, saw my name in the telephone directory and called me up to talk on different occasions, or if they would see me, they would always stop and talk and ask about different things and talk about the school days over in Carson City. And I always was glad to see them and talk with them, too.

It was just last summer, I met one of the girls who was in my fifth grade. I didn’t know her, of course, but I was over at Ward’s, and she came up to me and said, “Aren’t you Mr. Crofut?”

I said, “I surely am.”

And she said, “Well, perhaps you don’t know me.” She said, “I used to be Margaret Curran over in your fifth grade class in Carson City.”

And I said, “Well, you certainly have changed, but I’m surely glad that you recognized me and came to talk with me.

So we had quite a little talk about the old days over in Carson City. And, of course, we had to go; I haven’t seen her since. I’ve forgotten now just what—she told me what her name is, her present name, but I’ve forgotten. Margaret was not an Orphan Home girl; she was a member of a family there in Carson City at the time. And in talking to her last year, she thought it was quite a joke. “Why,” she said, “don’t you know?” She said, “Perhaps you didn’t know it, but I had quite a case on your son, Andrew, when I was over there. But, of course, he didn’t know that, either.” [laughing]

All went quite well; we all worked hard because of the large classes. We really had no time for much of anything else except schoolwork over there in Carson.

Some have wondered if we got involved in politics or anything of that type while we were in Carson City, but I can only say that I hardly remember of anything that happened in the way of political achievement or political rumor while we were there. We seemed to be too busily engaged in teaching and in the schoolwork, curricular or ultracurricular, during the time that we were there.

In the spring of 1928, I think it was, Lindbergh made his trip to Reno. We was making a tour throughout the country. He visited practically every town of any importance in the United States—that is, the more important towns of each state. He stopped in Reno. (They didn’t have a regular air field like we have today. The air strip was down on what is now the Washoe County golf

course. There's a little plaque in the corner which has commemorated the arrival of the first airmail.) He brought his little old "Spirit of St. Louis" along with him, or else, it—of course, it brought him, and settled down there. And everybody came to see Colonel Lindbergh—Lindbergh, the "Lone Eagle." He gave a little talk; his plane was there on display. And I remember some of the ladies presented him with a bouquet of roses, which seems a little bit odd; of course, it was a tribute to him. They wanted to give him something in commemoration for his trip, so they gave him a bouquet of roses. We thought it was just a little bit odd for a "lone eagle" to have a bouquet of roses. But he made that trip all around the country and got safely back.

At the present time, the little old "Spirit of St. Louis" hangs in the Smithsonian Institution, from the rafters of the roof of the Smithsonian Institution. We saw it when we were there a few years ago. It surely didn't look very big when we saw it this last time, compared with [laughing] the planes of nowadays. It is a little single-motor plane. It looked more like a toy than [laughing] a real plane. And to think that that little old "Spirit of St. Louis" flew the whole ocean from New York clear over to France without landing. It wasn't equipped for landing on an ocean, either. If that little old motor had conked out, Lindbergh would certainly have been down in the water with no chance of ever saving him. But the Lord was with him on that trip, as well as all the other trips that he made around through the country.

So the year went by at Carson City and it came to an end in the springtime, along in later May or June. In Carson, we traded with Safeway Stores and I got quite friendly with the manager of the Safeway Store there in Carson. I talked with him quite a bit. He was a young man; he hadn't been manager

very long. He was quite enthusiastic about the possibility of being a manager of a Safeway store, said he had gone through and he was highly enthusiastic about the Safeway setup.

So when school was out, we came back to Reno and lived at 1410 North Virginia; we rented a home up there for the summer. I went down to see the district manager here, who was Mr. Lloyd C. Black. Mr. Black was a fine fellow, a fine looking man; he had a wife and one daughter. We talked it over and he says, "Well, if you want to work—" I asked him for work during the summertime with a possibility of staying on for an indefinite period of everything was satisfactory. He said all right, he'd put me to work at Store No. 112 on Sierra Street.

So I reported down there for work in June of 1928 as a sort of a trainee at twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week; that was the standard pay at that time. There was another store in Reno, also, No. 52, up on Commercial Row. Mr. Vernon Jeppesen managed that store. And Mr. [Russell] LA Hooker managed the store there on Sierra Street, No. 112. Mr. Jeppesen, everybody called him "Jep." As I said, Mr. Black was the district manager.

The store was operated much different from the way it is operated today. It was all clerk service. There was no self service at all. The clerks had to take the order when customers came in, would take the order for what the customer needed, and would assemble the merchandise on the counter. Then, if it was just one or two items, we'd add it in our heads. If there were more than several items, we had an adding machine that we would total the amount on. And then we would bag the valley just ahead of us and beyond, the snow-capped Sierras just glistening in the evening sun, all aglow with the setting sun. They formed a beautiful background. And as we came along, Mamie

exclaimed, she said, merchandise and give it to the customer to take out. However, it all had to be taken off the shelves and assembled for customers.

Another big part of the work was food calls that came in. Especially on Saturdays, that was almost bedlam, because these phone calls would come in when there was always a crowd in the store. And to try to take an order over the phone when there are dozens of people in the store with all kinds of commotion going on was not easy, by any means. I was not very good at that, anyway; seemed like my hearing wasn't the very best. Mr. Thoker seemed to be able to shut out all outside noises and take a phone call without much trouble. But I managed to get by all right, and we really worked quite hard.

We had "specials" on Saturday. Saturday was the big "special" day. We had no other specials excepting on Saturday. So it was all crowded in to Saturday's big sales. On Friday night, we would have to go down and bag sugar and any other commodities like that, which were advertised as "special." We would have to lug out these hundred-pound sacks of sugar from the back room. We didn't have even a hand truck to carry it on. We had to carry it all on our shoulders, those hundred-pound sacks of sugar. And perspiring, and the sugar, of course, would melt [laughing], get sticky down our necks. And even the womenfolks would go down, Mamie and the children would go down and help out as much as they could during the Friday nights in preparation for the big day on Saturdays. And Mr. Hooker and his family would also help out in bagging sugar and other commodities that were on special. And we usually would work until almost twelve o'clock, then go on home, of course, and had to be back next morning at—I think it was nine o'clock that it opened.

These orders that came in for delivery—that is, we had a special deliveryman who took out orders all through the week. Of course, on Saturdays, why, there were that many more orders to be delivered. When a phone call came in for [an] order to be delivered by the deliveryman, we had to take the order, write it down with the name and address; we had to assemble the merchandise, put it in a box, and total it on the sales slip so that the deliveryman could collect for the amount. There was no credit at all. It was all cash, so that the deliveryman had to collect on all orders delivered. Sometimes, there was quite a commotion Saturday nights, late. He would be delivering until almost midnight, sometimes. And sometimes the slips would get mixed up in the boxes, and wrong deliveries would be made, and there was a lot of dissatisfied customers calling back. And so by the time that ten or twelve o'clock came and we were ready to go home, why, we were plenty tired enough that we were glad to rest, Sundays, of course, the store was closed. Its kept open nowadays, but it was closed then. We did plenty of work on Saturdays to warrant a rest on Sundays. In fact, most of the ones that worked in the store on Saturdays were glad to sleep practically all day Sunday to make up for lost time.

During the week, then, of course, and in the mornings, we had to prepare vegetables, bring the vegetables out from the back room and prepare them for displays—oranges and all kinds of produce. It was one of the little ruses that was practiced by Safeway at the time. Oranges from the same boxes from the same shipment, the same kind of oranges, I remember we would pile in different displays with different prices on them. And nine cases out of ten, the customers would inspect the two piles of oranges and would buy the higher-priced oranges because they thought,

for some reason or other, those oranges must be better; they were higher priced. It was quite a—so you see, they made an extra special profit on that pile of oranges. Not only oranges, but other produce was handled much the same way.

Practically all the standard items in the store were marked up sixteen and two-thirds percent as the margin of profit above the cost. Cost ranges, price ranges in the store were, oh, sugar sold for about nine cents a pound. Canned milk, Carnation milk, was in larger cans; now the cans are fourteen and some fraction of ounces. Those were full sixteen-ounce cans. Those were ten cents. Fresh milk sold for about twelve cents a quart. And bread, the standard price was ten cents.

One time when I was in the store here in Reno, they had a bread “war”—a bread war among the stores. When this bread war was going on, nearly everybody stocked up and fed bread to their chickens and dogs, and everything else, because it was sold for two cents a loaf. Bakeries were kept busy and would bring it while it was still warm because they didn’t have time to cool off; they couldn’t supply the demand at two cents a loaf. Seemed that everybody was buying bread to stock up for a future time.

When I first went to the store and was preparing the vegetables and getting them ready, taking the tops off, working out in the produce department, I used to like to sing little songs, hum little tunes, as I always did when I was on the ranch. And Mr. Hooker one day said to me, he says, “I’m glad to hear you singing a lot. It shows that you’re in tune with the world.” But he says, “We just don’t do that in the store because it’s not customary; it’s not in accordance with the regulations of the store.” So he says, “I’d appreciate it if you didn’t sing while you’re at work after this.” So, of course, I had to desist in my singing.

The Safeway store was operated by Skaggs brothers. The Skaggs brothers started their store in Twin Falls many years before, three brothers. They had this store in Twin Falls and operated it there and it branched out so that they had a number of other stores in other towns surrounding Twin Falls. Then they bought the Safeway chain, which was not originally owned by Skaggs. But the Skaggs brothers bought the Safeway chain and then changed the name of all their stores to Safeway.

One of the Skaggs, O. P. Skaggs, one of the brothers, didn’t get along with the other two brothers, so he decided to get out of the Safeway chain and start stores of his own. So he started stores of his own around the country under the name of O. P. Skaggs grocery stores. He had one in Reno on Sierra Street, right across from the Safeway Store No. 112 where I worked, which was on Sierra Street in Parkway Hotel. The store was on the ground floor of the hotel. The hotel was above and over. It really got pretty hot in there at night, too, when we were working.

Anyway, it was infested by [laughing] cockroaches, too. Infested by cockroaches, this store. And, of course, being warm, that’s what cockroaches like. The cockroaches would assemble around the merchandise. And, oh, they were cute little, cunning little fellows. They’d go around on the other side of merchandise, and especially sugar and things of that sort; they seemed to like to suck the juice of the sugar [laughing] out from the sacks. And they were cunning; they would hide on the other side and try to get away from you. But they can’t stand any cold at all. One time, we got a basket of apples and took the basket of apples home. Then we had to be gone for a couple of days and didn’t have any heat in the house, there on Lander Street. When we came back, the cockroaches were

all dead. We found a number of cockroaches dead in the bottom of the basket because it was chilly. They can't stand any cold.

But I did digress here a little, it seems, about the three Skaggs brothers. As I said, O. P. Skaggs had his own chain of stores which was separate from the Safeway stores. One of the things that the manager of the stores did, they would send one of their men out who was not generally known at different stores to buy a few items of groceries, just to find out, sample the prices, so that they would see that they were in line with the other stores' prices. They would bring back to the store, then, a number of articles, especially ones that they were in doubt about, prices of their competitors. We used to go out on some occasions to sample the prices in that way.

Then there was another ruse to call up by phone to the other store and ask the prices. Sometimes, the one who answered the phone would get rather suspicious after a while that it wasn't a true customer; it was somebody trying to find out the prices. But that's one of the old tricks of the store, merchandising business.

These Safeway Stores, of course, have gone nationwide. They're clear to the East Coast and several hundred of those stores—I don't know just how many there are now; it may be that there are close to thousands, something like the J. C. Penney store. O. P. Skaggs then eventually went out of the grocery store business and started a drugstore line, known as the Payless drugstores. There was one started in—we know on Second Street. And he did quite a business there and eventually moved out to a shopping district, where they have a large store. That was the O. P. Skaggs chain.

The Safeway stores took inventory twice a year. In taking their inventory, they usually did it on Sundays when the store was not

open. They would go around and place little slips of paper under each line of merchandise, showing that there were so many cans of Del Monte beans of No. 303 cans. If there were ten cans, they would put "10" as the number under those cans. Then after all the merchandise was inventoried that way, they would go to the back room and also inventory the number that there were in cases back there, or in the original bags. Then, at the end of the day, they would pull all these slips and read them out to the clerk of the district manager's office. And he would tabulate them all, and, of course, then afterward he would add them all up and find out whether the store had made money or lost money, and just how much.

When any man went to work for Safeway, or especially the manager, it was up to him to make a profit. If he didn't make a profit, why, he was out. And it was told of how some of the men used to try to make a profit in unethical ways in different situations. For instance, Mac, our meat man, who had charge of the meat department there at [Store No.] 112, on two or three different occasions, he was accused by some of the customers of weighing his hand when he weighed the meat, which I don't doubt very much. He was also accused of tampering with the scales. However, the weights and measures man came by and made his periodic visits to the stores and tested all the scales. I think Mac was pretty careful to have his scale in proper adjustment when the state inspector came around. But anyway, they were required to make a profit, or if they didn't make a profit, they weren't wanted by Safeway organization.

There were three of us that were in the store: the manager (Mr. Hooker was our manager); then Roy Epp was the other clerk besides myself. Roy Epp was from Alabama, and he was married to another Alabama



girl who—they talked with quite a Southern accent, especially his wife did. His wife had been a teacher down in Alabama. Roy Epp was a little younger than she and had been one of her students in class. However, they were quite devoted, had no children as far as we knew.

But as was the case of practically all the people from the South, Roy Epp didn't like to serve colored people because that's the creed of the people of the South as they were at that time. And when colored people would come into the store and want some merchandise, want Roy to wait on them, Roy always found it quite necessary that he go to the back room and prepare some vegetables, something to bring out, and leave either Mr. Hooker or myself to wait on the colored people. But Mr. Hooker noticed this, knew that Roy was doing this, so he took Roy aside one day and had a little talk to him and told him that all customers were to be treated the same, that there was no discrepancy as to color, so that he had to wait on them just the same as anyone else.

In the spring, then, of 1929, I was sent to the Fallon store. So at the end of the school term, we brought the family out there, also, to Fallon. We lived on Williams Avenue, rented a stucco house, frame house there on Williams Avenue, where all the big trees were at that time, big cottonwood trees. And at a certain period of the summer, they would shed their cotton all over the streets. It was really considered a fire hazard, so that in later years, they were all chopped down because of the cotton that they gave out at that season of the year, each year.

This house on Williams Avenue that we lived in was—appeared to be quite a nice little home, stuccoed on the outside. But we found out after we got in there, when summertime came, that it was really hot because the walls were thin; there was no air space between.

There the sun was shining on the outside, you'd put your hand on the wall on the inside, [and] it was so hot that you couldn't bear to keep your hand on the wall; it would burn it. So you see, the house really got warm.

The store in Fallon catered to the country trade, the farmers in that section. They would take in quite a lot of the produce and things that were raised by the farmers around there and catered to their wants in merchandise, also—packaged merchandise that they thought the farmers around there would want, the larger sized packages, not these little, small packages of merchandise like they have today. So in June, I brought the family out and we lived there during the summer.

Then about the time that school was ready to open again, I was sent back to Reno. Of course, we were glad to come back to Reno in time for opening of school, rather than to wait and start school down there and then have to be transferred up here. But it wasn't very long-lived, as far as that was concerned, our school in Reno, because I was transferred to Carson City along about the first of the year, of 1930. I went over and rented a little home over there (in fact, it wasn't a very little home; it was two-story) from Mrs. C. C. Taylor, who wasn't living in Carson City at the time. She had been the one who was teaching the seventh grade when I was there. She and her family had moved to Reno, and her house was big and so we rented that home.

On the way over, going over to Carson City along in January, 1930, there wasn't very much snow here in Reno when I left, but the wind was blowing, and out around Bowers Mansion it was blowing across the flat so that the road crew didn't have the equipment that would really take care of it. It came right down on the other side of Bowers across that flat and drifted in there faster than the road crew could keep the road clear. So I had the

old Chevy, and the snow drifted up around it so it was clear up to—I could hardly open the doors to get out of the car. And the road crew, which had the base of operations in Carson City, took all the stranded motorists into Carson City. And they finally, after several days, had dug out all the cars and brought them back into Carson. They brought mine back and left it in the garage there, and I had the garage man go over to see that it was all right; nothing really wrong with it. It seemed to come through the ordeal in pretty good shape.

The place that we lived in was in the 500 block on North Division Street there in Carson City, which was right next door to Mr. and Mrs. George B. Russell, who lived just north of us. When we went in, the house hadn't been cleaned or renovated the way it should, so Mamie got busy and went over the whole house, even upstairs and downstairs, put on new curtains and cleaned and washed and scrubbed. Mrs. Russell said that's the first time that that house had ever been cleaned up like that. And she said that even those curtains upstairs, new curtains on the upstairs room, had never been changed before because people didn't occupy the upstairs. But Mamie, she said she wanted clean curtains up there even though we didn't occupy the upstairs. It always showed from the street. So Mamie got it all nice and clean so it was really a nice home. Had a lovely back yard, which had great possibilities.

When it was all cleaned up and nice, along about February or March, a real estate man came along and said that Mrs. Taylor wanted to sell the place for \$2,000. He brought a prospective buyer along. She looked at the house and was quite delighted about the house. She said it was the first real clean house she'd seen in Carson City. And the real estate man told us, he took us aside and said,

"Now, these people want to buy the place." But he said, "As long as you're the tenants, the present tenants, if you want the place for \$2,000, that's all right with us. We'll sell it to you. You have the first refusal on it." But we didn't have two thousand cents, to say nothing of \$2,000. So we couldn't buy it. It would've been a wonderful buy if we could have. But we just couldn't see our way clear to buy the place. So we had to move out. We started to prepare to move.

It was about this time, also, that Mr. Black, the district manager, was transferred to another district. A man from California (I've forgotten his name; I've tried to remember it, but I can't remember) came up to take Black's place as the district manager. His ideas and creed for managing stores and businesses was entirely different from Mr. Black's. And he came to visit the store at Carson City and had a talk with me and he said, "How was it that Mr. Black hired so many old

And I said, "Well, I have no idea what Mr. Black's idea was. I just asked him for work and he said okay. He had no discrepancy against older men as long as they seemed to do the work."

And the new man said, "Well," this new district manager said, "my theory is that we should hire only young men because we want men that'll work with Safeway for a number of years, become managers and be with us for a number of years. And we don't want to hire older men that perhaps will be with us only a few years and then want to retire." So he said that, "We'll have to see that all of the older men are dismissed from this district."

Of course, I, being one of the "older men," was one who was dismissed, along with several of the others—the manager of the Gardnerville store, the manager of the Fallon store, and there were two or three others who were dismissed at the same time because of

the years that were creeping up on us. He had brought in some young men from California to take our places, some of his own men.

So we were without a job in the springtime. It happened just about the time that we were looking for another place to move to, being let out of the place where we were living there because the other party had bought the place. So in that way, it happened just about right. We didn't have to move into another place. Mamie didn't have to clean up another place in Carson City. We just moved over to Reno. We rented a little apartment on Lander Street. So in April, then, and May and June and July of 1930, I just took odd jobs around to help fill in and help tide over the time, and also keep us in a little spending money.

In August of 1930, I had made arrangements to go to Eugene, Oregon for a summer session, go back into teaching. I was rather disillusioned about the grocery business. So in August of 1930, about the first of August, we took our Chevy and started out for Eugene. It was a two-day trip in those days; the roads were not too good. But we arrived there all okay in one piece on the second day.

We pulled onto a campground there in Eugene, quite a nice campground, where a great many different people came and camped. And they had several camp kitchens and outdoor cooking facilities which were quite comfortable. We pitched our tent near one of these kitchen facilities and did our cooking in the kitchen facility and slept in the tent. Andrew slept in the old Chevy, in the back seat. And the time we were there, it was comfortable.

Oh, the children had a great time during the daytime playing with the other children who were on the grounds, and Mamie kept the camp kitchen spotlessly clean. Of course, others were using it, too, but she always busied herself in keeping things clean.

The summer session there in Oregon, it was what they called the "short term," a four-week term. We took little side trips sometimes, on Sundays or Saturdays, to see what the surrounding country was like. And in evenings, we would go down along the Willamette River, where blackberry vines grew in profusion, down there in the lowlands along the Willamette River. Of course, I guess in high water it was probably flooded there. But it was quite a nice place to go and pick blackberries. They were great big, luscious berries, just so ripe and sweet that they'd melt in your mouth. As a usual thing, blackberries that are picked for markets, you know, that are brought here, are sour; so we expected they'd be sour. But these berries were not sour. Ripening right on the vine, they had all the luscious flavor of real wild blackberries. We could also buy blackberries in the markets that were picked down there, buy them for five cents a basket. But when we could go down and pick them ourselves, why, we had the pleasure of picking blackberries, too.

But when we were there, Andrew ran afoul of some poison ivy; I guess it was poison ivy, or poison oak. And he had quite a bad case of poison from this poison ivy. It took several weeks for him to recover from it.

When we were there, a week or two after we arrived, there was a family pulled into the campground, driving an old, dilapidated Ford, pulling a trailer that was of the old type, homemade, I presume, just loaded down with paraphernalia that a family would use or would not use during a camping trip. And we wondered why or how they were able to manipulate some of the hills on the way up. They came from southern California. She, by the way, was a bean picker. She engaged in picking beans, and that's the way they made their living, following the different crops from one place to another. So they came up there

for that purpose. The husband was an older man and was not the father of the children. But she apparently had married him not too long before, a year or two before. He was a cripple, a semi-invalid; in fact, he could get around, but had to use crutches to go from one place to the other. And he was quite dictatorial, too. She seemed to think that he was just the whole thing, but he was quite dictatorial to the children or to anyone else who might be in the vicinity, thought that everyone ought to wait on him just because he was a semi-invalid. There was a number of children, perhaps five or six, all by a former husband.

She was gone, of course, during the day. So at noontime, rye thought that she ought to leave something for him to eat. Well, one day, apparently he wanted eggs for lunch and she hadn't left the eggs—or, she did leave the eggs, but she hadn't prepared them in any way. So he told one of the boys to bring the eggs over to Mamie and have her cook them. So the boy brought the eggs over and said, "Dad wants you to cook these eggs for him." [laughing] Well, Mamie condescended to cook the eggs for him; that was all right; she was willing to help or do it. But she didn't like the idea of his being dictatorial to her. So she told the boy that it would be all right; she'd cook the eggs for him now, but after that, why, he'd have to make arrangements to prepare his own eggs..

She told quite a little bit of her story to Mamie during the time that we were there. And she said that her mother didn't want her to marry this man because he would be a detriment to her for the rest of his life and the rest of her life. But she went ahead and married him anyway.

We left before they did on our way back to Reno. She was still engaged in picking beans. And one of the boys, the older boy, was also old enough to help out in the fields, so he

helped to pick the beans, too. They picked them for the cannery, one of the canneries there in Eugene.

The session that we had there was, as I said, a thirty-day session, and the classes were all interesting. The climate was wonderful during the summer, the summer climate in Eugene. It seemed—you'd feel it was a little bit more moist than it is here in Reno because there were breezes that came in. While it was not on the ocean, still it was tempered to a certain extent from the breezes from the ocean, came off the ocean to the west. It would be quite warm, the days were. And that one girl, in one of my classes, her name was also Crofoot, and she spelled it a little differently from ours. She spelled her name C-r-o-f-double o-t. We tried to establish some relationship, but couldn't trace our ancestors back far enough to really establish a relationship. I never heard from her since that time. She was a teacher up in that northwest section.

This little four-week sojourn in Eugene was quite a vacation for everyone, and when the season was over, the period, August, was finished, and it was time for us to return to Reno, we were all quite refreshed and it was just like a summer vacation for us. We returned to Reno in the first week of September, just about the time that the autumn storms were starting. The day we left, it was starting to cloud up in the west, and some of the old timers told us that the summer season was about ended, that the rainy season was about ready to start.

We were back in Reno from the month spent at Eugene. That was along about the first of September when the storms were starting in that section of the country. Eugene has a wonderful summer climate; very seldom it rained. In fact, it didn't rain all the time we were there. It was not too warm, though; it didn't seem like the heat was intense heat.

It seemed it was that the wind, it was close enough to the ocean that the body of water on the ocean seemed to temper the climate to a certain extent. So, although the days were warm it was not oppressive in any way. But it was in all a wonderful vacation and a wonderful month for us to spend there at Eugene. We always intended to go back, but never did get back to Eugene [laughing].

So we arrived shortly after the first of September. And the children went back to school. I took a temporary job. I made application for a number of schools, and also got in touch with the deputy superintendents in different areas, asking for a school. But in the meantime, I went to work for Piggly-Wiggly store on West Second Street. The manager of the store at that time was Harold Call, Mr. Harold Call. He also was a very good Mormon man and quite active in the Mormon church in Sparks. Since then, he has spent a number of years in the office there in Sparks. He was the police judge, I believe, or had a job of that type.

So I spent two months working for Piggly-Wiggly there on West Second Street. They handled merchandise in a little different way. None of the merchandise was ever priced, no price stamped on any of the merchandise. The sales people, the check stand people, had to memorize the prices of all the items in the store. So twice a week, the manager, Mr. Call, would go around, take a basketful of merchandise off the various displays and bring them up, and I had to check them out at the proper price. Then he wanted me to do the same with him. Once in a while, of course, there would be a little mistake, but I guess we did fairly well. But now, all stores price their merchandise; they aren't taking any chances.

About the first of November of that year, I received a letter from Mr. E. E. Franklin, who was the deputy superintendent of public

instruction located at Elko. He said there was a school vacancy at Delaplain. It was a small school north of Contact. Said it paid a hundred twenty-five dollars a month and it would be about a six- or seven-month term. He said that he would be glad to have me take the school if I cared to accept. So I sent word back to him immediately and told him that I would accept and that I would be there as soon as I could. So immediately I prepared to leave Reno, went up to Eureka on my way to Elko. I left the family here in Reno; Andrew and Virginia, of course, were in school, Andrew in high school and Virginia in the grades.

On my way to Eureka, going down the Austin summit on the other side, it was getting a little late in the afternoon, and I was bowling along, and suddenly there was a bunch of cattle on one side of the road. And for some reason or other, as I approached and got quite near, one of the cows decided to go to the other side of the road, so she crossed right in front of me. To avoid hitting her, I steered out into the brush. There was not too much of an accident, but it did bend the fender and bent the front axle to a certain extent.

I limped on into Eureka—on my own power, though—and took it to the garage there. The garage man told me that he'd have to send for a new axle because it was impossible to straighten the front axle so that the car would track properly. So he sent word down to the Chevrolet people here in Reno, asked for a new axle to be sent up by the Hiskey Stages. It did arrive on the next day, but it was another day before he could put it in and have the car in running order. So I lost two days there in Eureka.

Of course, I visited my mother and father during that time, and was glad to be able to visit them, too. But then I was a little late, so [I] started early one morning; I think it was



on a Saturday morning. Started out quite early on the way to Elko, stopped for a little bit to go in and see my aunt, Auntie Cox, and Minnie, there in Elko, and then continued on to Wells, then turned left at Wells to Contact. I had never been over that road from Wells on north, on the Contact road. It was about fifty miles to Contact.

I arrived at Contact in the evening, just about the time that darkness was falling, in a heavy snowstorm. Contact itself is in a hilly country, and a snowstorm in a place where I didn't know where I was going was kind of confusing. Anyway, I filled up with gas and oil and had the car checked, and inquired the directions from the service station attendant. He told me about how many miles I would have to go before I turned right off the main road, turn right and proceed along a fence for a way, and then down a lane, across the railroad tracks, and cross the railroad track where the telegraph line ran.

So I followed instructions and made my way, and found the railroad track, the lane, and made my turn. But the snow was coming down, it seemed like, more heavily all the time. And there was perhaps six inches of snow on the ground by that time, great big flakes. And it was dark, too. I continued along the road, had to run in low gear with so much snow. I didn't know where I was going, and the road itself wasn't very plain because the brush there in that section was all small, so it wasn't well defined; the road wasn't well defined even though it was open. Anyway, I continued along for some distance. It seemed like much more than three miles, but that's about all it was.

Finally, through the storm ahead, I saw the glimmering of a light. And that was something good to see. I pulled on up; it was the section man's light in the section house. And I got off and knocked at the door, and it

turned out to be Mr. James L. Fouts, who was clerk of the school board there. They lived at the section house there; he was the section foreman. He was in charge of maintenance of the railroad in that section of the country.

So I stayed with him overnight, took my bed inside and rolled it on the floor. And [he] told me to make myself comfortable, said that the folks would surely be glad to see me because they wanted school for the children.

They had plenty of coal. Coal was shipped in from Utah, and everybody used plenty of coal to keep warm. We talked for some little time and then went to bed. The next morning, why, he had breakfast for me; in fact, he got something for me to eat, something warm for me to eat when I came there that night. And I was glad to get that, too.

Then after breakfast the next morning, he said, "Well, I'll take you on down to the family that has the children for school age." This happened to be a one-family school. So the next morning, it was nice and clear, and the snow had settled. We got in our Chevy after I had unloaded all the paraphernalia that I had taken with me for staying up there in the teacherage. The teacherage was just a one-room frame building not very far from the schoolhouse, perhaps a hundred yards, less than that, from the schoolhouse. We went on down to the place where the family was. It was perhaps a mile and a half or so from the schoolhouse. There were five children in the school from the one family, from first to eighth grades. There was one little girl in the first grade and one girl in the eighth grade, and the other three children were in between; I'm not sure just what grades they were in, but it was a very interesting family.

The family itself was very, very poor in the way of living quarters and things of that sort. They lived in not much more than a cabin; I'm not sure just whether it had more than one

room or not; perhaps it did have two rooms. But it was a place that was built down along the creek in the willows down there, and they burned willows for fuel. That's all the fuel they had. They were a very, very poor family. But Mrs. Dyer seemed very nice; she was the mother. It was the Dyer family. They walked one and one half miles to school every day. So we arranged for school to open the next day. And she said she would send the children and we could arrange for the classes and find out what books we needed and everything like that. So it was all arranged so that they would be at school the next day.

Delaplain itself was on the creek in the lane that I had passed on the way up there, just before I crossed the railroad track. There was a post office there and a little store and one or two other buildings. It was a sort of a headquarters for the Utah Construction Company, who owned practically all the available ranch land in that section right at that time.

This little school building was about three miles north. The only buildings that were there was the section house, the school building, the teacherage, and one or two little outhouses. And there was also a water tank. The train always stopped there for water because it was a coal-fueled steam engine that pulled the trains back and forth. There were two trains a day, one going north and one going south.

The teacherage was a one-room building, frame; it was comfortable. It had a little coal and wood cook stove in one corner which baked good bread, and it also served to heat the building.

The school building was large enough, in fact, larger than necessary for a small school. It would have accommodated perhaps twenty children without trouble. But it was more of a shell than anything else. They had a big

pot-bellied stove in one corner of the room which did consume vast quantities of coal. But they said to use all the coal that was necessary to keep it warm, so I always went in the mornings and tired things up and got the place warm for when the children came, because in the wintertime when the snow was on the ground, they usually had wet feet, and I always tried to take care of them and see that they were comfortable before we opened school.

This Mr. Fouts was the crew foreman for the maintenance crew that operated up and down the tracks north and south of Delaplain. They had a handcar which they rolled up and down the track when they would go out to repair the roadbed. He and his place sold a few items for the railroad, a few items like peanuts and a few little items of groceries. I didn't really buy anything there excepting peanuts. I know that I always liked peanuts, so quite frequently I'd buy a twenty-five-cent bag of peanuts; that's about a pound. Mr. Fouts had for a companion a shepherd dog he called "Queenie" which was quite a smart dog and good company. We always made much of Queenie.

So when the children came to school the next morning, all spruced up in their best, which wasn't too much, they came to school and we talked things over and found out what grades they were in. They presented their cards and we looked over the registers from the previous year and found out the grades that they were entitled to enter and ordered the books from Compton's book store here in Reno, which was the depository for school books all over the state at that time.

The children always brought their lunch, which was not very much, usually consisted of a crust of bread and not very much more. Well, they carried it; the oldest carried it to school in a bag for the other ones. She was

quite motherly to the other ones and always took care of them so they were well cared for, the best she could. She was the one in the eighth grade.

During the recess and noon hour, I always went outside and played ball with them and tried to be part of the gang. They were all wonderful children. They were all fairly bright, very studious, and well mannered. I could leave the schoolhouse at any time if I had to do something, or just go out for a few minutes, and I knew that it would be exactly the same when I came back as it was when I left. They all studied hard and we all enjoyed our work there. They were all well mannered children. And I think they enjoyed their work just as much as I did during the time that they were there. No one became ill; they were quite a hardy bunch. And I always kept well all the time while I was there too, so, we were lucky for that.

Mr. E. E. Franklin came quite early in the spring. That was in November, see, that we went there, opened the school. But he came quite early in the spring, about as soon as he could get around after the winter snows had melted to a certain extent, visited the school. He was quite pleased with the progress, he made a few suggestions. Mr. Franklin was a really good man and Elko was lucky to have him as a deputy superintendent of that section. care of the house and also the school building. But it was all right; we got along fine. I walked to Delaplain, which, as I said, was three miles, once a week, always on Saturdays. I would walk to Delaplain for my nail and any few items of groceries that I might need to tide over. There was a little store there at Delaplain, and a post office, and the headquarters for the Utah Construction Company. There were always quite a lot of men around there on Saturdays, men from the various ranches around there,

Utah Construction Company, and from the railroad, and it was kind of a central gathering place for people. But I walked up there every Saturday and always took my .22 rifle along for—might see a squirrel or two along the way to shoot, or something else.

It was desert country; there “s no mountains right in that particular part of Nevada, excepting you could see mountains off in the distance, but this was sort of in a kind of a wide valley. It was a barren, rather barren country, too, almost a wasteland. There was a lot of cattle grazing, and grazing land for that purpose.

I carried my rifle and also a bag slung over my shoulder, in which I used to carry my papers. I subscribed to the Gazette, and so there would be six of them come every time that I went to the mailbox.. And six papers always took up a little room, beside my letters. I was always, of course, glad to get the letter or two which was always there from Mamie and the folks down in Reno.

It being late in the year when we opened school, they didn't have a period of vacation for Christmas and New Year's, like most of the schools did. We agreed to teach right on through, with only the day of Christmas and the day of New Year's off. So it came out all right, anyway; I didn't have any place to go, so I would rather teach than stay and try to kill time.

Then along in April, I had put in toy application to the Post Office Department here in Reno as an applicant for a postal clerk, and asked them to notify me if an examination was coming up at any time while I was gone. So I received the notice that the examination was to be given in April for the position of postal clerk—postal clerk and carrier; I think it included both. So in April, I got permission and left for a few days to come to Reno to take the examination.

When I got to Wells, just west of Wells, I saw a young fellow walking along the road ahead of me. I pulled on past him, and then after a little—I'd gone a hundred yards or so—I took pity and stopped and waited for him to catch up to me and asked him if he wanted a ride. He said he'd be glad to have a ride. So he wanted to know where I was going. I told him I was going to Elko. I didn't want to commit myself too much, because I was always a little suspicious. Mamie told me never to pick up a hitchhiker along the way. So we got to Elko and he got off and I stopped to see Auntie Cox and Minnie for a few minutes. I then started out, and about a mile this side of Elko, here I overtook the same hitchhiker, hiking along the road. So I concluded, well, he'd been all right the first time, so I guessed he'd be all right. So I stopped and took him aboard and carried him on into Reno. He proved to be one good hitchhiker, though. He didn't cause any trouble and was glad to get the ride.

As soon as I came on home, why, Mamie came out to meet me. She knew that I was coming. As soon as she opened the door, she smelled cigarette smoke and [laughing] was horrified to [laughing] think that I had picked up a hitchhiker. Well, that was, I think, the only one that I ever picked up, and I don't think I ever picked up one since, because they became more prevalent. These bad hitchhikers became more prevalent as time went on.

So the next day, the examination was held. I took the examination and prepared to return to Delaplain the following day. When I arrived home that night, it was fairly late. The children were in bed and I went in to see them. Of course, they were glad to see me. Virginia was quite sleepy, but Andrew woke up, and he was so glad to see me, he threw his arms around my neck and said, "Oh, Daddy,

Daddy, Daddy!" [laughing] And it made me feel good all over.

On the way back then, the next day, why, nothing happened and I reached Delaplain without any incident of any kind.

When June came, early June, why, Mr. Franklin sent the final eighth grade examination papers for a test for graduation from the eighth grade. Of course, I gave them to the girl; I've really forgotten what her name, first name, was. But she passed with flying colors; in fact, she stood very high on the examination. And Mr. Franklin came about the time the examination was being held. He graded the papers and he was quite amazed at the progress that all the children made. And he said that this school was going to be discontinued. It was just for that year. The Dyer children, the Dyer family, was moving back to Twin Falls, so there would be no school there. He said there would be a vacancy at Contact and he said that he would see the board there and recommend me for a position there at Contact. So a day or two after that, I went to see the school board there at Contact and they offered me the upper grades and I accepted. So when everything was cleared up there at Delaplain, I came on home to Reno. That was in June of 1931.

In the meantime, Andrew, here in Reno, had taken a job as carrier for the Nevada State Journal. His mother was a little bit reluctant to allow him to go out in the mornings quite early—at four o'clock—to carry the Journal on its route. He had to be up early to go down to the Journal office. They rolled all their own papers at that time down at the office. All the boys would assemble there and roll their papers. Sometimes there was a certain amount of horseplay that was going on, too, because sometimes they weren't supervised—throwing papers and things like that. One time, some of the boys—several

of them—threw Andrew down and took his pants off and hung them on the high wire line someplace down there. [Laughing] Andrew went out to get his pants, and a policeman stopped him and wanted to know what it was all about. And, of course, he told him, so the policeman helped him, I think, to retrieve his pants [laughing].

He had bought a bicycle for carrying the papers. It was a used bicycle; he got it for five dollars. His mother was willing to let him go after he had begged and begged and said he wanted to take the route.

One of the Forsythe boys [Donald] who was living next door was on the paper route. Of course, he wanted Andrew to go, also, so that they could get up and go down to the paper printing office in the morning together.

Well, in the latter part of August, after a real hot summer, we had the contract for the school term at Contact. So in early September of 1931, we took the Chevy and piled everything on that we needed. I think we had everything on the car that we were going to use during the year up there. We didn't ship anything that I remember, and we didn't have any trailer, so most everything must have been strapped on the car. Mr. [Victor A.] Marshall, the president of the school board, had rented a little white house at the upper end of town for us, and when we arrived at Contact, he showed us where our home would be for the year. It was a little three-room frame building. It looked quite good from the outside, but really was nothing much more than a shell. The wind whistled through it and it really was not a good place for wintertime. But we lived in there that year. It was between town and the schoolhouse, between the business part of town and the schoolhouse. When I speak of town, it was not really very much of a town, as towns go. It was an old, sleeping mining town which was for the most part abandoned. There

were a few people living there who still held on and hoped that the town would be revived and that Contact would come back to its own. But it never has.

There was no heating stove in the building, but there was a good cookstove in the little kitchen, off to the side. But we moved that cookstove out of this little kitchen and put it in the living room for heat. So when winter came, why, Mamie always kept the oven door open for heat. We had plenty of coal because coal was cheap there, much cheaper than it is in Reno, being near the coal fields in Utah. We laid in a good supply of coal for the winter and thought we were well set.

Mr. Marshall, who was the president of the board, was a storekeeper; he had a little general merchandise store there in Contact. Mrs. Martha Detweiler was the clerk of the board. She operated a little dairy, she and her son, the oldest boy, John, who was in Andrew's class in the first year of high school. They operated the dairy, did the milking. And most of the people picked up their own milk that took milk from the Detweilers. They had no facilities for delivering. We got our milk there while we were in Contact, also. We would go over every evening and pick up what milk we needed for the next day.

Mr. [William] Southard, who was a member of the school board, he had mining interests there in Contact, and also represented some outside interests who owned mining property there in that district. His wife, Mrs. [Irene] Southard, taught the lower grades, the first, second, third, and fourth. I had the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth. And there was a Mr. Fred Dees, [who] was the principal of the school, and he also taught the first year of high school in a separate building, aside from the regular school building. The regular school building was a frame building; it had two large rooms, one on each end of the building.



Mrs. Southard's room was on the west end and mine was on the east end.

Mr. Dees had taught for two years, I believe, at the state boys' school in Elko, and had given that up to take the school there at Contact. So he was really pretty good with the boys. He understood how to handle teenage boys and get a lot out of them. He was a very thorough teacher. Some might have said he was a little bit unrefined, or uncouth, as someone described him, but nevertheless, he was a good teacher. He had one failing. He liked to chew tobacco. He never chewed, of course, during class, but the minute school was out, he always had that big chew of tobacco in his mouth. He had about five or six boys in the first year of high school. There was Andrew and there was John Detweiler, and Laird Wilcox, and two or three other boys that I've forgotten the names of.

The Wilcox family was one of the prominent families there in Contact. Mr. Laird Wilcox was justice of the peace in that district, and Mrs. [Maude] Wilcox drove the school bus, carrying some of the children which were out a little way from town, carrying them in to the school. They had two boys and two girls about the age of Andrew and Virginia. The boys were Laird, Jr., who was about Andrew's age; and then Walter, a couple of years younger; then Ruth, who was about Virginia's age; and Mary, who was a year or two younger than Virginia. They lived on up the canyon, farther west from the main town. It was a little place up there in sort of a sheltered cove in the canyon itself; they didn't get the wind and it wasn't quite as cold up there. It was quite a nice little place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox had met in Ely when Ely was quite a mining place. They had met over there. He was interested in the mine, had a bookkeeping job there with a mining company. Mrs. Wilcox was a registered nurse,

working for the mining company—I guess for the Connect Copper. So we spent quite a lot of our time visiting them, that is, on Saturdays or Sundays. They were very friendly and really glad to have us come and visit with them, and they also came to visit with us quite often.

Contact is an old mining town. As I said, it was practically dead as far as mining was concerned at that time. But there was a little scratching around in the hills, people prospecting and doing the assessment work on various claims, trying to tide over until there would be a revival of the town, which they hoped would happen in the near future. But Contact never did come back on its own. The highway ran right through the lower part of town itself; the railroad followed along the valley about a mile from the town itself, farther to the east. Down at the railroad, there was a railroad station, and the station-master lived down there with his family. He had quite a family of girls, five or six girls, all of whom went to school.

Contact is located in a sort of canyon among broken hills, all granite outcroppings, especially off to the west and to the north of town. These granite outcroppings, some were low, and others really high. Some of the granite was quite weathered, quite an interesting country. But the wind did blow in Contact, the same as it blew down at Preston. There wasn't a day, I don't think, that the wind didn't blow. It seemed to blow from Nevada over into Idaho, across that little pass where the town of Jackpot is now located. (Jackpot has become a famous town since we were there. At that time, there was nothing there at all, just sagebrush on the divide, just over the line in Nevada, of course. Being a gambling town, it had to be in Nevada.) The town of Contact itself had a few buildings scattered around; some of the old buildings had been torn down; there were a few that were still

intact. And a few families lived there that made their living by various ways. Some of the families had quite a number of children, also. Some of the homes were up on the canyon, up near the Wilcox place.

The school itself, as I mentioned, was a two-room school, the main school, and it was at the upper edge of town, on the western part of town. There was quite a lot of ranching property below the town of Contact, along the creek bottom. This ranching property was owned principally by the Utah Construction Company at that time. Since that time, it has been taken over largely by the Agee estate. Mr. Horace Agee took over quite a little of that Utah Construction property. Then when Mr. Agee died, of course, it went to his son and daughter. One of the daughters married my second cousin, Oren Boies. Oren Boies and his family operate quite a lot of the property, the ranching property, in that area around Contact.

The school, when we went there the first year, there were about twenty-five children in each one of the rooms, beside the five or six which Mr. Dees taught in high school, first year of high school. Each teacher, of course, was his own janitor. Mrs. Southard didn't do her janitorial work. Mr. Southard came in and did that for her. They lived farther up. It was up the canyon a little way, not as far as Wilcox's, but off a little to the side on the hill there. Had quite a nice home in there.

We would have to start the fires in the morning. Some of those mornings were quite cold, too, in the wintertime. It's cold country. All of Elko County is known for its cold, down along the Humboldt as well as up the Contact way. I remember a good many mornings there that I'd go over to light the fire in the schoolhouse, there'd be quite a wind blowing down the canyon and it would be around twenty below zero. And that's chilling! We'd

have to start up a good fire in order to get the buildings warm.

But Contact was rather peculiar. There was very little social life there of any kind. Most of the people didn't do much in the way of visiting or other social functions.

During the noon hour and recess, the children would get out and play games on the school grounds, play ball and other things. And on the weekends, Saturdays and Sundays, and all through vacation periods, they did nothing but run the hills, trample over the hills and we don't know what else.

Mr. [Adam G.] Shriver was the Sunday school missionary in the state of Nevada at this time. And before and after for a number of years, he traveled the whole state and also traveled into California; some of his territory was in California. He had a Dodge car which he converted so that he could sleep in the back, and traveled on as little expense as possible, because he didn't get a very large salary and it is expensive to travel around. But when he came to different towns, why, of course, most of the people invited him in. He was invited usually in to spend the nights with private families. In that way, why, he curtailed his expenses. Mr. Shriver was a very fine man. He was known as the "jackrabbit missionary" because of his jumping around from place to place all over the whole state of Nevada in practically all weather and under practically all conditions. He used to come to Contact, also, as well as to the other towns. When he came, why, he would hold his services in the schoolhouse. Of course, everybody turned out, the boys and everybody, because it was very seldom that anything came to Contact which was different. So everybody turned out to hear what he had to say. He always gave talks and had slides, and he always left his literature. And the slides were quite interesting, scenic slides. He had been a

missionary in Alaska for a number of years prior to his coming back to the States and taking up missionary work in the northwest, Oregon or Washington, for a period of time before he came to Nevada.

He came to town I think about twice during the year that we were there. And it was quite a thing when he came, because everybody was glad to see something just a little bit different from the everyday life that they had up there. Some places, he came three or four times a year, depending upon conditions and how the people welcomed him and how much he thought he could do at the various places. He tried to be at the different places where he thought he could do the most good. But as I said, they were well-attended there. But after he left, why, he would either leave or send literature to be distributed as sort of follow-up work on the lectures of work that he had done while he was at the meetings.

The children, of course, were glad to see the slides. That was something different, and especially the scenic views of Alaska were interesting. After he would leave, we would try to follow up by holding Sunday school meetings. We tried it for a couple of Sundays, but it seemed that the children weren't too much interested and the attendance was not very good, so we gave up the idea of holding a regular Sunday school.

During the year that we were there, Mr. Detweiler, the husband of Martha Detweiler, the school board clerk, passed away in Twin Falls. He was ill for several weeks before he finally passed away. So Mrs. Detweiler, then, was left on her own with the children.

In the late winter, Mamie caught a severe cold, and it held on until summer. It was really a bad cold, almost—I guess that was the flu, or even a touch of pneumonia, I suppose, because she had quite a pain in her back for several weeks. Of course, there was no doctor

around there and she wouldn't go anyplace. But the old house was just a shell of a house and the wind blew through it, that terrific wind we had there in the Contact area. A house of that type was really not too good. We couldn't really keep warm in the way that we should have.

Along in the springtime, I received a letter from the postmaster here in Reno telling me that I was in line for appointment as clerk in the Reno post office, and I must report within ten days or an alternate would be selected in my place. Well, we thought it over and talked it over and mulled it over, and just couldn't bring ourselves to leaving the school in the middle of the year. We didn't think it was the ethical thing to do, so I wrote back to the postmaster and told him the situation. I told him at the end of the school term I would be glad to go in as a clerk in the post office. But, of course, that was contrary to the setup of the post office department. They selected an alternate, so I wasn't called for the position. I did really want to get to Reno, though, to get on steady in the post office if possible so the children could go to school there and I could be with them.

Before the end of the school term, perhaps in April, we were visiting the Wilcoxes up the canyon one Sunday. The snow was on the ground and Virginia and Mary were coasting down the hill past the house and past the chicken house. Virginia came down the coaster path. There was a chicken in the way, so she tried to steer out for it and the sled upset and she broke her arm. It was the right arm; it was just above the wrist. Mrs. Wilcox, being a nurse, examined it and told us that she thought the arm was broken and that we would have to have it taken care of by a doctor. So we bundled her into the car and we all went to Elko. It was quite a long trip. A hundred miles seemed long anyway, because

it was quite late at night before we reached Elko. The doctors had all gone home, so we couldn't do anything until next morning. We took her to the doctor's office; they examined it with a fluroscope. That's the first time I had ever seen a fluroscope, ever seen it in operation. They allowed me to look through it, see the bones in the arm. Anyway, they set the arm and put it in a cast and told us to go on home, and to come back in about a month and they would take the cast off.

Of course, that was her right arm, and Virginia always did all her writing with her right arm. But she learned to write with her left hand and did her schoolwork with her left hand and got along quite well. But then after about thirty days, we came back to Elko. The doctor removed the cast, and Virginia said, oh, there was an awful sensation in her arm that just felt like it was falling off. It didn't pain any more; it did bother her a little bit and wasn't quite as strong as it should have been. But by taking care of it, why, it healed very nicely and never bothered her very much. So this ended the school year. At the end of the school year, I took the family back to Reno. That was in June of 1932.

Before we came back, Laird Wilcox, Jr., had become suddenly ill, also. And there were pains in his abdomen. So Mamie, of course, had had appendicitis and she knew the symptoms. And his mother, Mrs. Wilcox, didn't know a great deal about appendicitis because it seems that she hadn't been working with appendicitis cases. But as long as she was assured that it was appendicitis, she took Laird to Twin Falls, where he was operated on. The appendix had already ruptured, so Laird was quite a sick boy.

On our way out from Contact, there was still snow on the low hills between Contact and Wells. It had really been a really hard winter, lot of snow. Spring had not come yet when we left up there in early June.

During June of 1932, just before I left there, I received my teacher's certificate, the life certificate, which was signed by the president of the superintendent of public instruction, Walter W. Anderson. It was also signed by F. N. Fletcher, President of state board of education, and Louise Dilworth, secretary of bureau of certification. I was quite proud to get my life certificate at a junior high grade. That was issued—lets see, the date was May 28, 1931, but I didn't receive it until 1932. For some reason, it was held in the office and I didn't receive it until that time, even though the date was 1931.

So during the summer, we did go back to Eureka. We went back to Eureka and spent the summer visiting with Mother and Father in Eureka. Then Andrew and I went out to the JD ranch, where Mamie's brother, Gene Johnson, had a ranch leased out there. We worked in the hay field during the summer while Mamie and Virginia stayed with my mother and father in Eureka. Mamie's mother was also with her there at the time.

We'd been working all the time down at Mamie's brother's, Gene, while my brother Fred was working over in Diamond Valley at Wallace Bailey's place. He was working in the hay field for Wallace. He operated various types of hay field machinery. He was always good with horses. In fact, I don't know of anyone who was really better with horses than Fred was. He always liked to handle horses and was good to them, too, and could do almost anything with horses.

However, on the eleventh of August of that year, he was raking hay, running an ordinary hay rake, driving two horses, which weren't mustangs or bronco horses, but they were quite spirited, especially one of them. In working in the hay field, one of the horses happened to rub off his bridle, apparently. And when the blinders were off, of course,

he looked back and saw the rake coming and became frightened and they ran away. Of course, most people—most men—would have jumped off or fallen off behind. But Fred, having handled horses for so many years, just held on, thinking that he could probably get them stopped, I suppose, before they really did too much damage. But they ran toward the haystack and one of the wheels of the rake hit the corner post of the hay corral, and it broke off the tongue of the rake. And Fred was thrown into one of the posts of the hay corral and was killed. Of course, Wallace was very much upset and rode up. He went to town, jumped in his car and went to Eureka to report the accident. The coroner and jury came out. A message was sent from Eureka down to the JD ranch, telling me of what had happened. So Andrew and I were working in the hay field and we saw Fern coming from the ranch house, down on a white horse. We saw the white horse leave the ranch house and Fern was making as much haste as she could to get down to the field. And we were wondering why she was in such a hurry, riding her white horse. She came down and told her father, and, of course, Gene told us. And we immediately got in the car and came to Eureka and took care of the things there. It was a great blow to my mother because of Fred being the only one left at home of the unmarried children. And she looked up to him a great deal. It was really a heavy blow on her.

That was on the eleventh of August, and school was to take up in early September, so we remained on for perhaps a couple of weeks there with my mother and father, and then came back to Reno.

Andrew being in high school and there was no high school at Contact for the coming year, we decided that Andrew and Virginia and their mother would stay in Reno. So we

rented a house at 805 Plumas Street and I went on back to Contact to teach the school for the year of '32 and '33.

The school went on very much as it did the year before. Of course, I had to do my own cooking and baking and ironing and everything, as I always did when I was [laughing] out alone like that. Mr. Shriver came a couple of times. I lived in the same house that we had lived in the previous year, the little white house. But living alone wasn't my idea of a good life. But Mr. Shriver, as I said, came, and when he came to visit there twice, I think, that year, he stayed with me, slept in his own car, as he had that all fixed up for a bed in the back. But he ate with me and I did the cooking, and he thought that the meals were quite good. Anyway, he was quite glad to visit and also have a place to stay when he came to Contact.

When the folks were gone, why, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox were even more friendly than ever. They always told me that I had to come up and spend Sunday with them. Mrs. Wilcox always cooked up a nice Sunday dinner; they raised chickens and they always had a nice meal. I was always glad to be up there with the family. We got so close that it seemed that they were almost related because we were such, good friends and [they] were so good to me, especially when I was there alone. So at the end of school in 1933, I came on back to Reno.

In the spring of '33, I remember very distinctly Mr. Dees, after school one day, came on over and was talking to me while I was doing the janitor work there in my room. He was sitting, talking, and of course, as usual, Mr. Dees had his big chew of tobacco in his mouth. And he was walking around talking, and he looked out the window. He said, "Here comes Mrs. Detweiler!" She was the clerk of the board and really ran the school.



So she came on in, and she said, "Well, Mr. Dees," she said, "I would like to have a little talk with you." So I left the room and let her talk. And anyway, before she came, why, Mr. Dees did away with his chew of tobacco. He didn't want Mrs. Detweiler seeing him with a chew of tobacco.

After she left, I came back, and he said, "Well, she fired me. She doesn't want me. She's got somebody else that she thinks is going to be the teacher of the high school here in Contact for the next year.

So he was quite put out about it, but nevertheless took it all right. He came on down to Beatty and taught school in Beatty and Mina, then, for several years, then finally retired and went back to Abilene, Kansas, where his home was, where his brother lived, and where he had been born and raised. And Mr. Dees died back there perhaps about ten years ago, I think. He was not very much of a correspondent; we used to exchange cards at Christmastime every year. He lost his health and had to give up his teaching before he was eligible for teacher's retirement. I don't know whether he ever got any retirement payments or not. But he hadn't really completed his period for retirement.

Well, I didn't want to go back to Contact because I didn't want to spend another year up there alone away from the family, especially under the conditions of a crowded school, no facilities for taking care of the children. So I didn't apply for another school.

At that time, there was a severe depression on, and jobs were scarce. I did take some various short jobs, but the work that I did then for the next year was—. I taught adult education under the PWA at nights in 1934 and '35. Walter Baring was one of the other teachers that I remember. He taught German. I taught English composition and history.

These were not regular school, just adult education of the PWA program.

In these classes, there were all adults, many housewives and men who were employed who didn't go to school, of course, hadn't completed all the education that they wanted and were glad to take some classes in adult education at night. Some of the women were grandmothers; others were not so old. They seemed to be all interested in their work. They wouldn't've come to take night school work if they hadn't been interested. They were eager to learn and discuss the subjects that were being taught. And some of them were real critical, too. Some of them were quite keen in their analyses of different things.

I wanted to say a few words about our one-time good friend, Chauncey W. Smith. We first met Mr. Smith when he was the principal of schools at Elko, the grade school, I believe it was. He was there for one or two years and then went to Eureka, where he taught. He was later made deputy superintendent of public instruction, and then after a period in that work, was elected as state superintendent of public instruction. He was always quite a good friend of ours. He was active as a deputy and as state superintendent when I was teaching at different places, and was always quite helpful. He was quite a tall, very good-looking man, was very decisive in his words and actions, and a man that took with the people, as was shown by the large vote that he got when he ran for superintendent of public instruction. The last time he came to see us was when we were living at 805 Plumas; Tie came. up for a little combined visit and business talk with us. He visited for about an hour or so, and when his business was completed, he said, "It's time to go," and got right up and left, which showed his decisive action. He never hesitated or tarried around. As far as we knew, he showed

no indication of having a heart condition. But he died very, very suddenly while he was still superintendent of public instruction. And his loss was felt very keenly by the people of Nevada and by his many friends.

Mrs. Chauncey W. Smith was the sister of the wife of Carl Horn, who used to be associated with the University of Nevada. I didn't know Mrs. Smith personally, although we did know Mr. Smith quite well. Andrew D. Crofut Diamond Valley Dust



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## WE SETTLE PERMANENTLY IN RENO: THE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, FAMILY LIFE, RETIREMENT, 1935-1968

Well, in the years 1935 to 1938, I was employed by the Nevada State Employment Service. It was first known as the U. S. Employment Service under the supervision of the United States government. It was later transferred to the state of Nevada and became known as the Nevada State Employment Service. It was first located, as far as I know, on the east side of Virginia Street, across from the Hilp's drugstore. I've forgotten what building it was in. I chose the work with the Nevada State Employment Service because it offered steady employment and I could remain in Reno where I wanted to be with my family.

At first, I went to work as a file clerk. And as file clerk, I refilled cards, took charge of the cards, and kept them in order and up to date. The cards that were a year old were placed in the non-active file. And the cards that were active were kept in other files. Each card was indexed—that is, each job was indexed and the card placed in the index where it was supposed to be. Each time an applicant came in, his card was renewed, and the date, renewal date, was placed on the card. Otherwise, if he

didn't appear within six months, his card was placed in the inactive file.

As interviewer, why, I took record of all the work that was done within the last few years, depending upon the job or the work that he had done. It went back over a period of years, showing his or her capability and the work that had been done. He had to find out just the type of work and exactly the kind of work that was done, over how long a period, and for whom, and when the work was done, and the rate of pay, and all pertinent information that could be placed on a card. Of course, the card was not too large and could not place a lot of work that wasn't pertinent to the capability of the applicant. Most of the applicants were quite—oh, they weren't too ambitious about their work. Of course, they all came with the idea of getting work. Some of them were quite patient about coming back several times without having been called for anything. Others thought they should be placed immediately and wondered why they weren't. There were a great many young people that came to be interviewed and

seeking jobs, too, especially during vacation periods, summer vacation, high school boys and girls who wanted some temporary work during summer, or who would like to have a little extra work at odd times during the school year. The times were very difficult and placements were not as many as we would like to have had. In fact, they were rather few; it seemed that way to us, at least.

One of the fellows that came in to be interviewed quite often, I remember, was an ex-prizefighter, Jackie Roberts, and he lived around here for a number of years. And he apparently had gone through some pretty grueling battles and was really what might be termed "punch-drunk" to a certain extent. And Mr. J. M. S. Hawthorne, who was one of the interviewers along with me, had made a notation on the card, "punch drunk." Well, when he came back to be re-interviewed one time, I got the card out and talked with him, and he glanced down and saw that notation, "punch-drunk" on there. He wanted to know who put that on [laughing]. He was quite wrought up about that notation "punch-drunk" [laughing]. Since then, why, he passed away a few years ago. So he was out of the picture then.

Of course, there were quite a number of short jobs, more short jobs than there were the longer jobs that were available at the time. As the conditions improved, why, the job placement possibilities became better and we placed more people on permanent jobs.

As a usual thing, most of the stores or businesses here in town hired their own personnel. People would go to them and seek the jobs and they would take their record, and, as a usual thing, they hired a great many of their own, especially at the beginning, before they really learned to appreciate the services that were being offered by the employment service. They at first seemed to think that

the ones who would go to the Employment Service for jobs rather than come to them might be the type of people that really weren't very reliable. But that idea was quickly dispelled and they learned to depend more and more upon the services that were offered by the Employment Service.

After a time spent as file clerk, I did interview work, as I have just been indicating. That was about six months after I started working with them. When a person was placed on a job, he would be given a card, a reference card, what we called a reference card, which was introducing the applicant to the prospective employment man and telling him of his possibilities and asking the store or whoever he was sent to return the card, indicating whether the person had been employed or not and whether he had been employed on a permanent or temporary basis. That way, why, we could take better care of the cards and place them in the proper files.

We were over on Virginia Street for a period of about one year, I believe it was. Then we moved to new quarters in the Cladianos building, which was on Second and Sierra Streets, upstairs. These were larger quarters and a little better arranged.

Mr. Jack Evans was the manager of the Employment Service when I first went there and stayed there for a period of about one and a half or two years. Then he left the Employment Service and went to San Francisco and took a job which he had previously held a number of years before as a movie projector operator in one of the motion picture places in San Francisco. He didn't return to Reno to live, but did make some trips back here to Reno, and I saw him on several occasions, always glad to see him. He was a rather small man but very energetic and a good man for the job. He was a good



talker and seemed to be qualified in every way for a job like that.

In our work, we got periodic tests; the manager gave periodic tests. Sometimes, outside people would come in and give a test to show what we knew or how we had progressed in our work or the possibilities. And very frequently, we would be asked if we would take a job out of town in some of these smaller places, smaller towns, where they had branch offices or other offices of the Nevada State Employment Service, like Fallon and Hawthorne, and other places like that. They asked me several times if I would care to take tins job; in fact, it was always a part of the questionnaire that was submitted at the examinations or tests. I always answered that question that my folks, family, lived in Reno, that I had children attending high school, and I would very, very much, prefer to remain in Reno,

There was quite a turnover in the personnel in the Employment Service, also. Mr. Hawthorne, who I have mentioned, remained in there all the time that I was there, and also for a period afterward. And his health failed and he passed away about a year after I left the Employment Service. He was a very fine, upright man. I thought a lot of Mr. Hawthorne.

About 1938, they said that they hoped that I would be willing to take a job out of town, that it would be required because they thought I should go around to some of the other places to complete my training. They said that the tests showed that I was competent and had the ability to go ahead and manage one of the smaller offices. But I didn't like that idea of leaving town, so I looked around for other employment.

In the meantime, the Wilcox family moved from Contact to Reno. And Mrs. Wilcox was a registered nurse. She had been in

that work over in Ely at the time that she and Mr. Wilcox were married and had followed it off and on before they came to Contact. They had been in Texas for a number of years before they came to Contact, also, and she had followed that work down there. When they came to Reno, they bought a home, one of the older homes on the corner of Forest and West Taylor, paying \$2,400 for the home. It was quite a large home, but a little old and run down, had an extra lot, too, a very desirable piece of property. And they got a bargain on it. They bought it on the monthly payment installment plan without any interest, which is something unusual over the period of years that it required to pay it off. But it didn't take them very long to pay it off. Mr. Wilcox went to work as a bookkeeper for the Nevada Transfer and Storage Company, while Mrs. Wilcox worked as a private nurse. She wasn't under the employ of the St. Mary's, but she worked most of the time at St. Mary's hospital as a private nurse, and was able to work practically full time. In fact, many times, she worked two shifts a day, which was more than anyone should as a nurse.

After they were there for a number of years, Mr. Wilcox took a position with the Hiskey Stage Lines and went to Austin, where he was for about a year. Then he went to Portola and has lived in Portola ever since. He worked as a bookkeeper for the railroad there in Portola, retiring three years ago.

Now I want to return for a few minutes to tell you about my folks in Eureka, my Father and Mother Dibble. Beth Jacobsen came to town to live with them while she went to school about 1933 or '34. She lived with them while she was in the early years of high school. She was there one or two years and then went to Wells, where she finished her high. school, and got her diploma at Wells.

Father Dibble, in the spring of 1935, he caught the flu or a virus cold of some type. And it held on and was quite debilitating, so that he lost a good deal of his vigor and natural strength that he always seemed to have. We always went up to see the folks at least once a year, and we tried to get up twice a year if possible to stay for a week at a time to visit. They always wrote to us every week and we always managed to write to them every week. tie never missed.

When we went up there in the fall of 1935, we noted that Father Dibble didn't have his usual strength or energy and that he had failed considerably. It was the first time that I ever heard him sigh. Sometimes when he'd sit thinking, why, he would sigh, of course, without knowing that he was doing that. Put it showed that he was failing. Shortly after we left and came home, Mother wrote and said that he had started to write his little outline of his life, knowing that I had asked him several times if he couldn't write something of that type. In fact, we'd made a little short beginning of something like that when I was still at home. But we didn't get more than a page or two before something else came up and we just didn't have time to do that [laughing]. But when he felt that he Was failing, he knew that we wanted something like that, and so he made a determined effort to do the best he could to furnish the little outline of what had happened from the time they left Connecticut until the time that he was writing the review. It was not very full or complete, but was an outline of things that had happened. And with our memory of stories that he had told and things that he had told about during his lifetime when we were younger, we were able to fill in and make quite a complete history of some of the things that he had done.\*

He was quite weak when he was writing, and after he had finished it when we were up

there, it was given to us, and Mother told me, said, "You should appreciate that, because he certainly wrote when he wasn't able to. He would write for a few minutes or sometimes half an hour, and then he would have to put it down and go lie down." So you see that he was not really able to do the writing. But nevertheless, it was quite a good piece of work for a man ninety-one years old and in failing health.

He was not bedridden until along in April. He was able to dress himself, although it was quite a laborious task, and, he was able to be up and around for at least a part of the day. We went to Eureka early in May and saw that he was failing quite rapidly. We came back, and then a week or two later, I took Mamie up. Mother had written and said that he was bed ridden and the doctor said that he probably wouldn't live very much longer.

Dr. Dan Hurley was the county physician in Eureka at the time, and, also, of course, took care of all the private calls that were to be made because there was no other doctor in Eureka. In fact, Eureka was a small town and they were fortunate to have a doctor there on call. But the fact that he was paid by the county as a county physician to take care of the county patients helped to maintain a doctor in Eureka.

When we went up the second time, Mamie stayed to help out because Mother needed some help. She had been helped by the neighbors; they were all good and they all offered to help as best they could, came in quite often. But when he got real bad, why, someone had to be there to watch out for him during the night, see that he didn't get out of bed, or if he needed anything during the night,

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\*See ins., Special Collections Department, University of Nevada Library, Reno.

why, she could take care. Mamie didn't go to bed. She stayed and saw that anything that he needed, why, he was able to get.

Along about the twenty-second of May, Mamie phoned me and told me that I had better come because he would probably only live for a few hours, or days, at most. I immediately got a temporary leave of absence from the manager and went to Eureka. But when I arrived there, he had already passed away. Mother was quite brave and resigned. She knew for a long time that he was failing rapidly and would not live much longer.

Harold Jacobsen was staying with them at the time. He was going to high school and was staying there. In fact, he was in his senior year. He had been there for—I don't know just how many years he had stayed with Mother and Father Dibble while he was attending high school there in Eureka. But this was his final year. Harold was very helpful. He was handy and always helped out in every way. And they were really lucky to have Harold there because he was so understanding and helped in any way that he could. Although he was attending school, he was able to do a lot to help out during the mornings or in the evenings or on weekends. The neighbors were wonderful.

So in May—I think it was on the twenty-third of May, he passed away, and was laid to rest up in the city cemetery in Eureka.

Mother suffered from chronic asthma ever since she was in Fallon, and she had that severe attack at the time that we were down there. She had suffered from chronic asthma, which was in a way hereditary, I suppose, because her mother had also been a victim of chronic asthma for a number of years before she died. And Mother suffered a great deal. Especially when she would catch a cold, it would aggravate the condition; it was bronchial more than anything else. During

the year, the spring of 1938, she was quite ill for some length of time there at home, from February, March, and April, and into May. In fact, she was up and down, and was sick more or less in the period of that time. The neighbors were very helpful. Auntie Cox came from Elko to help, and she stayed with her for a period of two or three weeks during the spring until she started to feel better.

The only diary that I have was one that she wrote during the spring and summer of 1938. I still have that diary on a calendar that she had. And they kept a daily account of what happened, so it was from that that I got a few of my notations.

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1938, Virginia and a friend of hers, Mary Beth Lamb, and I went to Eureka to get Mother and bring her down to Reno. She still had the asthma and was quite weak from the long period of illness that she had during the springtime. When she came down to Reno, we lived at 805 Plumas Street at the time. Up in Eureka, she'd always been so fearful of getting some night air, which would aggravate the asthmatic condition, and she always had to keep her windows tightly closed. But when we got her down to Reno, it was quite warm. So one night, she seemed to be almost suffocating from the heat, so she raised the window a little bit. She was surprised the next morning to think that the night air hadn't bothered her at all. So the next night, she raised it a little bit more, and a little bit more, and was really amazed to note that the night air here in Reno didn't bother her at all. It seems that up there in Eureka, there was a tar weed or a rag weed of some type that grew there in the yard that must have been the cause of her aggravated condition of asthma. She took a great deal of iodide of potassium as a temporary relief from this asthmatic condition.

As time went on, she started to walk out a little way along the street, and after a week or so, she was able to walk clear around the block without being too tired. And she seemed to be so much improved. Then on July eleventh, 1938, my brother, Ferris, came from New York for a visit with us. He came on the train. He knew that Mother was there at our place, so he came directly to Reno to visit. And he noted that Mother was doing quite well.

One day, Mamie mentioned to Mother that she wished she could make apple pie like she did. And Mother told Mamie, "Well, you come in here, and I'll show you just exactly how I make apple pie so that there'll be no reason why you can't make apple pie just as good as mine. So it happened that Gravenstein apples were in the store at that time; they were in season. So I went down and got a bag full of Gravenstein apples. So she made a couple of apple pies, and Mamie was an apt student and learned how to make apple pies. From that day to this, why, I don't think anybody can make a better apple pie than Mamie can. Very, very much like Grandma's. As we all know, Gravenstein apple pie is tops.

In the meantime, June of that year, we had purchased property at 134 West Taylor, which was next door, across the irrigation ditch, from the Wilcox's. In fact, Mrs. Wilcox had told us that that property was for sale, and if we were in the market for a home, she'd certainly like to have us come down there and look at it. And if we felt like buying, they'd be delighted to have us as neighbors. So we went down and looked at the property. It was an older property and needed a lot of work. It was owned by Bert Cassinelli. Finally, we worked out a deal and purchased the property from Mr. Cassinelli for a price of around \$2,400, which seems like very little money nowadays, but property values have changed a lot since then [laughing].

So when Ferris came, he went down and helped me. I wasn't working at the time. [He] went down and helped me; we tore down the sheds, some of the old sheds that were on the place, and some of the old buildings. Mr. Cassinelli had thrown nearly everything—anything he didn't want, if it was under foot, he threw it up on top of the shed [laughing]. So imagine about how much accumulation there was on top of those old sheds and things that were around there, outside toilet, and things of that type, which didn't enhance the beauty of the place at all. But by the time Ferris left, we had it pretty well torn down and cleaned up so that I could go to work to improve the place and build another house on the property. He stayed with us until the twenty-second of July. Mother said that she would have to get back to Eureka, and Ferris said that he wanted to visit with Grace and Jorgen and the family out in Diamond Valley before he went back. He had to get back home sometime in August because he couldn't be away too long at a time.

So he and Mother left on the Hiskey Stages on the twenty-second of July, went to Eureka. They were in Eureka for a few days, then went out to the ranch to visit with Grace and Jorgen and the faintly. While Ferris was out there, he got a team and buggy that they had and took Grandma around to some of the neighbors there in the valley to visit. And he, himself, of course, wanted to see them and talk with them, also. He was there until August the Fourth. And then Lloyd Jacobsen took Ferris on to Elko and he took the train and went back home to Albany.

Mother, of course, realized that that probably was the last time she would ever see him. But she was very brave about it. But from that time on, she made no more regular entries in the diary; that was the end of the diary. But she made no more regular entries.

There were a few sporadic entries of business transactions and things of that type that she had done. But that was the end of her diary. In fact, her health started to fail considerably after that.

She caught a severe cold. Jorgen was campaigning as a county commissioner in Eureka County. And she went out on one trip with Jorgen and Grace in the northern end of the valley, and when she came back, she wasn't very well. She really wasn't strong enough for going on a trip like that, but she thought that she was. But it proved that she wasn't. A short time after that, also, she went to Elko, and she became quite ill there at Auntie Cox's place and was in bed for several days. When she was a little better, she came back home to Eureka. However, her health was very, very poor, and we made a trip or two to Eureka.

Then in early November of '39, we learned that she was failing quite rapidly, so we went to Eureka. Mamie and I went up, and Manic stayed to help out, because Mamie was always good, sort of a natural nurse in taking care of people. Grace and Jorgen were there, too, quite a little bit of the time.

Mamie took right over as nurse and she wouldn't go to bed at night. She stayed up and slept in a chair right there alongside of Mother and took care of her every need during the night, kept the fires going, because it was quite cold weather. Gets cold in Eureka in November because the elevation is around 6,500 feet. It gets cold there in November, so she always kept the fire going all night so that Mother would always be warm and comfortable and had the things that she needed. I stayed, also, when I went up with Mamie for a few days; and then, of course, Andrew and Virginia were here in Reno. And I had to get back to work, also.

Dr. Hurley said that he thought that she would be getting along all right. He said

that she seemed to be improved, and that with good nursing, probably she would start improving and regain her health, temporarily, at least. So one morning, I went in and told her that I would have to be going back. Well, she didn't want me to go, or didn't think that I should go. She held out her hand to me as much as to pull me toward her, protesting my going. But I told her that I had to get back to see that Andrew and Virginia were getting along all right, and that Mamie was going to stay. Well, of course, then, when she knew Mamie was going to stay, why, her face brightened and she felt better about it. I told her the doctor said that she would probably be getting along all right now; in a few days she would be able to be up and around.

About a week later, Mamie phoned and said that she was tailing very fast, and the doctor said that I should come. So I went back to Eureka, and she passed away, I think, that same night, while we were all there, passed away very peacefully in her sleep. She didn't know me; she was in a deep coma when I went back, and didn't recognize me or anyone else. But she passed away without any suffering, and we were all, of course, very glad about that. And she was laid to rest by Father Dibble and Fred up in the cemetery in Eureka.

So in the fall of 1938, shortly after that, I took a job with Montgomery Ward. I went in to see the manager. He said there was an opening as a shipping clerk, that they did have a shipping clerk but they needed an assistant; there was a possibility of advancement. So I took the job at twenty dollars a week, which didn't seem very much, but nevertheless, twenty dollars a week was quite a little bit. [Laughing] It helped out to make ends meet, and I thought that we'd get along very well, which we did.

I began as assistant shipping clerk for the first six months. And after the six months"



period, I was made head shipping clerk. The shipping clerk at that time was transferred to another job in the store. So the job which I held at twenty dollars a week continued for two years at that same way.

Mr. Dixon, Beecher Dixon, was the manager of the store when I went there. And he was a man that believed in keeping expenses down to the full extent. He didn't raise wages unless that was just a necessity. He was [a] rather tall, blond, middle-aged man, had a thin face, clear complexion, and aquiline nose and bushy eyebrows, a rather protruding chin and thin lips, and very decisive in his actions and words. He was rather stealthy, too, in his actions. He'd move around and he'd be right behind you before you ever realized or knew that he was in the room at all. So he kept his eye on everything that was going on and was thoroughly conversant with all the proceedings in the store. We always called him, referred to him as "Gum Shoe," [laughing] because of the fact that he was so stealthy in his movements.

He stressed drive and determination and an aggressive action, attitude, toward work. And he used to have meetings, especially of the menfolks. Women could attend, but this was especially for the menfolks who were employed by the store. These meetings were held in the evenings, perhaps once every two weeks, or once a month. Most men came; in fact, he not only suggested, but said that he wanted them to come and be present at the meetings. So, of course, most men were job-conscious in those days and they attended the meetings whether they really wanted to or not.

He suggested a book which was, I think, the *Science of Mind*, or a book of that type; it had a title something like that. I purchased one of the books, as did most of the other men who came to the meetings, mostly to please

Mr. Dixon, I think. I doubt if the men read the book; they might have; probably glanced over it, but I don't think they studied it very [laughing] thoroughly.

It was a policy for everyone to come back to work at least one evening each week, and sometimes oftener than that. There was no extra pay given for this evening's work. We would [do] usually about three hours work in the evenings. But extra pay was not the policy; no one got extra pay for these extra hours that were put in. Regular hours were from nine-thirty a.m. to five-thirty p.m. each day, six days a week. And the store was never open on Sunday. Now, why, most of the stores are open at least part of the day on Sunday. Ward's opens from twelve until five-thirty at the present time, and I think most of the other stores do, too.

As a shipping clerk, I had to see that all merchandise that was to be shipped or delivered was assembled in the shipping room or available for a delivery truck for local deliveries. Anything that was to be shipped out of town, we had to assemble it in the shipping room and have it packed for shipment so it was acceptable to the various truckers or railroad; it had to comply with the requirements for shipping—properly packed and properly crated. And, of course, it was labeled, the merchandise was labeled; it had to be billed, a bill of lading made out in three forms: one was given to the carrier, and we kept two in two different files in the store, showing just what merchandise had been shipped and how it had been shipped, and when, and where.

Then there was also quite a number of back door pick ups, people coming into the store purchased merchandise, heavy items that they'd say, well, I'll pull around through the alley and pick up the merchandise in the alley. Then, of course, the salesman was

supposed to bring the merchandise out to the shipping department with the name on and the tag there, with the bill, showing who it belonged to. And when the party would come around to pick it up, he would present a tag with the same number to show that he was the one who had bought the merchandise. We would help them load if necessary, and things of that type, tried to be helpful to all customers.

There weren't very many tips in those days. Once in a while there would be a tip, not a very large tip. Some of the movie people who stayed up at the Lake (Tahoe) during the summer were about the only ones who gave tips; I know that I got a dollar as a tip once and felt quite proud of getting a dollar for a tip.

But there were a lot of good people, nice people, who came to the back door to pick up merchandise, and we got to know them and they got to know us, and we became quite good friends. They came from, oh, hundred miles around, you know. Some of them came from Fallon, Portola, and Susanville, and all the intervening spots, and also down south as far as—oh, some of them came from almost down in Hawthorne, in that section, came to Reno for a good trip in a good many instances, and also to buy some things that they needed. So we got acquainted with a lot of fine people that way. Since we left the store, we have missed seeing some of those people. Also, being in the store, a great many of the people who had been employees at Reno, at the store—Ward's—had gone to other stores, and during the summertime, they would come back to Reno, perhaps on a visit to Reno, or stop in Reno on their way through to someplace else. And they would usually come into the store to see us and we were always glad to see them. But since our retirement from Ward's, we don't get to see them any more. But a number of them, we

keep in touch by sending Christmas cards so that we know how they're doing.

The store always maintained the policy of having a pep talk by the manager, usually at about nine o'clock in the morning about once a week, as a usual thing. Sometimes, slides or movies—they had movie cameras with the screen that showed movies that were sent from store to store to be shown to the employees in the various stores. These movies that were shown usually stressed "sell up."

Then, of course, Ward's, like all the other stores, had specials that they would feature once a week. Usually, these features were Saturday specials. Saturdays changed to Thursdays and Fridays like in the grocery stores. Now, of course, there are no special days when they have sales; they come out practically all the time, so-called "sales." But as a usual thing, they're just reminders and the prices are not very much reduced from the regular prices, as far as I can see. But they did have "special" items, and these items, of course, were limited, as a usual thing.

We employees always got a ten percent discount on all merchandise that we purchased. And since my retirement, I also have a ten percent discount card which is sent direct from the Chicago headquarters and entitles me to a ten percent discount for the ensuing year. I always get that card at the first of every year. In fact, it's a little Christmas present that the personnel head in Chicago sends out to the retired employees. But they always stressed "sell up." The salesmen were supposed to contact the customers when they came in, prospective customers, and show them the merchandise that they were looking for. And if they were interested in sale items, they would also show them items of better quality and always try to sell up, sell up; that was the slogan. In other words, to sell items that really were more costly than the items on sale.

Shortly after I went to work for Ward's, they took over the old Reno Furniture store building, which is the store just adjacent on the south of the old Odd Fellow building, which was the Ward building, the first building that Ward's occupied, the old Odd Fellows building, a brick building which was built along about 1918, or something—about that time.

This new building was the one adjacent to it, and, of course, there were no openings between the two buildings. So Ward's had to have openings cut in the basement and also upstairs. The furniture store, Ward's had occupied the main floor after that, and there was a door cut between the furniture and the soft lines part of the store, which was the old building, old Odd Fellows building. There was a fire door put in between the two buildings, which would operate if a fire should come and the heat of the building became much above normal. Then a certain fuse would melt and the door would close. There was also one cut in the basement between the two buildings.

Prior to the time that opening was cut, there could be a transfer of merchandise from one part of the basement to the other, but the only elevator in the new part was a hand-operated elevator. In the Odd Fellows part, there was an Otis electric-operated elevator, which was quite efficient. But this old hand-operated elevator, you just pulled down on a rope, or on one side or the other, in order to pull up the merchandise from the lower floor, basement floor, up to the main floor to send it out on delivery. And anything that came in had to be put on this elevator and then lowered.

Well, one day (I wasn't there at the time, or wasn't connected with the operation), there was a lot of roofing came in, heavy roofing, this ninety-pound roofing, ninety pounds to a roll. Well, the receiving clerk loaded the elevator

with this roofing, not realizing how heavy it was. So they got several tons of roofing on that elevator. (I guess it must've been several tons, because when its standing on end, it can accommodate quite a lot because it was a fairly large elevator platform.) When they went to release the rope to let it down,

there was just no holding it at all. It just fell right to the bottom of the shaft. Luckily, no one was injured in the fall. But it did go down to the bottom of the shaft, and when it hit the bottom of the shaft, it ripped the gears out of the raising mechanisms so that [laughing] it couldn't be operated any more. In fact, it was never raised again. It was propped up to a height where it was at the same height as the other floor, the main floor, and it was held in that one position permanently after that and used as a sort of storage room, or for various purposes.

After this happened, we had to carry this ninety-pound roofing up the stairs, and that was no easy job. When anyone came in and perhaps wanted a dozen rolls of roofing, to have to carry that ninety-pound roofing up the stairs and out to the cars or truck in the alley was some job. But they soon had that opening cut between the two parts of the basement so that they could use the elevator in the Odd Fellows part, which was operated by electricity, and there was no more heavy lifting or carrying of merchandise up. We just used the hand truck and handled it that way.

We didn't have any warehouse when I first went to work for Ward's; excepting across the street, there were two or three garages that were used, rented, by the owner. And we rented two or three of those garages and kept some heavy merchandise in there, like stoves or refrigerators, anything like that which were shipped in. We didn't have room for them in the store itself, but there was no regular warehouse, and not very much. stock

kept, excepting what could be kept in the store itself, nothing like what they warehouse nowadays. They plan to take orders for merchandise if they didn't have it on the floor and have it brought in for the customer within three or four days after it was ordered. So that way, that was handled at that time.

We didn't have any forklifts in those days like they have nowadays. Everybody had to do his own lifting. In loading the local trucks or anything like that, the trucks didn't have any gate lift like they have now, either. Everything was lifted by hand from the alley up to the truck. A truck driver would stay up there on the truck and pull it up while the other man lifted from below. It was nothing (for] one man to carry mattresses around the store, if necessary. They always stressed the policy of the store: never try to lift anything that was beyond your means. Always try to lift with your legs instead of your back. Don't carry anything that was too heavy. But what was a person going to do when merchandise had to be carried and there was no one available to handle it? It was just up to us, really, to do it alone if it was necessary. So it was not uncommon that one man carry a full-size mattress up or down those stairs. I sometimes wonder how I was able to do it, because my arms really weren't long enough to reach around the mattress. Some people are tall and have long arms; they could reach around the mattress and hold it, but I just had to balance it, more or less. Once, in a while, a mattress would get overbalanced and get away from me, but I usually handled it in pretty good shape.

The store didn't have any regular offices excepting the one right above the entrance, the front of the Odd Fellows building, that little balcony up there. And all the offices were up there—the manager's office, the assistant manager's desk, the time payment

department, and personnel office. And our time cards were also in a rack one or two steps up the narrow stairway that led up to the office. So in coming in or going out of the store, we always had to punch our time card there in this rack, so that they always kept an exact record of the time we came in and the time we went out.

During those years, there was no such thing as a coffee break, either. We weren't supposed to take coffee breaks in the early time that I worked for Ward's. But sometimes, some of the employees would contrive to be out a little while at a time if they thought they would like to go for some reason or other. But it seemed like I was always too busy to ever take any coffee break, even after coffee breaks started to come in. I was always too busy for anything like that [laughing]. But about the last two years that I was there, they did have a little employees' room over on the mezzanine floor of the furniture department at the back of the building. This was a little place where employees could go eat their lunch and where there was a little self-service coffee vendor there and a candy bar machine, and some things of that type, coke machine, and a place to sit down and eat our lunch and rest if necessary for a little while.

During the first year that I was there, in fact, just after the openings had been cut between the two buildings, there was no janitor; we didn't have any janitor. Every department head, with the ones that were under him, had to take care of his own department, sweep out his own department, and take the sweepings back and throw it in a big bin in the receiving room, which was near the elevator. That was all done after store hours and before the employees could go home. One night, it seems that somebody, in sweeping up the floor, must have swept up a live cigarette and took it back and threw it in

this trash box. I didn't know anything about it until the next morning. When I came to Work, I saw the store was closed, and I could see the result of a fire in the display windows. I went around to the alley and went in, and there were some of the employees there, but, of course, the store was closed; it was not open for business for a period of about a month and a half, I think it was.

The fire had started in the trash box. There hadn't been an automatic lid on it to close it down. The elevator door had been left open inadvertently by one of the employees, which shouldn't have happened. That elevator door was always supposed to have been closed. There was no sprinkler system in the store. When the fire started in the trash box, of course, all the papers and everything of that type made a regular bonfire there in the receiving room and it went right up the elevator shaft, which, acted almost like a chimney'. There must have been one. of the doors up on the mezzanine that was open, also, because the fire spread out into the mezzanine and onto the main floor. And some of the things hanging on the racks, coats and suits and men's wear and women's wear—ready-to-wear—to look at them, they didn't appear to be very badly burned. If you'd touched them, they'd fall to pieces. In fact, they were just ashes [laughing], still hanging on the rack. The shoe department on the main floor didn't seem to be damaged too much, but all the shoes, of course, had been damaged from the heat, and some by water. However, most of the shoe stock was salable in this way: it was sold to some outfit in California which specialized in buying up fire-damaged merchandise for a fraction of the cost. And, of course, that, with the insurance that the store had had, compensated to a large extent the loss sustained by the fire, especially in the shoe

department. But upstairs on the mezzanine, all the clothing was a total loss.

So the store was closed for a period of about a month and a half, as I remember. Mr. Dixon, the manager, asked me if I would stay and be the night watchman. I told him, well, I didn't know how well I could do, or what kind of a night watchman I would be, but I said, "Well, Mr. Dixon, if you think that you want me as a night watchman, that'll be all right. I'll do the best I can." So I was hired as a night watchman. While the crews worked in the daytime to clean out the old merchandise, clean out the old fire-damaged fixtures, and all that sort of thing, and repair the floors, and get the store back in' shape, I came at nights and patrolled the place for the night, alone. I don't think I ever put in nights that were near as long as those nights. It seemed that they were interminable. I was there, of course, alone, and the building, from the fire, of course, smelled like fire, like [laughing] charred timber, charred clothing, and it certainly was anything but pleasant.

I had to go around, make periodic inspections around from the basement to the upstairs, main floor, to see that no fire or anything like that broke out, or that no one was in the store to steal anything or do any damage. I really had no work to do excepting to go around and see that things were all right. But it was quite a long period and I was glad when the time came that the store was to be opened again.

I think it opened just around Christmastime I've forgotten now just when it did open, but it was approximately that time. During the time it was being repaired, why, a new sprinkler system was installed. I think the cost of that sprinkling system was about between five and six thousand dollars, which seemed like a lot of money to us; now it really [laughing] would be very little, compared



with the expense of doing anything to a store nowadays.

Sometimes, during the night, between my periodic trips around, there was a rug upstairs, and I used to stretch out on the rug. And I was a little afraid that I might go to sleep up there, which I did, perhaps, sometimes, take a little snooze. But I never did sleep very long at any one time. That was my nature. If I slept a few minutes, why, I would be up and going again. But I was a little afraid that Mr. Dixon might come in some night. He had the key, of course, to the store. I was afraid he might come in through the front door and gumshoe it up there and find me asleep upstairs. So I [laughing]—the front door was the only door that he had a key to. So I always barricaded that front door with a chair or two, something to fall down. If he opened the door, it would fall down [laughing], so I would know if he was coming in. But it never happened; he seemed to trust me; he didn't come to see what I was doing at night.

Beecher Dixon was there from the time that I went to work for Ward's until the year 1941, I think it was, that he was transferred to some other store in Oregon. I think it was McMinnville, Oregon, is where he was transferred to.

Then after he left, there were several other managers that came and stayed for shorter periods. I just don't recollect their names at the present time. Also, of course, it seemed like the assistant managers also stayed for about a year or two when they would be transferred to some other store which was a larger store, or transferred as manager to some other smaller store. But it seemed that they were being transferred quite rapidly, because of the fact that perhaps it was an advancement in a way; either they were transferred to a larger store, or [the] assistant manager was

transferred to manage a smaller store in some other smaller town.

The assistant manager was always the personnel manager; he had charge of the men themselves. And if the manager wanted to fire a man, or if he had any so-called "dirty work" to do, he'd usually turn that over to the assistant manager to do. And, of course, the manager kept his hands clean that way. People didn't have resentment toward the manager; it would be always toward the assistant manager [laughing]. But we had some very nice assistant managers; I thought a great deal of some of the men that were there, had charge of the personnel. They were always, as a usual thing, considerate and realized the conditions that we worked under. They knew the conditions weren't ideal for them, as well as for us. They were just a little bit higher, just a rung higher on the ladder than we were. So most of the assistant managers had also put in their period of time as salesmen or working other departments before they got to be assistant managers. In other words, they had worked themselves up.

And in order to become assistant manager, they would work from one department to another when they'd put in an application as a trainee or to work up toward manager. These were usually younger men who had come to the store. They didn't like to bother with the older men because they wanted younger men to work up to eventually become managers. These men would be given a special preference. If they showed special aptitude as a possibility for managers, they would be given special training, transferred from one department to the other, and given special duties to perform in a certain department, which would probably give them training which would be beneficial to them as managers or assistant managers in later years. One of our other managers which I

almost neglected to mention was Mr. E. E. Peterson. He came about the year 1943, and was with us for about a period of four years. Mr. Peterson was a man of medium size, partially bald, a very round face which showed his kindness and generosity. He was a man that everyone in the store under his authority really admired and respected and liked. He was really one of us. During the time that he was there, there wasn't a one of the employees that wouldn't have done anything in the world to help the store and to please Mr. Peterson. He was really one of our very best managers. When he finally left, about 1950, he took over the store at San Jose, as I remember it, and then a few years later was chosen as a regional manager of the entire western region for a period of years until his health failed, and then he had to give that position up. But he was a very capable man.

While he was here on one or two occasions, I had to leave for a period of two or three months on one of my building projects, or something of that type. He was always considerate, and if I trained a man to take my place, why, he was always considerate and never seemed to resent my going. There were other managers in between of lesser importance in my mind.

I might mention (I think it was when Mr. Peterson was there) that we heard about rumors of strikes and disruptions around the California area, especially around Oakland. The store at Oakland was struck and practically closed down, especially the mail order store and the store that sent merchandise in here to Reno to the mail order department. So there for a period of I think almost a year, the store here in Reno, the catalog order department, had to order all their merchandise from Denver. So it was shipped in from Denver, took a little bit more

time, but we got good service from the Denver store, even at that.

This unrest down there seemed to spread up toward Reno, and we heard that there was a gang of strikers that were up at Verdi and headed for Reno. The manager became a little worried. He was afraid that they might come to the store and demand arms and things like that, ammunition, and they might come and break in at night. In order to forestall such a possibility, he asked me if I would go on night duty there and be a guard during the hours when the store was not open. So I was a little reticent about doing it, and Mamie felt a little uneasy about it, but nevertheless, I said, "Okay, I'll go and do what I can." I was given a shotgun with plenty of ammunition. It was a Remington repeater shotgun. So I watched for two or three nights until the situation seemed to quiet down.. There was no real trouble that brewed here in Reno. I don't know, if someone had tried to break down a door, I perhaps would have fired a shot alongside the door or above it to scare them or frighten them away. But if they had started to come on in, I guess I would've used the gun as I was instructed.

There were pickets here in Reno about that time; I think it was Woolworth's store that was picketed for I think almost a year. And I'm not sure about Sears. Ward's was also picketed for a little while, and we had trouble getting merchandise in and out. It was not unionized and some of the union drivers, of course, didn't drive. But as a usual thing, the wives of some of these union drivers, especially if they had been old customers, came into the store and did their trading just the same. But they tried to make it appear that they had not been trading with Ward's during the time that there was a question about Ward's loyalty to the union.

There was a union organizer came to the store and talked to the people of the store,

the personnel. We granted him a hearing; there was a meeting at some outside point one night; the manager, of course, knew that the meeting was to be held, and, of course, he gave his approval. Nearly all of us employees met at the appointed place, and the union organizer gave a little talk, told us why we should organize and gave all the reasons why we should organize. Then he withdrew and we talked it over. Some members who had worked in stores before where the stores had been organized didn't seem to be too enthusiastic about the setup. Some did argue for it, and others against it. But when a vote was taken, it was pretty definitely decided that we were not to organize.

Then one of the most colorful, and a man that stayed for a longer period of years, was Mr. E. F. Callaghan, who was manager for the store for a number of years there in Reno. He came to Reno from Chicago. We thought he came because of family troubles in the East; he came to Reno for purposes of separating from his former wife, I think. Anyway, he assumed the duties as manager there in the Reno store after he had been doing some work as a purchasing agent and some work of that type, as he had had quite a lot of experience in Chicago and some other stores around Chicago. And he was put in as manager of the store here in Reno I think about the year 1952.

Mr. Callaghan was a rather short, heavy-set man, very active in his movements. I remember very well one time he thought there was someone who had picked something up in the store, had gone out through the front door. I don't think I ever saw a man move as fast in my life as when I saw him come down the stairs. He'd been standing at the head of the stairs when he saw this party move out of the store with something that hadn't been paid for. He came down those stairs and down that aisle between the rows of merchandise

in nothing short! [Laughing] I didn't think a little, heavy-set man like he could move as fast as Mr. Callaghan moved down that stairway and out that front door. He caught the fellow and retrieved the merchandise. And I think he brought him in and called the officers and he was given a talking to, taken over to the police department; I don't know just what happened.

There was quite a lot of pilfering in the store, then as now; however, I don't think there was as much then as there is at the present time. But every once in a while, there would be things turn up missing, sometimes valuable merchandise. Of course, there was nearly always merchandise that could be earned on one's person and taken out of the store, sometimes hidden under a garment or in large pockets; or sometimes they would go into a fitting room. The people would take clothes into the fitting room and put them on underneath some other garment and then walk out of the store with them. Now, stores are getting more careful about those things; they usually have a girl or someone to check the merchandise into the fitting rooms and also check them out to see that nothing is taken. But nevertheless, there is quite a loss of merchandise in any store that you might care to mention.

Mr. Callaghan was very, very enthusiastic about the store. He had made quite a success, he claimed, in one of the stores out from Chicago that he had operated. And then He had been manager of a store in California just before he came to Reno, and had brought it up from one of the lower grade stores up to a better store, which had quite a reputation for merchandise sold.

And he would have pep talks in the mornings and tell us that he was going to do the same or better for the store here in Reno, too, regardless of what had happened in the past. He felt that he could really bring the Reno

store up to a par with any of the stores in this section of the country. And he really believed that he was going to be here permanently. He said that he liked Reno; he liked the vicinity. (In fact, he became acquainted with one of Dayton's native daughters, and married this girl from Dayton. They had two little girls eventually, and very nice little girls, too.) He always gave us to understand that he never wanted to leave Reno, that he would probably be here indefinitely. But these pep talks that he would give in the mornings about once or twice a week told us of what he intended to do and how he intended to do it.

But he became so much disillusioned over the years. He really accomplished very little more than the other managers had accomplished before him. It seemed that the store was just destined to do so much business and to remain very much the same. And I guess he didn't get the cooperation from Chicago that he thought he was going to get, and, of course, couldn't go ahead and do the things he wanted to.

During the first few years, they used to have painting crews that would come in. They were Ward's painting crews with a foreman and the boss of the job. They hired local painters to do the work. But Ward's had their own equipment and their own paints and the materials, so they would set up their painting schedules and then hire the painters, and so the whole store would get a redoing. It kept it looking real good for a number of years. Then after a while, it seemed that they were planning on a new store, or something of that type, and they didn't go ahead and do anything to keep the old store in repair or keep it redecorated or modernized in most any way. Way back, years before, shortly after I started to work there, rumors started to go around that Ward's was going to have another store, that they had selected a site, and that

within a year, why, you'd see a brand new store going up and we'd be working under modern conditions. But those dreams never materialized during the time that I was there.

Mr. Callaghan period at the store was about from 1952 until 1960, approximately that time. I had gone into considerable detail about Mr. Callaghan and his work at the store and how enthusiastic he was, and such an enthusiastic worker. But he really had a hard store to build up or do very much with, so that it was not much different at the time that he left than it was at the beginning when he first came. It was during his term there that the new lunchroom was started on the mezzanine above the furniture department, where we went to eat our lunch and for coffee, sometimes a coffee break if people wanted to take their coffee break.

Mr. Callaghan was usually in there when we were eating our lunch, and it was quite noticeable. He always knew what everyone had in his lunch [laughing]. And one day, Mr. Callaghan was talking and said that he was quite well satisfied with the way the store was going, that when he first came he had ulcers which had bothered him for a number of years, and these ulcers were bothering him a lot when he first took over the store. But he said, "Lately, why, things have been quiet and it seems that the ulcers haven't been bothering very much."

So Eunice Gallimore, who was Leo Gallimore's wife, who worked upstairs, spoke up, and she said, "Well, Mr. Callaghan, we'll have to see what we can do about that." [Laughing] So everyone, of course, thought that was quite a joke. I never forgot it. I always kidded Eunice about her reference to Mr. Callaghan. But he took it good-naturedly.

Mr. Callaghan was transferred about 1960, which was two years after I retired. Of course, they considered me as still one of the

gang and I was invited, together with Mamie. we went to the going-away party, which was held at the Nugget in Sparks. Everyone was there, and everyone had a little say-so about things that had been under Mr. Callaghan, conditions or hopes and so forth. It was quite a nice party and everyone enjoyed himself. We had several tables and a very fine meal. Mr. Callaghan got up and gave quite a little talk. After he left Reno, he went down to the Oakland area and is still employed in the Oakland store in some managerial capacity; I don't know just exactly what it is at the present time. I think it's in the mail order department. He's a buyer or something of that type.

But as time went on, during the last four years that I was there and after I left, until three years ago, the store appearance deteriorated more and more every year. They knew that they were going to have to have a new store; that had been in the offing for a number of years. So they just let the store deteriorate until the time that they moved, which was in the spring of 1966, I remember. At that time, the old store was in quite a deplorable condition. And if you'll step inside now, you'll see that it still is in that same condition. It's never been occupied since, excepting for a rummage sale or two. They moved to their new store on Oddie Boulevard and Silverada, over on the line between Reno and Sparks.

Since I left, the old employees, most of them have drifted away, and I think only five of the old ones that were there when I left are still employed at the store.

It was about 1944 that they finally opened a warehouse. The first warehouse was off Virginia Street to the right, way up there next to the foothills. But they didn't stay there very long. The access to the place was too hard, too difficult. So they moved down and opened a warehouse on Elko Avenue about 1944. And that was quite a large warehouse; it was

certainly a great improvement over anything that we had had before. We could have much more merchandise on hand and the store operated better because of the availability of merchandise. They could bring it over from the warehouse to the store whenever they needed it. They'd call over and a truck would bring it on over to the store.

So in 1945, the shipping room at the store there at Ward's was closed and it was moved over to the warehouse. So we operated from the warehouse instead of from the store after that. It was operated at first very much the same as it was at the store, but we assembled all the merchandise over there. Anything that came from the store had to be brought over there to the warehouse to be shipped out either locally for delivery or to be shipped out by one of the trucking concerns. It was one of my duties always to see that the local trucker had a sheet showing all the merchandise that was to be delivered to each of the customers, with the name and address on each one. We kept a record of that sheet and gave one to the driver.

Ed Upson drove the delivery truck. Ward's didn't have any delivery truck of their own then. But Ed Upson, for Upson Warehouse, had a contract to deliver all merchandise locally for the store, and also to haul merchandise over from the warehouse to the store. So he operated between the store and the warehouse, and also around town. There were usually two deliveries a day, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon during that time.

After we moved to the warehouse for a while, things were changed. Mr. Callaghan wanted me to take over as receiving clerk as well as shipping clerk. So there was a great deal of clerical work that I had to do then and not so much actual physical work. All merchandise that came in had to be counted



and received; there was always a slip that came with the merchandise, a bill of lading, showing the merchandise that came in. And there were prices marked on this load sheet that came in with all merchandise, showing the cost, and also the price that we were to price the merchandise for at retail sale. So every piece of merchandise had to be priced. Every piece of merchandise that came in had to be examined for damage. If there was any damage on the merchandise, it had to be noted on the bill of lading, and also the type of damage, and the carrier also had to sign the bill showing that the damage had been done in transit, when it was delivered to the store. Then we would make out claims against the carriers for any damage that was done to the merchandise in transit. And these claims had to be followed up to see that the claims were honored and that the payment was made for damages. And the same thing was true for any shortage in merchandise on shipments that came in. So it was quite a little job to do that. There was quite a little bit of book work in the receiving department, keeping a straight tab of all the merchandise that came in and the condition. And merchandise that was taken out of stock also had to be kept track of so that we'd know just how many pieces of each merchandise was kept in the warehouse at all times. So [if] department heads would come over and want to inspect their stocks, we could tell them just how many pieces of different merchandise we had on hand. The ledgers, of course, were kept to keep all records of merchandise, as I have said, the origin, as well as the sales price and the cost.

The old shipping department there in the store was used then after that as sort of a layaway room. People buying merchandise and making a deposit on it, the merchandise would be put out there as a layaway until the time that the merchandise was picked up and paid for.

There was also customer service at the warehouse, which the ones who were helping me usually took care of. There was one or two men at the warehouse, sometimes more, depending upon the season of the year, usually two men who handled the merchandise, bringing it in and marking it, putting it on the shelves. They had to do that by hand, lifting it up. One man would get up on the racks and pull, help pull the merchandise up, while the other one lifted it up. No forklift. Now, they just put a lot of heavy merchandise on the forklift and run it over there and put it up on the racks. Then, you had to get up on the rack and pull it down, and they had to load it on a hand truck and take it out to the customer that way, whereas now a forklift runs over there, takes a piece of merchandise off the racks, brings it right out to the platform and delivers it to the customer who's picking it up, or to the delivery truck. Then the delivery truck has their tail lift, or gate lift, which handles the heavy merchandise, lifts it up or lets it down.

It seemed like there was always a lot of rushing going on, and it seemed that we never had quite enough help. As I said before, they always said, "Always ask for help if you need it. Don't try to lift anything that you don't think you're able to lift. Avoid any chance of accident, or anything like that." But if no help was available, why, we had to do it. The store had an agreement with a doctor here in town to take care of any accidents that might happen to any of the employees. They were supposed to report any accident to the management immediately, and then the assistant manager would call up the doctor and make arrangements for the employee to go there and be taken care of. It wasn't any one special doctor; they had different doctors at different times that took care of any emergency, accidents that might happen

during the time that they were employed with Ward's.

In 1950, we had the first flood after I was in the store; it was, I think, in November of 1950. It was really a lot of water came down the river, and it came up as far as Second Street. It was way up on the walls of the Riverside Hotel and did a lot of damage to all the buildings on both sides of the river. And the main trouble was that of log jams that banked up against the bridges. It was thought that the logs would carry the bridge away. And Virginia Street and Sierra Street bridge, especially, were the ones that were hard hit by water, logs piling up, and debris piling up against the [bridge] and flowing clear over the top. They had to take off the railings to let the water over so that there wouldn't be such a pressure against the bridges. Those railings were demolished and taken off and had to be rebuilt after the flood went by.

There were two floods, in fact. I think the second one was 1955; they did quite a lot of damage. Water came into the store, as it did most of the other stores up as far as Second Street. It flowed down the alley there back of the store in a big stream. The doors were sandbagged so that most of the water was kept out. But quite a little bit seeped in and went down in the basement and did a considerable amount of damage. It was mud and dirty water down in the basement, and that had to be cleaned up after the flood. And there was some damaged merchandise that had to be sold afterward at a reduced price because of the mud and water that had damaged, especially down in the basement.

The roof, especially on the furniture department there in the new part that they had taken over in the old Reno Furniture store, leaked. It seemed like every year, they would have to have repair work done on the roof. It was a flat roof and those flat roofs

are susceptible to cracking and leaks and there was never a new roof put on. They kept patching it and kept patching it. The owner of the store would send a crew down to patch it and fix it up whenever it leaked. But there was always quite a lot of damage and they would have nearly all the tubs from down in the basement scattered around the floor to catch the water That leaked down [laughing] from the roof. And they had to move the furniture so that water wouldn't leak down on the furniture from the ceiling.

When these floods came down, there was always a lot of debris and logs and everything like that, came down with the flood. Out in Idlewild Park, that first flood, there was I don't know how many cords of dry wood that was washed down the river. And, of course, the river spread out over Idlewild Park and Wingfield Park and deposited these dead logs out there on the park itself. And, of course, the city then advertised, wanted people to come and haul it off for firewood. A lot of people came and got their winter's firewood there. Of course, they had to dry it; it was all water-soaked. But it really was good wood and didn't cost them very much, just for the hauling.

Early in the year 1958, why, I felt that I wanted to retire from Ward's because we had some property of our own that we had invested in and there was quite a lot of repair work and other work that had to be done on this property. And in a way, I felt that the job was getting just a little bit more than I wanted to handle. So I asked Mr. Callaghan for retirement early in the year 1958.

There was a new profit sharing investment policy that was just being started at Ward's just before I retired. I hadn't paid in anything to it. Sears Roebuck had had this policy for two, three years before, and had it in full operation. But Ward's were a little slow in initiating this policy, where each employee would pay in a

certain amount every month, and it would go toward a retirement for him, and he also had a chance to invest a certain percentage of his salary in Ward's stock. Some of the employees, since then, have really built up quite a—. I hadn't paid a cent in toward it, but when I did retire, why, I did get a certain amount, a small monthly payment, which I still get every month.

So Mr. Callaghan didn't like the idea of my retiring, but he said, well, if I wanted to retire, that was all right. That was my own decision. so arrangements were made for retirement, which happened July 31, 1958.

I didn't know that there was a movement on foot to give me a little party, a retirement party. But it happened something like this: it was on a Sunday in the afternoon. On that date of July 31, 1958, Mamie said to me, she said, "Let's go for a little ride and stop by Idlewild Park. Andrew is going that way; he'll take us over, and we'll have just a little visit over there in Idlewild Park and spend an hour or so. It's kind of warm today, so that'll be fine."

So I said okay, and I got in the car with Andrew and the rest of them and went on over to Idlewild Park. Mate said, "We'll get off and go around there back of the California building and see if there's room for us in there." She says, "Maybe we'll go in there and eat our lunch."

So [laughing] I went to open the gate and looked in there, and here were a lot of Ward employees. And I started back. I was surprised; I didn't even suspect anything at all. And I said to Mate, I says, "Why, there's a lot of people in there from Ward's." I says, "We don't want to intrude."

And just about that time, there were several of the Ward employees came out and said, "Come on in! Come on in, Andy!" And everybody else said, "Come on in!" They took me on in, and "Surprise! Surprise!" [laughing]

Well, we had quite a picnic there. Everybody had brought something to eat, and there were soft drinks served, and the ice cream, and we got several nice gifts—a chaise longue; everybody thought that I was retired now; I would just be lying down on the chaise longue the rest of my life. But [laughing] as a matter of fact, we open it up a little in the summertime and put it out in the yard, but I don't think I really [laughing] made use of the longue, only once or twice each summer, perhaps. Especially when Virginia and the folks are coming, or going to have any friends, we bring the chaise longue out. But also, they gave me suntan lotion and [laughing] some shorts and different things that people who would take sunbaths [laughing] use. I kept the suntan lotion for a time. But also, one. of the things that I liked was they had a large card which each one of the employees signed. I still have that card someplace; I think it's down in my trunk. But looking at all the names on there, why, sometimes there's quite a few of those names I don't remember now, just who they were. But the time goes by, the time. It's nice to look at it and remember some of the old employees that worked with me there at Ward's. That was quite a pleasant surprise there at the California building; there was a large crowd. They even had a pair of slippers that they gave me, for lounging slippers. They sang songs, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and all that sort of thing. Some made speeches and they even had me make a speech. Now, what do you know about that! Have me make a speech! So that was the end.

When I left, I gave them notice about three months ahead of time. We trained a man to take over my place. He was quite a capable fellow and seemed to be doing real well. For the last week or two, he handled the job almost completely, and I just supervised, to see that

things were going all right as I thought they should go. So I retired, but during the next period of two years, while Mr. Callaghan was there, I was called back three different times. The man who had charge left, and left the receiving and shipping in rather a bad state of affairs, so I was called back to straighten things out, which I did, and worked for a week or two, a period something like that, so another man could be trained sufficiently to take over. But after Mr. Callaghan left in about 1960, new management came in, and, of course, they didn't know anything about me, didn't call back, which was all to the good. I didn't want to go back any more because it's hard to go back and straighten things up. And things were changing, conditions were changing, and I was getting a little out of touch about the store, too.

But the surprise party that was given at the end of my service there at Idlewild was quite a surprise. Mamie was in on it. The assistant manager had called her up and told her that they wanted to give me a party. And he just asked if she couldn't arrange it that I would be at Idlewild without my knowing anything about it. So, of course, then she called Andrew, and arrangements were all made. And I was the only ignorant one, I guess, in the lot. But it's queer that I didn't even suspect that such a thing was going to happen. But that made it all the more a surprise.

Before my retirement, when they knew that I was going to retire, the Chicago store, the retired employees' division, sent out pamphlets telling me about, making suggestions about how I should prepare myself for retirement, that sometimes retirement could be very satisfactory, and other times it could not if one didn't prepare himself for retirement. But I still have those pamphlets and books. I never had time to read them [laughing]. So in my case, retirement

came quite easily because I always found something to do.

Now we go back a little way now, to about 1941, when Virginia was graduated from the University. She went to Caliente and taught high school at Caliente in 1941 and t42 Harold [William Harold Reins) was in the service, and in 1943, after her second year of teaching at Caliente, she went to Ithaca, New York, where he was stationed (he was a cadet at the time), and they were married there in the military barracks there at Ithaca, New York.

Andrew was inducted into the service in 1942. He took his basic training at Camp Roberts in California, and then went to Fort Lewis in Washington, where he completed his training before he went overseas. In the fall of 1943, we knew he was ready to ship over, so Mamie and I took a little trip to see him, going by train to Sacramento and taking the SP from there on up to Portland.

The train was—it seemed they just had taken the train off from the side track or something; the cars' windows hadn't been washed, and unkempt condition. And there was no service for meals on the train at all. I've forgotten now how many hours it took to go to Portland, but by the time we got to Portland, we were surely hungry. All we had was one sandwich, which somebody had come around to peddle at one of the stops. And it had been made up—judging from the taste of the sandwich, it had been made up about a week before, I guess; it was pretty well dried out. But nevertheless, it staved off starvation until we got to Portland. And we certainly did enjoy a good dinner there at Portland.. From Portland, of course, we transferred then to the Union Pacific train, went on up to Tacoma.

Andrew was there at Tacoma; Fort Lewis was just away from Tacoma a few miles.. He met us there. He had already engaged a room at the hotel and took us to the hotel.

We visited with him, I think, about two days; he, of course, stayed at Fort Lewis at night, but he got some time off to visit with us. We went on up to Seattle one day and took in some of the sights at Seattle. It rained all day, steady; it seemed that the rain just came out of nowhere, just stole in so quietly that we hardly knew it was raining until it did start. Andrew said that's the way it always rains up there in Washington. It's not the kind of rain that we usually have here in Reno or in Nevada.

Then on the second day, we knew that we had to be going back. We were out with him in the evening, and he was taking us back toward the hotel. And just at the entrance to the hotel, he abruptly left us and walked on down the sidewalk and waved good-bye in order to avoid a parting which he didn't know might be rather strained. I guess that was a good way of leaving; he figured it out that way, at least.

So we came on then back to Reno. On our way back, there'd been a big snowstorm in southern Oregon. There had been a big snowstorm; the snow was about a foot and a half deep. But when we got to Reno, it had been raining here a lot but there was no snow. And that was one year when there hadn't been any frost up until that time. When we left, we picked all our tomatoes, thinking that by the time we came back that they certainly would be all frozen. But when we came back from Oregon, the vines were still green and pretty; there'd been no frost, but there had been a lot of rain.

Harold and Virginia went around. She went with him to several of the different places on the East Coast, where he was stationed for a little while. She also went to Connecticut and lived with Cousin Julia for a few months while he was stationed there in one of the East Coast stations. Then he was sent out to sea and served in the Pacific area.

He was put on one of these LST'S, which is a flat-bottomed boat and rides the sea very hard because every wave takes it up over the [laughing]. That's very rough riding. He came back to San Francisco once in the boat for some purpose; they had to report to San Francisco. And going across the ocean, it was a pretty rough trip.

Andrew wasn't sent over to Europe until the spring of 1944. He was sent from Fort Lewis to England. They landed in Ireland, in fact. And, of course, the German submarines were quite active on the ocean at that time, and we didn't hear from him for something like two or three weeks. And it was quite a tense time, because we didn't know, of course, what might happen. They stayed in Ireland for a little while and then went on down into England and were stationed there for some time before D-Day. He did not go across at D-Day. But he did go with the other contingent a few days later, he being in the post office department. He was stationed in the post office department all the time that he was in the service because he had been in the post office here in Reno and he was naturally chosen for that work because he understood postal work. So he was in the post office department over there all the time that he was in France.

When they went across the Channel from England over to France, the captain gave the order that all the men were to remain underneath, in the hold of the ship, and they closed the hatch. He told them that if the ship should be torpedoed that the hatch would not be opened, that they would just have to stay down there and take the consequences. But it wasn't torpedoed; they got across without any mishap of any kind. Quite a tension, I suppose, in going across the Channel and knowing that the hatch was closed and that a bomb or a torpedo might come at most any minute.



Harold and Virginia met at Sunday school, Brewster Adam's Baptist church. They both were members of the church and met in their Sunday school work and became quite well acquainted and went out several times. And Harold came to the house quite frequently; we met him, liked him very much. It was about 1941 or '42 while they were going together that they went up to the Lake Tahoe to church; it was the church summer camp up there at Bijou. And they went up there one day to what was going on one Sunday. I went with them, but I didn't go to the Sunday school grounds; I stayed at Zephyr Cove.

There was a very good friend of mine that was there at Zephyr Cove. His name was Ed Miller. He had worked with me in the store for some length of time and had taken my place when I was out on a vacation time; he had taken over while I was gone. He was there at Zephyr Cove, and I knew he was going to be there. That's the reason I stayed over at Zephyr Cove while Virginia and Harold went on over to Bijou.

So we went swimming. I had been a fairly good swimmer, I thought, that day, but I hadn't been doing any swimming for a long while. We went out for a swim. There were two, three others, also, with young Miller. They said, "How about swimming out to the end of the pier?"

So I thought I could make that all right. We started swimming out toward the end of the pier; it was, oh, I guess two hundred yards, or something like that. About halfway over there, I felt that I was becoming exhausted. I called to the boys and told them that I didn't think I'd be able to make it. So my friend came over and he said, "Now, don't panic, and don't resist," He said, "Put your arm around my neck." So I did, and the boys helped me then back to the shore. But for them, I know I never could've made it and would've been

a casualty in Lake Tahoe. I don't think I saw him from that day on. He went someplace else, I think was inducted into the service. I have always wondered what he was doing or where he went.

In 1945, Andrew and Harold were both released from the service. Harold came back to Reno, and Virginia had been here with us for a little while. She went down to San Francisco to meet him. They lived here in Reno, took a little house over on Seventh Street for a few months. And Harold was a graduate from the Mackay School of Mines, so he, of course, was interested in mining. He got a temporary employment with a mine out there above the Jubilee Club, between here and Carson City, and worked up there for a time. Then he and Andrew purchased a lot out on Davidson Way. It was an acre of ground. They purchased the acre and divided it between the two, each taking half of the acre. That was Andrew's half that he later built a house on. Harold and Virginia later sold the lot because Harold had intended to build there, but when they didn't live in Reno, they went elsewhere to work, they decided to sell the place.

In September of 1946, Auntie Cox, who lived in Elko ever since they went there from the ranch, passed away. It was during fair time, and all the cousins from Colorado had come, and everybody was having quite a celebration at the time. Auntie was always happy when she had her relatives and close friends around her. So she was really enjoying the visit from all the cousins and other relatives from Colorado.

She fell and broke her hip during the time that they were all there. And she lived only a couple of days and passed away. We, of course, were notified; Mate and I went there. But Auntie couldn't have selected a time which would be more to her liking than right then,

when she had all her ones that she loved around her. And we all, of course, attended the funeral services, and everybody missed Auntie Cox.

Andrew took us up to the funeral services, and then, of course, we were glad to see all our cousins and others who were there in Elko at the time. Then on our way back, we came by the old Diamond Valley and Eureka and then on home. In passing through Diamond Valley, we saw the devastation which had happened there the spring—I guess it was the fall before that—when a fire originated up near about three miles south of the Jacobsen's ranch and swept down to Davis Canyon, was two miles north of us. So there was ten, twelve miles. It burned off all the timber and sagebrush above the road and up into every canyon. Some canyons, it went pretty high up. But most of the damage was contained between the road and the canyon itself. But it certainly looked different to see all the sagebrush burned off over quite an area there, twelve miles. So we were surely sorry to have seen it happen like that.

When we were boys growing up, that couldn't have happened, because there was no cheat grass at that time. Cheat grass was the culprit in this instance because cheat grass came in during those years and it grew up, it grew lush during the springtime, especially in years when there was plenty of moisture. And then along about the latter part of June, it would dry up and become a regular tinderbox. And that's the reason the fire was able to travel through this cheat grass for such a length of the country, about twelve miles. Then we came on to Reno after we had stopped in Eureka for lunch there, saw a few of our old friends, but not very many.

Harold and Virginia, after they left the mine up there on Jubilee, they left Reno and Harold got a job at Rio Tinto, which is near

Mountain City in northern Elko County. He was there for, I think, about a year, or perhaps a little more. Billy [William Harvel Kerns] was born up there at the time. After Billy was born, Mamie went up to be with Virginia for a little while she learned to handle babies and was able to take care of him. And Billy was born on May 11, 1946. Then on April 12, 1947, Susan was born while they were living at Copper Canyon. Harold brought Virginia and Billy to Reno, and Susan was born at St. Mary's Hospital. ;He took care of Billy.

They had moved in the meantime down to Copper Canyon, which is not very far from Battle Mountain. Harold was interested in the mines there and was employed as a mining engineer; he also did practical work, too. Then a year or so after that, when they came back to Reno, when Susan was about a year old, Harold, of course, wanted to get a job with the government, the federal government, the Bureau of Mines. And in 1948, in the spring of 1948, Harold was notified that he had been selected as the man to take over in that capacity in Alaska. So he went up in the spring and took the job and prepared a place for Virginia. Housing was rather difficult. He rented one of those quonset huts, which were fairly comfortable, but nevertheless, not very much of a house for the family. But the people had to live the best they could and make out in the best way they knew how.

So he was up there while Virginia and the family, Susan and Billy, stayed with us here in Reno. So we had a fine visit during the two or three months that they were with us. Susan and Billy, of course, were quite active. We didn't have a gate on the yard in front, so I made a little pen out of chicken netting, poultry netting, out in the yard in front of the house, where we could watch them. And we'd put them in there every day with their

playthings, and they had a lot of fun. Of course, Susan was a year old and Billy was two years old. Billy, of course, being the bigger, why, he rather dominated things.

One day, we heard quite a noise out there, rushed out. And Susan was making plenty of noise. Billy had her down; he was sitting on her [laughing]. Me really wasn't doing her any harm. But [laughing] it was—Susan could always take care of herself by [laughing]—made plenty of noise if she wasn't big enough to do anything else.

Then during the summer, both Susan and Billy contacted someone and had caught some kind of a virus cold. They were both quite ill for a few days, but Susan seemed to rally from it, and she was up and around, her old self again. And Billy was still in bed for a day or two after that. Finally, Billy felt much better one morning. When his mother or grandmother went in to see, why, he said, "Billy wants to get up, take bath, put on clothes, go outside, pick flowers, and be happy." So Billy was allowed to get up and go outside and pick the flowers with his grandmother, and was a happy little boy.

Billy always enjoyed the flowers, and one day, I held him up while he could watch a bee and a butterfly extract the nectar out of a rose that was there. And he was very much interested in that. His big brown eyes got big with wonderment at seeing the butterfly and the bee delve down in there and come out with the pollen and honey.

I also had some raspberry plants. We had strawberries and raspberries there, too; we had a wonderful garden at this place on West Taylor because there had been a lot of silt that had been cleaned out of the ditch, the water ditch, that had gone by there. In cleaning it out every year, they had thrown the sediment from the bottom of the ditch onto the bank, and it made a wonderful garden. So we had

wonderful raspberries and strawberries, too. One day, Billy and I were out picking raspberries. I got a thorn or something, and it drew a little blood in my hand. And Billy was very sympathetic; he felt that I really had hurt myself with the thorn from the berry bush.

About the last of July, Harold sent word that he had this home ready for them in Douglas, Alaska, which is on Douglas Island, right across the strait from Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Juneau occupies a very limited space right at the foot of a high mountain, between that and the channel. And there's no room for it to really expand or grow. It's nearly all business there at Juneau itself, whereas most of the population, the homes, were over on Douglas Island, across the channel. That's where Harold had rented a place for Virginia. So they made preparations to leave and join Harold in Alaska.

Before they left, we took a little trip one day to Lake Tahoe. Virginia had an old Dodge car at the time and she was doing the driving. She and her mother were in the front seat, Grandma carrying Susan on her lap. And Billy and I were in the back seat. Some of the upholstery in the back seat had been torn and there was some padding was protruding out, showed. And Billy, when he thought his mother wasn't looking, would pick out some of that padding and hold it out the window, see it fly in the wind, and let it go, then, of course, to fly off in the breeze. But Virginia saw it flying through the rearview mirror and told me to see that Billy didn't take any more padding out.

We spent the day at Zephyr Cove on the beach, and it was quite a nice day. Then toward evening, we came on home. Coming up over the summit, looking back, we got one last view of Lake Tahoe as we came on up the winding road. And we said, "Billy, say, 'Bye, bye, bye, Lake Tahoe.'"

And he said, "Bye, bye, Lake Tahoe."

We saw them down to the airport and put them on the plane, and they flew off. We didn't go to our car until we saw the plane take a couple of circles and then disappear over the Sierras on the way to San Francisco. Down in San Francisco, they had to transfer to another plane to Seattle, and then from Seattle, they had to transfer to the Alaskan Air Line plane on up to Juneau. The trip was made in a day. And they had good connections, which was the case at that time. They arrived there that evening in Juneau. And, of course, Harold was glad to see them, and they settled in their little quonset hut.

During that summer when Virginia was with us with the children, Susan, being just a year old, was learning to walk. She was a cute little tyke. She learned to walk a little more differently from most youngsters [laughing]. Most youngsters, when they get up and try to walk across a room, they fall down in the middle of the floor; they'll creep or crawl to the other side. But Susan, no. Once she was on her feet, she was going to stay on her feet; there was no more crawling or creeping for Susan. [Laughing] If she'd fall down in the middle of the floor, why, she would manage to get back on her feet and walk across to whoever was waiting for her on the other side. That was Susan.

She never was to be denied, and right to this day, why, she's very determined in anything she does. Susan today is quite an organizer, and has been all through her school. Of course, she started school in Alaska and then was transferred down to Denver, and was there for a number of years. And then they went to Maryland and her schooling was broken up. When they came back to California, she attended the university at Hayward for a term, and then transferred over to Davis. But in all the transfers that Susan has made, she's always been able to adapt herself

and to fit right in with the new crowd that she came in with. And while Susan has never been a straight "A" student, she's always had good marks, and has always been a really good student, and has been a sort of an organizer. Whenever she gets into a crowd, whether it's a new crowd or not, she always seems to make herself known, and in a very short time, she'd organizing something or getting something going. And there's never a dull moment when Susan's around. But that is just a characteristic of her getting on her feet and not wanting to creep any more after she started once to walk and knew that she could walk.

I want to go back and pick up the thread of the story after little Billy had been laid to rest in Mountain View cemetery. Harold and Virginia were both courageous in the face of such a tragedy. And after a few days, they returned to their home and their work in Alaska, taking with them that awful void in their hearts. They still lived in the quonset hut which had been their home from the time they left here.

Harold went on inspection trips, as I have mentioned. His main work was inspection trips into the far reaches of Alaska. He did do some office work, but that was in the minority. Whenever there was a call came in for inspection of a certain claim or mine out in the far reaches of Alaska, the outlying parts of Alaska itself, he would be called upon to go out and inspect the place, inspect the mine to see if it was worthy of a government loan, or government financing, to develop the mine. If it had promise, well, then, of course, Harold would report to that effect and government money would be forthcoming to help to develop the property. So he always went in those little bush planes, bush pilots, various ones, who flew to all parts of the territory. And they usually were equipped for landing on water, as there were no landing strips in

most of those little places where he had to go. They would land on the water of the nearest available place to where he wanted to do the inspecting, and then they would usually hike in to the mine or whatever he was to inspect.

Virginia never knew how long he would be gone definitely, because these trips sometimes took longer than had been expected. Of course, at other times, they didn't take that long and he would be home a day or two earlier. So sometimes, where he had to fly up even to the territory where Nome is located, and beyond the Arctic Circle, sometimes he would be gone for a week or two at a time, and Virginia was there alone in the quonset hut with little Susan. So, of course, you can imagine how anxious the days and nights were for her with that awful loneliness, not knowing what Harold was doing or how long he would be gone. But she never complained. She kept her sorrows and her lonesomeness to herself, and her letters were always cheerful.

We know how long the nights are in Alaska. At one time of the year, their nights are practically the full twenty-four hours; in fact, there's very little daylight, even as far south as Juneau. The days are so short that the sun dips below the horizon, and then rises just above the horizon for a little while, and then dips back again. Of course, the period of evening and morning are a little longer that way because the sun is rising and setting on a slope. So with both of them, they had plenty of worries and plenty of responsibilities. But there was never a whimper or a complaint from either one. The job had to be done and they did it courageously.

Both were active in church work, always had been. That's where they met, here in Reno, in fact, was in the church. So they helped to build the church membership up, and also to do anything that the church needed in order to keep its membership going at all times,

keep things interesting. Virginia and Harold both sang in the choir; both had fairly good voices. And up there, they were sadly needed for the work that they did. It was on July 2, 1949 that Donald was born. Donald, then, was the second boy. In 1950, they made a little trip down to visit. Harold went down to California at Orange to visit his folks, and Virginia visited us. Of course, she went on down with him when he went down there, too, and Harold visited here. They all visited us and the numerous friends that they had here in Reno. It wasn't a very long visit; they were here about a week, I think, and then had to get back to their work. So they flew on back to Alaska.

It was shortly after this time that they bought a lot over there on Douglas Island, where nearly all the people who work in Juneau live, because there is plenty of room over there for resident building. They bought a lot and started gathering materials for a home. It took a little while to gather up the materials because things were a little scarce up there, too. And they had to also economize because finances were pretty tight for them, so they had to economize in every way in getting materials that were needed for building the house.

After about a year's gathering, why, Harold went to work in building the place. Of course, he had the excavation done, and then he started building his forms. And sometimes, some of the friends would help him in pouring the forms. But then Harold went to work and put up the walls and worked on the building in general. He had also helped others in doing their work, so it was only right that they should help him when he had need for a little extra help on lifting, and all that sort of thing. He was able to buy the materials that went into the side walls, the paneling, already insulated. And he purchased those, and after he had put up his studding and framework, he



was able to put them right on the outside, and it helped to speed up the building of his house.

On April 27, 1953, Edward was born. Virginia prepared Susan and Donald by telling them that they expected a little brother or a sister, and they would be mighty lucky if [it was] either one, no matter whether it was a brother or a sister, and they shouldn't set their mind on either one. So that was to prepare them for what was to come; they were going to be so lucky to have a little brother or sister, and that they were certainly going to love that little brother or sister. So it turns out that they had a little brother, and he wasn't too little, either. He was a ten-pounder, and [laughing] was a chunky baby. But he was healthy and robust and rugged right from the start. That was Edward.

Edward was always hungry. It seemed that we was hungry right from the start, they said, and there were no feeding regulations with him. When Billy was a baby, they tried to feed him according to the doctor's regulations and prescriptions, and he was to be fed at just certain hours and a certain amount. But Edward wouldn't stand for anything like that, even if they had tried to. They learned when Susan was a baby, that just feed the child when he was hungry, and [laughing] and different children required different amounts of food at different times.

In Alaska, the folks had a car. They bought a used car, used Ford, up there when they went there. There are not very many roads, especially around Juneau and that area. Of course, around Fairbanks the roads are longer. But around Juneau, the roads are just a few miles, only out, running up to the Mendenhall glacier and for a few miles outside of town itself. But they got quite a lot of use out of the car, especially if they wanted to go for little outings on days off, or something of that type.

The Mendenhall glacier was one of the main scenic attractions in that particular vicinity. It's only a few miles from Juneau and Douglas Island. Right at the bottom of the glacier, there is a lake, a little lake that formed from the melting of the ice. The ice is melting a little practically all times; it melts just about as fast as the glacier itself pushes down from the mountain or canyon where it's headed. The ice, they said, is a bluish-white, tightly compressed with the thousands of years of pressure that it's undergone since it was first snow in that area. The water, too, is more of a bluish, milkish appearance from the glacial silt and from the grinding of the rocks, the glaciers on the rocks. So quite an interesting sight, no doubt.

The winter was coming on after Harold had been working on the house, got the side walls up, and got it so that it was habitable, and got the doors in; they got the partitions in. However, the interior of the house was not finished. The floor was in, but certainly the linoleum and things like that were not laid. But winter was coming on; they didn't want to spend another winter in the quonset hut. They decided that they would move into the house as it was and live in there during the winter. Harold had installed a furnace, an oil furnace, which made the place very comfortable. Even though there were no doors on the interior of the house, the whole house was kept at a very comfortable temperature during the winter, and they avoided the cold that they experienced in the quonset hut. Quonset huts are all right for a time when there's nothing else available. But Virginia said during the two winters that she spent in the quonset hut that she had to keep her feet in the oven a big part of the time to keep them warm when she wasn't doing something else.

Now that they moved into the place, they could work inside, out of the cold, and [they

could] go ahead and finish the inside work. Virginia often told about the Taku winds that blew up there. The temperatures in Juneau didn't get as low as they did on the interior, up around the interior of Alaska, where they got very much colder. Down there around Juneau and the islands in the southern part of Alaska, the climate is tempered by the Japan Stream to a certain extent, so that while there is plenty of snow, there isn't the extreme cold that they would find in other parts of Alaska. But the winds that blew were the unpleasant feature of that part of the country.

On November 23, 1955, Eugene Crofut was born to Andrew and Rosemary. They had lost a little boy before, lost him at birth a year or so before. But Eugene was rugged and healthy and they were glad to have a little boy there at home.

In 1956, Harold began to hear about rumors of a transfer. He had made application for a transfer to the States ; they had been up there at that time eight years and felt they had put in their stint up there and would like to be transferred back to the United States someplace. And they asked for a transfer to Denver, if possible. However, they would have taken almost any transfer that came up. They said that Alaska was interesting, but they were very glad for the chance to move to the United States, back to the United States when the time would come. They didn't know just where they might be transferred or what might happen, so they decided to come down for a visit to us here in Reno, and also to Harold's folks down in California.

They arrived on May 19, 1956, by plane from Alaska. They came to San Francisco by plane and then took the other plane up. And they were all dressed up. They came on a Sunday and we went out to the airport to meet them. They came down the ramp from the plane, and that was the first time we had

ever seen Edward. Edward was three years old and he was a regular little roly-poly. Of course, he was all boy, and all smiles. Edward always had a smile on his face.

They visited here, and of course, the day they came, we had a nice dinner ready. Andrew and Rosemary and Eugene were out there to meet them as they came in, also. We came on home and all had dinner together and visited and talked. At that time, we were living out—we moved to Moana Lane just a year before. So they, of course, saw the new house out there for the first time, too, and did a little comparing with their own, the arrangement of the rooms and things.

Harold went on down, then, to visit his folks in California for a few days, and then back here. And he had to return to Alaska in about three weeks. He still had something to do on the house to finish it, because word had come through that he was to be transferred to Denver in August. so he still had work to do on the house; they hadn't finished it completely. Virginia and the family stayed here while Harold went back to work; that is, he—of course, he worked in the office, too. But he spent all his spare time and any minute that he could rake together to work on the house and finish that so that it could be sold when they moved out. People don't like, as a usual thing, to buy a house that's half finished. Virginia and the children stayed here, and Harold flew on back to Alaska.

On June twenty-first of that same year, our Cousin Julia and Billy Hornbecker came out. We had written to them that Virginia and the family were coming, and, of course, Julia always thought a lot of Virginia, ever since Virginia had spent some time back there while Harold was in the service after they were married. She had spent several months with Cousin Julia. So they said that they were coming. They came as far as Ruby Valley, came

as far as Elko, and Katrina met them there in Elko and took them out to Ruby Valley for a few days' visit with them there on the ranch, which they enjoyed very much. Julia, of course, knew something about ranches when she had been out here in 1923 in Diamond Valley for a visit with us. But Billy had never seen a western ranch; in fact, it was the first time that he was ever in the West, and it was all new and exciting to him.

After a few days' visit with them, Katrina brought them back to Elko, and they came on the train to Reno. We met them down at the station and then brought them on home.

Virginia knew when Billy's birthday was. It was on the twenty-first of June, I think it was. She had made a cake in preparation to Billy's coming. So after they went into the living room and sat down, Virginia got the cake and brought it out, and as she came out and started singing, "Happy birthday, dear Billy," we all joined in the happy birthday. Billy was quite surprised, and also Julia, to think that Virginia had remembered to make the cake and that it was for his birthday. But it was a happy coming and rejoining again. And Billy enjoyed his little birthday, and we all enjoyed the cake.

Julia knew, of course, that Virginia and the family were here, and she had asked us to engage a room in a motel or some place in the immediate vicinity so that they would be able to have room to stay there and not impose themselves upon us. Of course, we would have been glad to have had them stay at our place, if possible; we could've made room, perhaps, some way or other. But Julia insisted that we get a motel, so we did. We got one on South Virginia Street, not very far from Moana Lane, so that it wasn't too far to pick them up in the morning and bring them over to our place, and they were there, of course, all day, until late in the evening. And some mornings, they

would get up a little early and beat me to it by walking from there to our place, which wasn't too far; it was only about perhaps a quarter of a mile, something like that.

22 was still working at Montgomery Ward's, so, of course, I had to go back to work. But I came home just as soon as I could every day. I didn't dillydally around anyplace else, so that we had as much of a visit as possible. Of course, the grandchildren, they'd been used to the climate up there in Alaska, and even though it was a little windy sometimes out here on Moana Lane, or might rain, or something like that, why, they were always outside playing in the water and glad to be out of doors at every opportunity. Sometimes, of course, they kept Grandma pretty busy, too. Young America is always on the jump, and always inquisitive about things. So they were quite inquisitive about the water faucets; in fact, they would turn on the water at every opportunity, so that Grandma had to get me to take the handles of the faucets off so that they couldn't turn the water on [laughing]. So Grandma went around carrying the handles of the faucets in her pocket whenever she wanted to turn the water on and off.

One day, Mamie and I took Julia and Billy to Virginia City. We took our lunch along and we stopped at the lookout on the way up the Virginia City road and had our lunch there and took a little view over the country. It was quite nice, gives quite a nice view of the valley and the mountains from that particular lookout. Its not too high up, about halfway up the road to Virginia City.

We went on into Virginia City, and Billy was interested, but Cousin Julia, seemed like she was just captivated by the place. She couldn't go to enough of them, from one to the other. We had to see everything; ones like the Bucket of Blood and all that sort of thing really thrilled Cousin Julia, to see all the old,

old furniture and the old, old lamps, and everything else that was shown. She bought quite a number of different things and picked up rocks and other kinds of mementos. And we had to box them up there, and Billy and I took them to the post office and mailed them back to Connecticut. She felt that it was too much to try to carry along with her. But after a while, we were able to get Cousin Julia to break loose, and we went on down to Carson City to see what was down there.

We took them through the museum, which was quite nice, even then. Of course, it was not as complete as it is at the present time. They were interested in the simulated mine in the basement of this museum. And we went through that from top to bottom. And, of course, they tried to make it as realistic as possible, and it was interesting. We also saw the old engine, the old V and T engine that was out in front, and thought what a little bit of engine that was. That was there at the time, and quite interesting. Then we had a little ice cream, lunch, refreshments, and came on home.

Virginia was worried because we'd been gone all day long [laughing], from about eleven o'clock. It was getting rather late when we got home. She didn't know what in the world had happened to us. But she didn't realize how much time Cousin Julia could put in really enjoying the things up there at Virginia City.

A day or so after that, someone moved out of one of our Caliente places, and Mamie went down to clean it up while I was, of course, at work at Ward's. Virginia was left home with the children while we were away at work. Mamie finished cleaning what was necessary at the Caliente place; I had taken her down when I went to work in the morning. Then along about noon, she should have called a tan, but she didn't; she walked home from

there by way of Virginia Lake, which was quite a little walk after having worked all forenoon in cleaning up the place there at Caliente. So when she got home, she was really tired. When she reached home, about noon, we found that one of Virginia's friends that she had known here came into town and came out to the place to visit. She heard that Virginia had come, so they were out there to visit. But Mamie was so tired; she had figured on lying down and taking a rest. She was even too tired to entertain, I guess, and perhaps Virginia's friend thought that she wasn't a very good entertainer because she was so tired that she couldn't be much of an entertainer. So they got lunch and visited a while; then the friend left.

Before the Fourth, sometime, we took a trip to Slide Mountain and to the chair lifts, most of us, excepting Mamie and some of the children. They remained down at the base while we took the chair lift to the top of Slide Mountain. That, of course, was a thrill, too, to anyone who had never ridden a chair lift. We saw the view of the Lake and also the valley on the other side.

Then we went on down to Zephyr Cove and had our lunch there. It was rather chilly that day on the lake front; there was a little breeze coming off the lake. It was not as pleasant as we would have liked to have had it. It was quite late in June, and it should have been a better day, but sometimes we find chilly days on the lake even in the summertime.

Andrew and Rosemary and little Eugene, of course, were with us. They went along in their own car. He was less than a year old, Gene was, at the time. But I guess he enjoyed it just the same.

We came back by Genoa over the Kingsbury grade road. And, of course, the descent there is quite steep, and they were all wondering if the brakes were good and going to hold going down some of those grades. But

those Chevy's brakes were all right, and we reached the valley floor without any mishap of any kind. Genoa itself is, of course, very interesting. We told them it was the first inhabited town in the state of Nevada, having been built by the Mormons in the early-day days of the state of Nevada before it ever was a state.

Then came the Fourth of July a few days later. Of course, Billy and Julia wanted to see the Fourth of July, and, of course, we wanted them to see what it was all about, too, the parade and so forth. We took them down to see the parade. Then after the parade had passed and they all wended their way out to the fairgrounds, Julia went in to buy some film and things to take the pictures. Andrew was chafing at the bit; he wanted to get going because he knew what a crowd there'd be out there and how hard it would be to get out there because of the fact that there'd be cars strung all the way from Reno into the fairgrounds. So finally we got them all into the car. Andrew skirted the town, went out Sierra Street, got to Sierra, and then skirted around the north part of town, and came in near the fairgrounds without much interference. And we walked down into the fairgrounds. We already had our tickets, had our tickets in the grandstand, where we were able to see everything that was going on.

To them, it was a big Western rodeo. And Julia and Billy had never seen anything like that, but they were good sports and interested in every event, at least they made out that they were. And even though it was really hot that day, why, we had a good time. Mamie stayed home; she said she didn't care about going. So she stayed home and took care of t> grandchildren. And it was too hot, anyway, for the grandchildren to be out there. They thought, of course, that they were missing something, but it was explained to them, we were glad to stay home with Grandma.

Then on the sixth of July, Julia's friend came up from California to take Julia and Billy back down for a visit with her and her folks in their home. So Julia and Billy were here about two weeks, and we had a fine visit with them, which we will never forget. They had lunch with us here before they left, and then went on down.

They went on over to San Francisco on several occasions and visited over there. Then they went over and took a room in a hotel and stayed for a night or two to complete their visit of San Francisco. They thought there was nothing like San Francisco. Neither one of them had ever seen a city like San Francisco. It is unique; its different from most other cities, and in its own way is a very captivating city. Then from there, they flew on back to Connecticut and home.

I want now to give a little summary of George Anderson's activities after we last left him down in the White Mountains. When Andrew and I left George Anderson in the White Mountains after the memorable summer that we spent there, a very enjoyable, wonderful summer we all spent together, we came on home. And George, of course, finished his work. He was ready to go back to Pasadena at the time, too. He was, as I said, doing field work for his doctorate. And that was the object of his coming to the White Mountains and spending the summer there.

So after he returned to college that fall, he completed his doctors degree there. Then for a number of years, he taught geology in the University of Southern California, and also did other work on the side, all related to his field, geology.

But this did not take all his time. He was able, during this period of time, from 1930 until about 1936—'35 or '36— to spend a certain amount of time out in the field, in the open, in the mountains, all of which he loved.



That was his idea of taking geology, because he felt that it would carry him out into the open. He loved that very much more than work inside.

So during all this time, he wrote to me quite often, and I also wrote to him. So we kept quite close. He was able to do that because he was not as busy as he was in later years. Then, as he said, in 1936, early in the year, he received a communication from the E. I. DuPont Company back East in Delaware asking if he would consider working for them on a project which they were about to start. It came like a bolt of lightning out of the sky to him, because he had no idea that anything like that would be coming up for him. He had made no application and had not known, in fact, that the DuPont people were contemplating such a project. He, of course, lost no time in accepting (the pay was better than it was at the University of Southern California) and went to work for them immediately in 1936, and worked for them until 1939 on a project which covered areas of Texas and Oklahoma in the field of development, exploration of the possibilities of especially limestone, coke, coal, and other related minerals, which they wanted to not so much develop, but to explore, and find out the possibilities. He enjoyed the work a great deal. But in 1939, that project came to an end. They were contemplating other projects, but for the time being, there was no more work with the DuPont.

Shortly after that, the Texas Power and Light Company, which is a large organization in Texas, offered him work there with them. So he accepted their proposition and worked with the Texas Power and Light Company from 1939 until 1941. In the meantime, an opening had come up with the DuPont people, and he was invited to take the job, but since he was already engaged with Texas Power and Light Company, he didn't want

to leave them, even though he did like the DuPont people and enjoyed work with them.

This job with the Texas Power and Light Company was also of an exploratory nature, in developing and organizing work in the field of various kinds, depending principally upon development of coal, coke, iron, steel, and limestone, and those minerals, finding the deposits, estimating the value and the cost of transportation, the cost of producing, and all that sort of thing.

In the year 1941, the Lone Star Steel Company was formed, and they wanted a man to take over as head of the development. It looked like a very promising offer which they made to George. It was during the war, and there was a great need for coal of especially the type that was used in the ovens for producing pig iron. There was also a great demand for pig iron, especially for war purposes. So he took the job with the Lone Star Steel Company.

They had seemed to be fairly well financed, but during the operations, the development required a great deal of money, great deal of capital in order to finance the various operations that they went into, to provide material for the demand which the government made upon them for different kinds of material to be used in prosecuting the war. So in order to further their finances, George made several trips to Washington to consult with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, obtained several loans from them on different occasions, and spent a great deal of time in Dallas, Texas, and other Texas headquarters, as well as in Washington. He really worked, practically night and day. He would work all day and then jump on a plane and fly to Washington or New York at night, consult with them the next day for perhaps a day or two, and when his object was attained, when he had gotten a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, he

would be back in Texas to work on the work that was in hand there.

They sold quite a lot of pig iron, too. After the war started to quiet down, the Germans capitulated, they still had a lot of material on hand and really not a great deal of market for it. And a tremendous debt was hanging over their heads. Henry Ford contracted for quite a lot of the material that they had in surplus, and also, H. J. Kaiser bought a lot of the materials.

So George worked almost night and day trying to salvage the company, trying to get it going. There were two other men; one of them Mr. Carpenter, who shared the responsibilities with George to a certain extent, and another man, also, as I mentioned. But one of them had a heart attack, and the other one, it was not known whether he had a heart attack or a simulated heart attack. I guess the work got too heavy for him, so he bowed gracefully out.

When the company was so badly off, George made another trip to Washington and obtained a loan of \$1,500,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation with the stipulation that another \$1,500,300 was to be raised locally in Texas. Of course, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation probably took a mortgage on the whole thing. But George himself was too tied up with other work. He couldn't go out and solicit this \$1,500,000 which had to be raised. So he hired another man, who was supposed to be skilled in that work, to go ahead and sell this \$1,500,000 worth of stock, or to raise that much money to finance the corporation. This man was able to raise quite a large part of it, all excepting about \$300,000. Before he took the job, though, he stipulated that he was to be made vice president of the company, or else he wouldn't have anything to do with it. That, of course, put George so that he had to step down from one of the higher positions which

he had held. But it was a case of necessity, so George made that agreement.

About this time, while the company was still intact, of course, George's health started to fail from the terrific grind that he was undergoing. So he bowed out of the company with a promise of 3,500 shares, which were worth at that time seventy-four dollars a share, which would have made him a nice little nest egg for his declining years. But by some way or other, by hook or crook, he was euchred out of the whole thing, so that he never realized anything from his tremendous efforts and long hours with the Lone Star Steel Company.

So he went back to the Texas Power and Light Company. When his health started to fail, they took him on as sort of a supervisor, and in that type of work, at least. His health was not very good so that he couldn't really be too active. So he was working with the Texas Power and Light Company at the time of his death in 1956. He was sent to Washington on a mission of some type, and Rob went along with him, which she did when she could. Rob was always a brave soldier and stood by him in every way that she could, and she was a wonderful wife to George.

When they were back there, why, one night he complained of feeling drowsy, and so Rob told him he'd better go to bed. So she put him to bed, and a little while later, she went in to see how he was coming along. So she found he had died in bed. Apparently, he had internal cancer; the doctors in the hospital refused to operate. And while he'd been in the hospital, he had suffered extreme pain. He wrote to me that they intended to make an exploratory operation, but apparently they never did. They knew that the cancer was too widely distributed, that an operation was impractical and impossible. So we surmised that perhaps the cancer had cut some vital

organ, a vein or artery, and he had bled to death that night.

So she brought him back to Dallas for burial. Then, of course, they didn't have very much left. She made application to the Texas Power and Light Company for a job. So they were very considerate; They gave her a job as a receptionist there in the main office at Dallas, the power company did, so that she worked there for a number of years until she was eligible for social security and retirement. So That was a wonderful chance for Rob. She was able to do that; she, I know, made a wonderful receptionist, too.

Well, about the year 1941, about the time that George was employed by the Texas Power and Light Company, he wrote me a letter saying that he had purchased a ranch on Cottonwood Creek, in the central part of Arizona. He said that he intended to rebuild the home, to build up the ranch and have herds of blooded stock, blooded cattle. The ranch was not a large ranch; he wrote that it was, I think, a three hundred and twenty-acre ranch. He said he had no one to operate the ranch that he could trust and wanted to know if I would consider giving up my work here in Reno and moving down there to take over the operation of the ranch.

I knew, of course, that George knew nothing in the world about ranching. He never had been a rancher, although he liked the ranching, and he had bought this place for purposes of going there on vacations and when he would get a weekend off, or something like that. He wanted to have a place to retreat to and forget it all for a day or two, if possible, and that's the reason he purchased the place. He spent \$10,000 on the house to rebuild it into a very fine ranch home. He also spent other thousands of dollars reseeding the place, harrowing in the grass seed throughout the acreage that he had there, and leveled

off other places. George was not a practical farmer, or a practical rancher. The people knew, of course, that he had a good salary and liked to see him drop as much money as possible, and the people that he employed rather took advantage, I think, of him. He was making in the neighborhood of \$30,000 at that time a year, and also, when he was employed with the Lone Star Steel Company. \$30,000 at that time was quite a sizable salary.

Anyway, I sized up the situation to myself. George says, "Come on down." He says, "There's no obligation. Come on down and see the opportunity; see what it's all about. I'm willing to pay all expenses on the trip down and back. Then you'll know just exactly what it's all about." Well, I knew what it was all about, just from George's description. I knew that it couldn't be practical, that he could not raise herds of cattle on three hundred and twenty acres, that I couldn't live up to the expectations that he had for the place. So I thought better of going down at all. So I wrote my regrets and told him that I just couldn't. I had responsibilities here. I had property here and I couldn't see my way clear to leave the responsibilities that I had here in Reno.

So he went ahead and did other things. He had two boys, as I had mentioned, when they were in the White Mountains, Jackie, which was the older boy (he was about five at the time), and the younger boy, which was George, Jr.; they always called him "Boysie," because Jackie, when Boysie was a little baby, called him "Boy," and it sounded like Boysie, so Boysie was the name that he was known by and he's Boysie to this day. The older boy, Jack, when he was seven years and a half and a little older, died from a streptococcic infection. So George was left with just the one boy. He had also had a girl and boy by his first marriage. Kathleen was the girl, the older of the two, and Robert was the younger.

During this period of time, George also financed the education of these two children. He sent them through college. And Robert, the younger one, younger of his first marriage, he sent to medical school; he became a doctor, and practiced medicine in San Francisco until this last year, last fall. He, himself, became ill and passed away in San Francisco. So the folks felt very sad about that because he was a fine fellow.

George, as I said, was always an outdoor lover, and this work that he did with the Lone Star Steel, where he was so tied up with everything else and could not get out into the open, was certainly contrary to his wishes. And he always wrote about how he hated to be away from the out of doors. During this period of time, when he was so busy, so busy for the seventeen years that he was with the Texas Power and Light and Lone Star Steel and other work, he was unable to write, and it was very seldom that I ever got a letter from him. He always managed to send a card with a message at Christmastime. But aside from that, I didn't hear from him, only just occasionally. We missed his letters a great deal. He wrote a letter to me after he went back to the Texas Power and Light; he wrote several letters telling something about what he had done and why he had failed. It seemed that he'd lost his heart because of the terrific amount of work and he knew his health was going downhill. The last letter he wrote was datelined Irving, Texas, February 5, 1956. I just want to read the opening paragraph:

Dear Andrew, Mama, and all:

It was so good to get your letter, Andrew. I don't know why on earth I have let so many years go by without writing when your letters have always meant so much to me. Every time I think of you, every time I see your

writing, a thrill of happiness goes through me, carrying me back to those days so long ago, when we were such intimate friends and so dear to each other. First you and I, then you and Mamie and Rob and I, and the children. Those were grand, wonderful, sweet days in so many respects, so full of dreams and ambitions and ideals.

And he went on to tell about the terrific strife that he had had with the work for the ensuing seventeen years. That's why he wasn't able to write.

One of George's little verses that he loved very much was: "Full many a gem of purest rays serene / The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear. / Full many a flower is born to blush unseen / And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

And then another one that I remembered: "These little fleas had other fleas upon their backs to bite 'em. / These smaller fleas, still smaller fleas, and so ad infinitum."

Down in the White Mountains on that trip, wonderful trip, wonderful summer, George told about a young friend that he had that was contemplating marriage, and he was about to be married, and he came to George one day and said, "Now, we don't plan to raise a family immediately. Were both young, and we want to defer a family for a little while until we can get on our feet." He says, "If its not asking too much, why, what do you do?"

And George says—he thought a minute, and he says, "Well," he said. "What? Me?" Says, "I take two quinine pills" [laughing]

I had mentioned, I believe, that in May of 1962, we had purchased the place at 1280 Patrick and had rented it to Colonel Bodson and his family while he was on a tour of duty in Cambodia for something over a year. We

were lucky to have them because they were fine tenants and took the best of care of the place and left it in the condition that it was when they moved in. We did quite a lot of work in cleaning it up before, when we bought it. It hadn't been cleaned for eight years; the walls hadn't been cleaned for eight years, and I don't know how long it had been since it was painted. But we went over the whole thing and cleaned it. It took a lot of elbow grease and a lot of [laughing]—a lot of cleaning solution to get the walls clean. But once the walls were clean and the plaster was all in good shape, it really was quite an attractive home inside, one of the older homes.

We always loved our home on Moana Lane, but it was just getting a little bit too much for us to maintain it in the way that we would want to maintain a place and had always done, the way we had always maintained it, with the shrubs and the garden, and all the lawn and the watering and so forth. So we did just that; we sold the home at 1200 Moana Lane and moved to 1280 Patrick in 1965, on June the fifth. We were loath to leave, but it was one of those things.

In 1964, the year after we were there, had taken our trip East, Virginia and the family moved to Maryland because Harold had been transferred to the Washington, D. C. office. They bought a home in Silver Springs in a new district where new homes were being constructed, about twelve or fifteen miles from Washington, D. C., the central business section. They sold their home in Denver. Virginia, of course, made no complaint because she was always willing to go wherever Harold went, [and] because being with the government, you never know where you're going to be transferred or when. So, they, of course, had to be ready for that. They hated to give up their lovely home in Denver with the yard which they had put in themselves, and

all the landscaping; and things were looking just about tops when they left.

In 1963, Rosemary, Andrew's wife, opened a poodle shop on Hillcrest. She purchased an old home there and converted it into a poodle shop. She had done some work at home in getting started in the work, but as her work increased and she had more business, it was suggested by the city that she move into town and do her work at a shop which was in the business district. Rosemary likes her work; she is always happy in that kind of work. She's perhaps more satisfied and happy in her work there than any other work that she's ever done. She loves dogs and treats them just like most people would treat children, and refers to them by their given name; she knows the name of every dog that comes in there and always calls it by name whenever it returns.

She has one steady assistant at all times, and in busy seasons, she always has another helper or two to give the dogs their baths. Andrew, of course, does the "keep up" work, or the maintenance work around the place, which is always considerable. Every once in a while, there's something that has to be done, remodeling or changing of this or that. Andrew still works at the post office; he'll retire in perhaps about three years. He's eligible for retirement at that time.

Every summer, he goes on a Sierra Club trip. For the last three summers, he's taken Gene with him, Gene, the son. Gene is now almost fourteen years old. They cover the Sierras. Each trip is over a different route. And they have covered different parts of the Sierras on both sides, the east and west sides, from Mt. Whitney almost to Lake Tahoe. This coming year, they have made arrangements to go on a Sierra Club trip in southern Colorado, down and around the Gunnison country, which is supposed to be a very, very pretty country, scenic and plenty of high mountains.



In 1963 was our fiftieth anniversary. It fell on September twenty-second. Virginia had suggested that they be out to be with us on that day, and that they wanted to give us a little party and help us to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary. But she also mentioned that that would be during the school period, after school started, and it would be nice if it could be arranged so that we could hold our anniversary celebration a little bit early. So it was decided that we'd hold it on the first of September instead of the twenty-second. That way, the children could be with us, and most other people would still be on vacation, and so that would be more appropriate. Virginia suggested that we send names of anyone that we wished to have at the anniversary, so we sent her a list of names and addresses of seventy-five or eighty of our close friends. And she sent all the invitations; she had them printed back there and mailed them right from Denver. And, of course, the recipients, most of them, were quite pleased at the idea of coming, and most of them called up and said they would be there.

When the day arrived, there were around a hundred guests that turned up. We had made arrangements; the neighbors brought in lawn chairs and lawn swings and chaise longues and umbrellas and umbrella tables to make everybody comfortable. It was the first day of September. It was quite warm that day. But we had our place real nice; everything was growing well, and we had put in a lot of work out there at Moana Lane, and it was—everything looked quite pretty. And we received many compliments, a great many beautiful gifts. We had not anticipated gifts; in fact, we were thinking of making notation on the invitations that we weren't going to have gifts, that we just wanted our friends to come. But Virginia said it was not appropriate

to mention anything of that type, so we didn't mention it.

They all seemed to have had a wonderful time. We had punch and cake, a lovely big cake that Virginia and Andrew had all had arranged to have at the local bakery. That was cut beside a supplementary cake made out of the same batter. It tasted just as good as the big regular anniversary cake, but it wasn't quite as attractive in appearance.

We had arranged it that most of our Eureka friends would come from three to four o'clock, and our other Reno friends who had never been in Eureka or around Eureka should come from one to three. So that was a very good arrangement. Most of our Reno friends, then, had finished their little visit before the Eureka friends came. Then Eureka friends, the old time friends that we had known for so long, were able to stay a little longer and visit and talk about old times in Eureka.

After all had departed, Harold and Virginia took us down to the Continental for dinner. So that was the ending of a perfect day. And the best of all, of course, was all of our good friends who showed up to help make our anniversary the success that it was.

Then five years later, 1968, or last year, on our fifty-fifth anniversary, Harold and Virginia and all the grandchildren came up the day before our anniversary, on the twenty-first, it was. They came up, and we all had dinner here. Andrew and Rosemary and Eugene were down, also, so we really had a good visit and a nice dinner together. Then the next day, it was all arranged that they would take us out to dinner. So we all went to Harrah's downtown for quite a sumptuous dinner. Then after dinner, Harold and Virginia and the grandchildren started home because they had to get home for the next day. It was

a work day and school day for all of them. So Andrew said, "We'll get in the car with him and Rosemary and Eugene," and we rode as far as Truckee with the Kerns family, and we said good-bye there. They went on home and we came on back to Reno. It made a nice little end for the little celebration that we had last year.

In February of 1967, Harold and Virginia and the family moved from Silver Springs to San Francisco; that is, he was transferred to [the] San Francisco office. But they bought a home at Moraga, which is just across the mountains, over near St. Mary's College. It's only just a few miles from St. Mary's College there in the valley, quite a pleasant little valley.

They had lived eight years in Alaska and eight years in Denver and three years in Maryland, and have now been at Moraga for a little over two years. Harold was transferred to San Francisco; he came in January. He went back. and moved the family in February, the next month.

In closing this chapter, I wish to add a few notes about the Jacobsen family. My brother-in-law, Jorgen Jacobsen, suffered a stroke in 1958 and has been an invalid ever since. My sister, Grace, took care of him until she suffered a stroke and passed away in September, 1965. He is now in a rest home in Sparks and will be ninety years old September 28, 1970.



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## SOME OF OUR HOUSES AND BUILDING PROJECTS

I was telling in one of my previous interviews about the place which we bought on West Taylor, which was on the corner of West Taylor and Forest Street, at 136 West Taylor. And I had told about my brother when he was out, Ferris. He had helped me for a few days in tearing down some of the old sheds. In order to purchase this place, one of our policies—If fact, the only policy we had—with the Investors Syndicate of Minneapolis, Minnesota, came due. It was for only \$1,000; we had taken it out when we were in Carson City, teaching there, and sometimes had a little difficulty making payments, making ends meet to meet the payments. But we always kept the payments up, and so when the \$1,000 came due, it was quite handy. I borrowed another \$1,000 from my mother and bought this place down there. It was only \$2,400, which doesn't seem very much for a piece of property nowadays, but nevertheless, things were in rather slow sale at that time.

And the property was a good piece of property, although it was run down and needed

a tremendous amount of work to bring it back into a good condition. It had big trees on; we had some of the big trees taken out, some by the roots and some sawed off. And there were one or two big willow trees taken out. After the buildings were, all torn down and demolished that I didn't want there any more, excepting the one house in the front, the rest was all cleared. I built a garage and a house, first the garage, and then a house.

Of course, we did this in our spare time, too. Mamie did all the painting. It was about her first experience at painting, but she learned to paint, and really did a good job. There's a lot of painting when you paint an entire house. Of course, I helped on the outside, but she did all the interior painting.

In building the house, we bought lumber for twenty-five dollars a thousand board feet. That was for the two-by-fours and the sheathing, and also for the siding on the outside, twenty-five dollars a thousand. That was for pine. Now, it's almost impossible to buy pine. It would be two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars a thousand. Even fir,

which is vastly inferior to pine as a building material, is many times that price now.

We had the plumbing and the wiring contracted, and also the chimney. We worked in our spare time, finally got it built, and we moved in there in November of 1940, into the house there at 136 West Taylor. The one in front was 134.

The house in front was rented to the Grant D. Anderson family when we went there. And they continued to stay there for a year or so after we bought the place. Then after we bought the place, they stayed until about 1943. They were paying twenty dollars a month for rent, which doesn't seem very much. But money was money in those days; it went a long way. At the present time, as I always say, there's nothing cheap excepting money itself.

So after the Andersons moved out, we went in and we lowered the ceilings in the whole house excepting one bedroom. And we added new outlets and remodeled the kitchen and the bath, and lined the whole house with pine plywood. And at that time, we bought the pine plywood eight [feet] by four [feet], one quarter inch thick, for ninety-six cents a sheet. So we put in new floors throughout the house, also, and had new linoleum in the kitchen and bath. And I put on new wood shingles on most of the roof, excepting a little part of the north side where the shingles were still in good condition.

While we were still working on the place, probably 1941 (we were working there one evening because we worked during the day at Ward's), Dick Darrohn, who was in the service, stationed here in Reno, came in and wanted to know if the place was for rent. He came by and saw us working in there. So we told him that in just a day or two, the place would be for rent; we would have it finished. So he told his wife about it; his wife was Eleanor. They came down and looked at the

place and were delighted to get it. They moved in and stayed until he was finally transferred at the time; it was about the time that the war was over. We became very, very good friends with the Darrohns.

Wall, in 1944, we decided that we would like to have a home up in the Nixon area, Nixon Avenue area. Mamie had always wanted a home up in the Nixon area. And so we knew it was, a nice residential section. Everybody really liked it up in the section, so we contacted Lloyd Patrick, who had lots for sale on the old home of the Patrick family. So we bought a lot at what turned out to be 1401 Nixon Avenue from Lloyd Patrick, paid him \$1,000 for the lot. Previous to that, lots had been sold nearer town for six hundred, just the year before. But lots were going up in price at quite a rapid pace, and we considered ourselves quite lucky.

When he sold it to us, it was with the stipulation that we wouldn't sell the lot, that we would build on it ourselves, with the idea of making a home. We told him that was our intention. Mamie dug up the thousand dollars mostly in twenty-dollar bills that she had stashed around the house in preparation for the day that we would want to start building something or making a home of our own up in that section. He was quite surprised to see all the twenty-dollar bills that we brought there to pay for the lot.

We had Earl Games come and excavate. He excavated for a basement, for a full basement, and also for the oil tank and the pipe running out to the street for the sewer line.

In the meantime, Mamie and I drew our plans. None of the plans that we could find were suitable, so we drew our own plans, floor plan, and we didn't have any blueprint. We didn't need a blueprint anyway; they were just useless things. I didn't have a transit, but



I built the house with just a level. I contrived my own makeshift transit, which worked very, very well. By setting it up in the basement and lining [it] up, I'm sure there wasn't a variation of a quarter of an inch in any place in that house. Ofttimes people wondered, "There is your blueprint?" Or after we had built the house and sold it, someone came and wanted to get our blueprint because they wanted to make some change in the house. So we told them we never had a blueprint. They couldn't understand that, how any house could be built without a blueprint. Anyway, it was built, and it stands there at 1401 Nixon Avenue for anyone to go and see.

I took four months off from Ward's, beginning in 1945, to get started on the house. I built the forms for the basement out of lumber which was quite green. Of course, lumber wasn't cured in those days during the war time, like it had been previously. It took me some little time, of course, to build the forms for the entire basement, because it was quite a little project to build the forms all the way around two sides with the dividers between, making eight-inch walls. Of course, at first, the foundation had to be put down, and then the forms for the walls. By the time we had finished building the forms for the foundation, the boards had pretty well dried out, so that in some places, you could almost stick your finger between the boards. We were wondering how much concrete we were going to lose when the concrete was poured, but Jupiter Pluvius came along and helped us out in that respect by dumping a lot of rain just about the time (it was in November) when we were ready to pour the concrete. And the boards all swelled up so that there was no opening between them. When the concrete was poured, there was no loss.

It seemed that when we gave the word for the concrete that they sent one truck

right after the other. We didn't know that they were going to run the trucks as fast as that. I got a couple of men to help tamp down the concrete into the forms. One man was a young serviceman and just here for a little period of time off, and he was really a good worker. We had long hardwood poles to tamp the concrete down in the forms. And by the time we finished, he had worn the end of his pole so that it was sharp at the bottom, whereas the other fellow's didn't show that he'd ever done very much work. I think he just made believe that he was tamping where he didn't do much work himself at all. Anyway, the forms held, which was quite remarkable, the way they poured the concrete in there, one truck right after the other one. And after the forms were all taken off, it seemed to be a pretty good job.

Lumber, of course, could be bought here from the various lumber houses here in Reno, but it was all so green that I thought perhaps I could do better. So I went up to Susanville and contacted a lumber company up there. They had lumber which was fairly well seasoned and quite dry. So I bought a whole load of lumber up there and had it hauled down by Ginocchio Freight Lines. They operated between here and Susanville on a regular freight haul, so they were glad to get a chance to bring a load back down from Susanville. so I got various kinds of lumber for sheathing and for the heavy timbers, and also siding for the house. And we were lucky to get it, because it was quite well seasoned.

I had never worked with a carpenter in my life. In fact, I had never taken any instructions in carpenter work. I had observed houses around town being built and just what was done; I didn't know for sure just how they did it, but I knew that I could duplicate the work if I tried hard enough. I didn't have any power saw, did it all by hand with no power

tools of any kind. I sawed it all out the hard way, with everything by hand.

I built the sub floor, put on the floor joists and the plates and the sub floor. And then, I built the partitions for the side walls right on the sub floor and raised them in units. Of course, I measured very carefully, and they all went right into place, with the windows and doors all cut out, just as they should have been. Built right on the floor, which is very much easier. When they went into place, all I had to do was put on the extra top plate on top, so I made two plates on top, and they were nailed together. And then the partitions went in the same way. And I was quite well satisfied with my work, because it really turned out to be a very good house.

I had the plumbing roughed in by Humes Construction Company, the plumbers here, who took contracts for plumbing places. I had the chimney built by William Black, who was a brick contractor here in Reno. He built the chimney and other brickwork that I had done. There was no fireplace put in that house. The Nevada Machinery and Electric installed the wiring for me. I put on all the roofing myself, all the sheathing up there, and I put on all the roofing, too. I carried it up on a ladder and applied it up there. It was the first time I had ever put on a composition roof. It came out all right. But it's a lot of work to carry roofing up on a ladder when you consider nowadays how they have these lifts that lift the roofing right up onto the roof itself, so that there's no strong arm or strong back work entailed in taking roofing up on top of a roof.

After about four months, I had the place framed in, didn't have the siding on, but I had it all framed in, the partitions, and the roof all on. And the garage was in the basement, with part of the garage set off in the basement with a driveway leading down into the garage.

So I went back to Ward's after four months and continued there with the regular work that was required of me at Ward's, working from 9:30 until 5:30 every day. That was six days a week. But I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning, go up and work for at least two hours every morning. Of course, the union was always around watching. And they interviewed me several times and wanted to know if I was going to hire anyone, that it would be up to me to hire a union man if I was going to hire anyone that wanted to help me. I told them no, that I figured I would do the work myself.

But there was a certain attorney that lived not too far from—. He lived probably over on Patrick or Gordon [Avenue]; I'm not sure just where he did live. Anyway, his wife was quite annoyed, or appeared to be, by the noise of hammering in the morning at four o'clock. And he came to talk to me about it one day, and I told him, well, I had to get the place done, and I had to do it in the time that I was able to give to it. So it was only a short time after that one of the neighbors came by and told me that this same attorney had circulated a petition around in this area to prevent my working there in the mornings, working there, in fact, any hours excepting during the regular hours that carpenters usually worked, which was from eight until four or five in the afternoon. But nobody would sign the petition. So I thought that we had some pretty good neighbors and I was quite pleased at their reaction.

We had the doors and windows all made at the Watkins Mill between here and Sparks. I got the rock wool. I, at that time, was able to get the very finest rock wool, almost white, in thick, heavy batts, which filled in between the studs, almost the full width of the four-inch studs. And it was wonderfully insulated. I had the plastering done by a contractor, which cost

around a thousand dollars for the lath and plaster job. I put in the concrete basement floor myself, put in the forms and had the concrete brought. I had a contract from the Hasco Company to furnish the furnace and water heater.

It was hard to get a furnace at that time because of the war that was going on. To get anything like a furnace was almost—you had to pull teeth to do it. Anyway, I knew that a number of furnaces had come in on orders that were probably given after I had given my order if they had taken a contract. “Oh, yes, another furnace was coming in. In a very short time, why, we’ll be able to get the furnace.” So anyway, I wrote back to the GE people at their headquarters in the East and told them the situation, that I knew that furnaces were being delivered in Reno, but that I wasn’t getting mine. It was in a very, very short time that the furnace was delivered. The GE people in the East wrote me a letter and told me that they would see that I got a furnace in a very short time. And it came in, and I got one of the furnaces that was in the next shipment.

I laid my own hardwood floors, and, of course, had someone come in to do the sanding. Then I built the stairway downstairs and built a stairway upstairs. Upstairs, we made two rooms and put in a floor up there and insulated the side walls and the ceiling, had a window in each end. And these two rooms were just as nice and comfortable as the ones downstairs, unless in the summertime, they may have been a little bit warmer, but not much, because they were so well insulated and of the cross ventilation between the two ends.

Well, Mamie did most of the painting, practically all of it, excepting some of the outside, and she even helped me with some of the outside painting. So it was a big painting job; we gave everything three coats of paint.

So it really looked quite nice. The doors and windows, some of them, did shrink a little bit that we got from Watkins Mill, but they weren’t really bad. We didn’t have any spray; it was all done by brush; we didn’t use a roller, either. Rollers were a thing to be; they hadn’t come in yet, at least we didn’t know about rollers.

After we finished inside, we hadn’t told our sister Grace or Jorgen anything about that we were building a house. At that time, they had sold their place in Diamond Valley and he had gone to work as a sheep inspector for the state, inspecting the health of the sheep. They lived most of the time in Elko. The two boys, Harold and Lloyd, had bought a ranch up north of Winnemucca, fifty miles north of Winnemucca. He had financed them with some of the money that he had realized from the sale of the ranch there in Diamond Valley. The sale of the ranch in Diamond Valley consisted of our place and the Cox place, as well as the old Diamond Springs ranch, which gave range right to quite a large area of country, all through the north end of Diamond Valley, and was quite a good piece of property. We never knew for sure just exactly the price that they got for the place, but it wasn’t anywhere near what it was worth in later times, because property was just on the rise at that time.

Anyway, they made trips to Reno occasionally, and went around to see what was being offered for sale here in the way of houses for sale. Happened to come by here on Nixon Avenue and saw us—saw me—working there; I was just working on the garage door. [Laughing] And they were surprised. Anyway, they came in and saw the house, and were surprised that we had built a house and in such a nice place, such a nice home.

Well, we were all ready to move in 1947. When Andrew was home, we had built a

darkroom for him down in the basement in anticipation of his living with us, built a darkroom down there so that he would carry on his photographic work, which he had done before he went into the service. We didn't know whether he would still be interested in photographic work after he came back from the service, but he took it up right where he left off, and resumed his amateur photography with as much zeal and interest as he ever had.

But in 1947, he told us that he was to be married. So he brought Rosemary, his intended, around to get acquainted, and we thought that she was quite a capable girl. He said that they would probably want to build up on their lot, up on Davidson Way. So he and Rosemary planned, finally drew a floor plan of the house that they wanted up there. So we decided that the house on Nixon Avenue was too big for just the two of us, so we never moved in. Virginia suggested that we move in at least and enjoy the house for a while, but we decided that if we moved in, it would just be a lot of work moving in and then moving out, that it was really too big. So we sold the place. And then Andrew and Rosemary were married in November of 1947. They rented for a while until they could have a place of their own.

I have mentioned that he and Harold had bought an acre on Davidson Way. And Andrew's place was the one below. The part adjacent to West Plumb Lane was the one that Harold and Virginia had. He drew his own floor plans, no blueprint, and so I told him that I would help him build the place. So I took charge. We hired one man; he was not a carpenter, he was a painter. But he was out of a job, so he would be glad to get a chance to work as a carpenter. He helped me, of course, with all the rough work, getting it framed in. I took time off from Ward's to build it.

Andrew would come after his work; he was still working at the post office here. After he came back from the service, he resumed his job at the post office. He would work, and we'd work on Saturdays and Sundays, too.

Mr. [Lou] Paley, the agent for the union, came around and started to talk about hiring a union man. He discovered that the man that I had working was a union painter, not a union carpenter. And, of course, the man who was working for me decided he'd better get off, because it might endanger his standing with the painters union. So he didn't come to work any more after that. So I finished it up alone with Andrew's help. Andrew helped to paint, and all that sort of thing, in helping out. Mr. Paley, the union man, insisted that I hire a union carpenter to install the doors and windows after I had the rest all completed and they were ready to go in. But I kept right on working, and the doors and windows went in without any carpenter. He didn't come back to check on it. When he was there interviewing me, he wanted me to join the carpenters' union. He said, "I can't see but what you're entitled to a union membership." He said, "Your work seems to be up to standard, and we would like to have you as a union member." I said, told him that, well, I would consider it. I wanted to keep on the good side of the union if possible.

So the house was eventually finished. It had a plastering job done by Mr. [George] Serpentino, who was the plastering contractor. And the house was then ready for them to move in. After they had moved in, of course, then I went back to Ward's, didn't have any more night work or early morning work to do. I had worked there the same as I had at the Nixon place; I put in extra time wherever it was possible.

Along about early in '49, Harold told me that he knew of a lot out on Moana Lane

that might be a good buy.. We'd been looking around for more property. We had decided that we would like to live out in the country, especially for a little while. So he told us that he knew of a party that had a lot out there, that this party had intended to build on it, but had bought a place in town, so he had no more need for a place out on Moana. So I contacted the party and bought the acre of ground on Moana Lane, in the 1200 block. That was in December of '49.

In the spring of 1950, I started fencing the place, got the place all fenced with metal, metal posts and netting wire. And I also got someone to come in and do the excavation to excavate for the house and for the forms for the garage, and for the oil tank, septic tank, and for a water line running out to the street. So that part was pretty well finished, then, by the middle of June.

After I had done the preliminary work, we decided, then, to go ahead and do the building. That was on the sixteenth of June in the year of '51 that we went ahead, then, and built the house.

We first poured the footings for the garage and for the house. I had made the forms for those. Then after the footings were poured, we took off the forms for the footings, and I built the forms for the foundation for the house and the garage. Then we ordered the concrete, and Mamie and I were going to do the tamping of the concrete. I thought we could do a better job than someone that we would hire, probably, to do it. It wasn't too big a job because of the fact that we didn't have any basement in this house. It was just this crawl space down there, so the forms were not more than five feet high in any place. We had the concrete come one day. Mamie was out there to help me. So we tamped the concrete down, and by nightfall, we had everything in good shape. But Mamie was certainly tired,

and I was tired; we said that we would come on home and just get a little something to eat and fall into bed.

Well, when we got home, here we had visitors. Our cousins, the O. V. Dibbles, Father Dibble's nephew and his wife, Sebina, from San Antonio, Texas, were here. They were on a summer trip, and came this way, and just happened to come in when we were coming home.

Well, we couldn't just take a little something to eat and fall into bed, because they didn't know how hard we'd worked that day. tie, of course, cleaned up sortie and got supper for them. And then we talked for quite a while, and they had rented a motel room, so that they went to their motel. But they were back the next morning and took a little trip up to Virginia City and around, saw the different things. And we tried to entertain them, but it was all right. The next day, we were rested to a certain extent because we had had a .night's rest. But we certainly were tired that night before!

Then when they left going on, Sebina was very much interested in Grandpa Dibble. She and Grandpa Dibble had corresponded for several years prior to his death. So she was interested in him, and also the writing that he had done just before his death. She, in fact, wanted to take the picture along to have a copy made of it, and she also said that she'd like to take his notes along, too, to copy them. But I thought too much of them to let them out of the house, and I told her that if she wanted it, I would have a copy made [if] she let me know when she got back. But we never heard from them afterward. Apparently, she was not in very good health, and she had had quite a serious operation the year before she was here, and we surmised that she had probably had another sick spell and perhaps had passed away, because we had never heard



from them since. So I was glad that we had not let them take our documents with them. Orlando himself was not a man that was very communicative, and he never would write a letter. In fact, he had never written; it was always his wife who had done the writing. So we wrote to them several times, but didn't receive a reply. So we know that our letters had been received, because we had a return request on them.

But to resume the work that we did down there, of course, I put on the floor joists and the beams on the sub floor, had that all in prime condition for doing the house itself. Then I built the walls and the partitions right on the floor, the same as I did for the house at Nixon. And Andrew would come in the evenings after he was off work and help me raise the side walls into position. They all went together very, very nicely and were all fitted without any trouble. So after the walls were up, the garage was built, and I put the roof on, carried all the roofing up, sheathing and roofing, and had the roof all on, and that was, then, a period of about four months that I had taken off. So I went back to work at Ward's.

Mr. Callaghan was the manager at the time. He hadn't wanted to let me off for the four months that I was gone and was a little vindictive about the fact that I had taken off for that period of time. I had left the store in good hands, the shipping department. My helper, Omar Kirkland, a big fellow, he was six feet tall, and weighed over three hundred pounds, a very big man. He still is; he works for the Southern Pacific at the present time. He was left in charge of the shipping department.

When I came back, Mr. Callaghan called me and Omar (we always called him "Tiny"; he likes to be called Tiny, I think, too) in his office, and he told me, he said, "Well, now, Andy, it's this way." He says, "Tiny's in charge

of the receiving and shipping, and you'll have to work under him."

I said, "Well, that's okay with me. We can get along fine."

But it wasn't. After we left there, Tiny said to me, he said, "Don't pay any attention to Callaghan." He says, "We'll always be just the same as we were before." He said, "It doesn't make any difference at all." He says, "You go ahead and give the orders, and," he says, "we'll work together."

I worked until 5:30, from 9:30 until 5:30 at the store. That was for six days a week. I never got away from the store until about six, at least, because I had to wind up the papers and do the other things that were necessary before leaving, locking up. So then I would have to go to the grocery store and buy the day's groceries, so it was always seven o'clock or later before I could get home. But I would get up in the morning at four o'clock, and spend from four to about six or six-thirty working at the place. And, of course, I worked all day Sunday, and Mamie spent as much time as she could to help in any way she could. But, eventually, we did some work out there.

We had the wiring contracted by Landa Electric Company; they did all the installation, the rough wiring. The brickwork was done by Smith-Peterson by contract. I got an estimate from several different bricklayers. Smith-Peterson was the lowest. He built the fireplace and the chimneys. But we did all the rest of the work. We applied rock wool batts; we did the finishing inside with Sheetrock. And Andrew helped me to lift the Sheetrock; those sheets are quite heavy. Andrew helped me to lift the Sheetrock, the pieces for the ceiling, helped me get started with the nailing of those. I did the side walls myself, though.

In going up onto the roof to check after the chimneys had been built, the fireplace, I looked down to check to see how they looked

inside, and I discovered that the flue lining had not been complete. It was a clay lining that they put inside of every chimney; that's required. I found that he had put it up through the roof to just above the roof. Then he had left a vacant spot, and the top piece that projected out through the top of the chimney, he had simply set on some nails projecting out from in between the bricks. That was in both the furnace and for the fireplace chimneys. So I got on the phone; I didn't lose any time in calling them up and calling them down for the work that they had done. I told them to get out there and get that fixed right, tear the chimney down to the roof and get it fixed right, or I'll report it immediately to the building inspector. They were out there in just jig time; it didn't take them any time at all. They sent a different bricklayer to come out, tore it off clear down to the roof, and rebuilt it, putting in flue lining. And he even built them a foot or so higher than the contract called for. And I was glad to have them a foot or so higher; they would draw better.

But, why, the bricklayer said, when he was confronted with the evidence, "Well," he says, "I've done a lot of them that way." And he says, "There was no complaint." He says, "They seemed to be all right" [laughing].

So there're tricks in all contracts. You've got to watch any contractor, because as a usual thing, they will try to cut corners, and anything to make money. To make money on the contract, as a usual thing, of course, they intend to make money, and they put the bid down as low as they can in competition. But the one who takes the contract, the owner, has to watch out to see that things are built according to specifications.

Then after we did that, there were metal windows, steel windows, and we had the glass installed. We had one of the glass companies come in and install the glass. And a day or

two after that, when I went to work in the morning, I found that twenty-three of the windows were shot out. Some kids had come by with b-b guns and shot out the twenty-three panes of glass. And they had also peppered the plate glass window with b-b shot. And the only place that the shot had gone through the plate glass window was right down in the corner, one of the corners on the right-hand side, almost next to the woodwork, about an inch from the edge. There, of course, was no give. And when the b-b struck it, it knocked a little hole right through. But it really wasn't very noticeable, and as long as the rest of the plate glass window wasn't damaged, why, we didn't complain about that. But it shows what is done sometimes, if you aren't there to watch out. So we had the contractor come on and reglaze the broken windows.

We installed a Coleman dual-wall furnace, built in wardrobes, put down the hardwood floors, and had a man come in to sand and polish the hardwood floors and finish them.

Then we began landscaping the grounds and the garden. This period of time took all the latter part of 1951, and all of 1952. Some people would say, "Well, it took you a long time to build that house." But during that same period of time, these other people were just spending their idle time or extra time on something that they wanted to do, whereas we really did something constructive.

So on February eighth, 1953, we moved from West Taylor to Moana Lane. We rented the two houses at West Taylor. The front one had already been rented, but we rented the one that we had been living in. Then after we moved to Moana, we completed the landscaping and put in the lawns and put in a nice vegetable garden. And the acre, there was plenty of work on the acre, kept us busy, especially as long as we were working for Ward's at the same time, too.

In 1955, we took on another proposition. We thought we ought to have another house to rebuild or do something with. So we got in touch with a real estate man that we knew. He, in fact, had worked at Ward's for some length of time and was now in the real estate business with another man, selling real estate. I told him that we would like to buy perhaps an older house that needed some fixing up to bring it back into prime condition, that we would probably be able to get it at a lesser figure if it were an older house. "Well," he said, "I have a house." He said, "It really is run down, but," he said, "if you want to come and look at it, why, we'll take you out there."

So I made an appointment with him, and Mamie and I met him out there one evening, on Caliente. It was 58 and 60 Caliente Street. The house was not the best-looking house in the world. It hadn't been painted for years and years and years. Most of the paint had scaled off, and it was very much in need of paint. The shed [was] back near the rear house. There was a little cottage at the back, a little three-room cottage, which was occupied then. They were getting sixty dollars a month rent off'n that, and they were getting eighty dollars a month rent for the front house, as he told me; they were both occupied. The one in front was occupied by a widow lady with two boys, the one in back by a newly-married couple. We thought about it and thought about the work that would be entailed in bringing it back into shape, and after a day or two, we thought we'd like to go to see it a second time before we really made a decision. So we contacted the real estate man; he took us down again, and so we went through it again.

We decided to buy it. It was a good buy, and a pretty good income. So in August of 1955 (we'd bought it the month before), I had my vacation. Well, I took an extra week. My vacation was for two weeks, and I took an

extra week. So Mamie and I went in there and did some work. And when I say some work, why, I really do mean some work! We scraped the dead paint off from the outside, and we painted and painted, and Mamie scraped and painted and painted [laughing], and I got up on the roof and repaired the roof. Wherever the shingles didn't seem to be split or weren't in the best condition, I nailed them down, and I painted the whole roof. I don't know how many gallons of linseed oil and graphite it used—I think about twelve gallons of linseed oil and about forty pounds of graphite. But we finished all That, and painted the worst part twice; we gave it a prime coat and then one finish coat. So it really did look different after three weeks' time. And we felt different, too, because [laughing] we were really tired. We were dead tired. So that was the end of the vacation period, three weeks, and that was our vacation.

And so we went back to work; I did, went back to work at Ward's after the "vacation." Some people say that's a funny way to spend your vacation, but that was the way we did things, anyway.

A year later, when the tenants moved out, why, we lowered The ceilings in nearly all the rooms. And there was two of the rooms had been papered. One [room] and a part of another room had wallpaper on one or two of The walls. We didn't like the wallpaper. Some places it was loose.. But to try to get that off was really a job. But Mamie scraped and scraped and [laughing]—and wet the paper and then scraped some more. But finally after a lot of scraping and a lot of scraping, why, we thought maybe if we put on some other paper over The top of that, it might be better in one of the rooms, after we'd scraped it all off from the living room and found out what a job it was. We tried the bedroom, thought we'd paste in that room and put some new

paper on. Well, when we put the paste on, we found out it loosened the paper underneath, and it could be peeled right off [laughing]. So if we'd learned that in the first place, it would have been a good deal easier.

Anyway, we lowered the ceilings and did quite a lot of work, put new tile in the kitchen and the bath, and we rented both the front and the rear houses, then, to new tenants; they moved out. In the meantime, we've had several tenants in both houses, but we have also increased the rent a little bit. But in the front house, we have a tenant there who's been there for nine years. They've never moved, Mr. and Mrs. [Myron A.] Berg. They're still there; he is employed with a wholesale plumbing house. They're glad to get the place and we certainly have been lucky to have them as tenants for all this time.

Then after I retired in 1958, why, I painted the whole house again. In fact, it's been painted twice since I retired. Painted all the fences and the little cottage at the rear, went into that and redid the bathroom over entirely. A lot of the plumbing was exposed in the bathroom, piping that had been put in after the building had been built. The supply pipes and also the waste pipes were pretty much in evidence. I took all those out, every bit of the plumbing, and put them really quite a chore. So Virginia and Andrew thought that we should sell the place and move into town because of the amount of work that we had to do out there.

So we bought the place there at 1280 Patrick. We didn't move in immediately; we rented it to Colonel [Henry] Bodson and his family. Colonel Bodson himself was going on a tour of duty to Cambodia for a year, and his family wanted to stay here in Reno while he was gone. She had a sister here in Reno, so she wanted to stay in Reno while he was away on this tour of duty in Cambodia. So they were

glad to get the place, and we were glad to rent it to them. They were wonderful tenants and took the best of care.

In November of 1967, we learned of an estate sale of a little brick house at 1260 Patrick. We came to look at it and submitted a bid on the property, and eventually the bid was accepted by the court. And the deal was consummated on January 1, 1968. So we owned the property, then, at 1260 Patrick. What intrigued us perhaps as much as anything else was the potential of the back yard. It was large and would give us a chance to get out and exercise and run around to our hearts' content, dig in the dirt, do anything else that we chose. That was one thing we didn't have at 1280 [where we had moved in 1965], a very large back yard, no chance to spread out or do something that we wanted to do.

So we still continued to live at 1280 while we worked at 1260 to do the things that we wanted before we moved in. They came in here; they had supposedly washed down the kitchen, had painted the two bedrooms, but it was done in a very superficial way. So we went over the entire walls and ceiling and washed them all down. Then Mamie gave them two coats of enamel paint. So that was really quite a job for the whole house. While she was doing the painting (she did practically all the painting), I put a tile ceiling in the kitchen and remodeled some basement work, brought the plumbing for the washing machine upstairs, and did some other remodeling around the place, installed new fixtures in the bathroom and remodeled the kitchen.

We moved many plants and shrubs, took them up from 1280; even raspberries and strawberry plants, we took those, and even took a little of the good topsoil that we had down there in our garden. We scooped off a little of that to use for resetting our plants that we had brought from down at 1280. There

were a great many of the different plants, rose bushes and other shrubs, that she wanted to bring up here. So there were a lot of things that we brought up here, and that entailed a lot of work, to dig them up. We didn't want to take too many because we had to leave a semblance of shrubbery and plants down there, at least. But we were glad that we brought what we did, because it seems that they have plenty down there. They have a dog or two in the back yard, and you know what big dogs running around in the back yard will do. It's not conducive to good plant life or shrubbery, either one.

So we did put in a vegetable garden here last year and had quite a nice vegetable garden, and we hope we'll have a better one this year. We enlarged it, and it's in better condition. Everything is coming up nicely. Our raspberry and strawberry plants are quite nice.

#### SUMMARY

It's interesting to note the change in real estate values and real estate conditions since we first started to dabble in real estate here in Reno.

When I first saw Reno, when I was attending the University here in 1911 and '12, it seemed that building in Reno was at a standstill; everybody said that it had been overbuilt. It had around 12,000 population at the time, so there was no building going on.

So it seemed that about the time that 1938 came along that interest in real estate started to pick up. That was about the time that we bought the West Taylor property. It was still low in price, practically all the property, but people were beginning to think more about real estate, and the general public was more interested in buying or dealing in real estate propositions.

Lumber, of course, was cheap at that time that we built the house on West Taylor

in 1938. Lumber sold, good dry pine, for twenty-five dollars a thousand, and I know we bought all the lumber that we needed for that house down there on West Taylor, twenty-five dollars a thousand—even the siding at twenty-five dollars a thousand. It was good siding, well dried, and it didn't shrink.

Today, lumber of that type would sell for around two or three hundred dollars a thousand. And it's hard to get pine; it's almost impossible. You have to settle for fir, and unless fir is well-seasoned, it's not very satisfactory building material because it will warp and shrink and twist out of shape. And the red fir, they try to pawn that off on unsuspecting buyers, too, because red fir isn't very popular with the builders. Red fir, when it's green, fairly green, it can be sawed and handled and used for building; however, as it dries, it shrinks, and does get out of shape. But once it is dry, it's almost like flint. It's just like hardwood; it dulls a saw, and it's really hard to use. As you drive nails into it, it'll split, not very satisfactory.

We bought our different houses, more from an impelling urge to be doing something constructive and to be busy, rather than to use our time at something else. I think that we were happier doing something than we would have been if we hadn't done anything like that. We always felt it was a pleasure to see something come to life under the efforts that we put in toward doing these things. The same way with a garden. It's really a pleasure to us to see things grow and become beautiful under our care and work. To see a garden come up, sprout from just the mere seeds and [laughing] grow into a regular garden, it's quite a satisfaction.

And, of course, there was the feature of rentals. The income from rentals never was large. We would rather keep permanent tenants at a little lower rent than to charge



more for rent and then have them be moving out constantly and have to go in and clean the place up. We never did rent a dirty house. Whenever anyone moved out, if they left the house in an untidy condition, we always tried to go in and clean it up and make it comfortable and clean before we rented it to new tenants. But we did it practically all ourselves. If one had to pay for those things at the cost of hiring anyone to do it nowadays, lit certainly wouldn't pay. If you can do it yourself, you will make a little money on rentals. Otherwise, it's not a very profitable proposition. But we've sold them now, practically all, excepting two, and we're glad that they're down to just two rentals.



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## SOME OF OUR INTERESTING VACATION TRIPS, 1923-1968

### TO YELLOWSTONE PARK, 1923

I've got to tell something about my old school day friend in Elko, George Anderson, tell about what he had been doing in the interim between the time that he graduated from high school in 1912 and this period of 1922 and p23, which was a period of ten years.

He graduated from Elko in 1912. Then his sisters, who were employed in Elko—one of his sisters, Nellie, had charge of the telephone company there in Elko. And he had another sister who had been married but was now a widow. And they sent him to Ann Arbor in Michigan for one year. And he studied there, and on the second year, he went to Stanford University, where he graduated. At Stanford, or in Palo Alto, he met a young lady; her name was Lorna. And he married Lorna. They came back to Elko after he graduated from Stanford, and George taught in high school under Miss Knemeyer at the time. Tie taught history and physics; I don't know what other subjects he did teach, but he taught in Elko for a couple of years.

Then he wanted to take a postgraduate course to get his master's degree. He chose the University of Colorado because he was interested in minerals of all types, and he wanted to prepare himself for an outdoor life. So he went to the University of Colorado and took his postgraduate course and earned his masters degree there. After he got his master's degree, he went to southern California, California Institute of Technology, after he had taught one year in Elko, and worked on his doctor's degree from there.

But in 1923, there had been two children born to this union, a boy and a girl. Lorna was the mother. Kathleen and Robert were the two children that were born. But for some reason or other, George and Lorna couldn't get along very well, or else weren't mated to each other, and they separated, and eventually he gave her a divorce with quite a substantial alimony. So Lorna took the children and went to California to live, down with her folks. Her folks lived in Palo Alto.

George resumed teaching in Elko County High School, and there, in the year 1923, or

'22, a graduate from Smith College in the East took the job of teaching in Elko, also. Her home was in California, but she had graduated from Smith College. They met, of course, and became quite attached to each other. So in the spring of 1923, George sent word to us that he and Genevieve (they always called her "Rob" for short. Her name was Genevieve; Genevieve Robison was her name. George called her "Rob," and, of course, we got to calling her "Rob," also, always have known her as "Rob.") were to be married on the fifth day of June. They were going to the Yellowstone Park on their honeymoon and invited us to come along. They were going to take their Ford car. They had a Ford car just like ours, a 1917 model.

On the Decoration Day of that same year, we went to Eureka to observe Decoration-Memorial Day and put flowers on the graves as we always did. And in the afternoon, a heavy snowstorm came up. My mother was along with us and the family. A heavy snowstorm came up, and the old Model T Fords had a propensity to leak. If the snow hit the windshield, it would leak down onto the magnetos and battery, and you had to keep the water of off'n that, or else the car would stop if the magneto ever got wet from the rain or snow. But coming on out, it had snowed so hard that it was hard to keep the windshields clear of snow, had to get out every little way and wipe the snow off the windshield. We didn't have the efficient wipers like we do nowadays, either. But by the time we reached home, we were rather soaked, because the snow did come in through the old side curtains; they were just the detachable side curtains. But we reached home; we were lucky. We didn't get stuck anyplace along the way in the snow. The snow was really wet and we would come through it without too much difficulty. We came on home, and the

next day, I know, we measured the depth of the snow, and there was a foot and a half of snow on the level. And that was right after Decoration Day. But it turned awful warm and the snow melted in just a day or so, and it was all bare again.

But we had that appointment with George, to come to Elko. So on the fourth day of June, the snow had all melted and the roads were starting to dry off. We rigged up camping equipment as best we had. We had an old sheet iron stove of the Basque sheep-camper type, just a sheet iron box with a stovepipe to it. We had that tied on the running board, and we had [a] stovepipe there that we tied on the running board, also, all of our luggage and our tent, and a bedroll. So the old running board was pretty handy on those old Model T Fords. Besides that, there was always places on the car that you could tie ropes to, to tie under the running board and strap things on. We had so many things with us that we had to crawl in through the windows and out when he had everything tied up; the doors also were blocked. But we got to Elko the day before, and both Andrew and Virginia had quite severe colds. And Jorgen and Grace thought we shouldn't go because it was such stormy weather and the children had colds. Grandma and Grandpa Dibble perhaps felt about the same way about it, but they didn't really try to dissuade us from the trip because they knew we had made plans.

So we went to Elko, and George and Rob were married on the next day, on the fifth of June, 1923. Virginia was just three years old, and Andrew was seven. In fact, they wouldn't be three and seven until the fall. This was in June. Their birthdays were in September.

George and Rob were married in the home of a private friend of theirs. They served a dinner to about forty invited guests after the wedding ceremony. The wedding ceremony

was performed by a Presbyterian minister of Elko.

We, that night, and the night before, stayed at the Elko Hotel there in Elko, which was run by Basque people. And we had a very comfortable room. The charge was only two dollars. At that time, it wasn't high at all, very comfortable place. We were there two nights at that time. And on our return trip, we were there for a couple of nights, also.

So after the wedding ceremony, George had his Model T all packed and ready to go. So we went out about five miles from Elko and found a place that looked like it was suitable for camping, stayed there overnight. The next day, we went all the way to Rogerson in Idaho, which was just south of Twin Falls, which would be only a couple hours' drive nowadays. But it took us all day to get to Rogerson. We camped on the outskirts of Rogerson there; there were big sagebrush.

George, one of the things that he took along was a big sheepherder-type coffeepot, held about two gallons. It was a black coffeepot and been set in the sagebrush for heating on the outside on the coals. And, of course, it was all blackened. George decided when he got that far that he wouldn't need a coffeepot because there was just the two of them that drank coffee. Mamie and I didn't drink coffee. We had no need for anything that big, George deposited it under a big sagebrush there near our campground and left it. I just wonder if it's still there today. I imagine not, because that's been build up since, and somebody found the coffeepot and did away with it.

The next day, we went as far as Pocatello from Rogerson. Didn't have any trouble. The roads, there were no paved roads in those days; they were graded and graveled, most of the roads. And there were some roads in Idaho that did have some little paving, but not very much. Idaho seemed to be ahead of most

of the other states in their paving program. But the roads themselves were kept in pretty good shape, and we remarked that we were glad that Idaho was keeping its roads in pretty good condition. Stopped at Pocatello the third night and then continued on north.

The old Model T Fords were a good rugged car, but there was always something going wrong with them, too. So people had to carry accessories along with them if they were going out on trips of any distance. One of the drawbacks of the Model T Ford was the cast iron brake shoes, which fit inside the brake drum of the rear wheels. These, being cast iron, broke very easily, so that quite frequently, people would be humming along with the old Model T Ford and their rear wheel would lock at the brake; the pieces of the brake shoes fell apart. So we always carried a brake shoe, extra one for each of the rear wheels. Then the rear axle, also, would strip without giving us any warning. So we always had to carry two extra axles, one for each side. One good thing, though, that they weren't very hard to replace for the new one—jack it up and take off the wheel and take off the hub, and we would pull the axle out and replace it with a new one, right on the road. . When an axle strips on the old Ford, you're just helpless because you have no traction at all. And you just have to put your emergency brake to stop. He didn't know what happened at first. I happened to have this extra axle along, and we stopped and jacked up the rear wheels and replaced it so that there was no more trouble.

We camped at another place before we got to West Yellowstone. I've forgotten now just where it was. But as you approach West Yellowstone, you have to go over a sort of a table land, a higher elevation. And the spring flowers were blooming in profusion. It was just a beautiful country, with all the spring



flowers in full bloom, and everything was verdant, pretty, green everywhere.

As we reached toward the entrance to Yellowstone Park, we had to cross a creek, a beautiful little creek that came down from the mountains, and it was really a mountain stream. We stopped and got off and bathed our feet in the cool water that was running. It was really a delightful place.

We continued on into West Yellowstone, which was the west entrance to Yellowstone Park. Then, I'm not sure where we camped that first night, but as we entered the park, it was getting toward evening. Well, we went almost to where Yellowstone Canyon is and decided to park. We let George decide. He had been to Yellowstone on a previous trip with his folks and knew something about the Yellowstone. That's the reason he wanted to go back there on his honeymoon. He said, "We'll get off the beaten trail. We'll take this side road not far from the canyon." It ran almost parallel to the canyon, the side road. It had been used for some purposes. Trees had been cleared away from the road, but there were stumps sticking up in the middle of the road.

George started out ahead to lead the way to find a camping spot. He said, "We'll camp in there. There's lots of nice dead timber where we can camp and gave a good fire." It had been raining; it was still wet .and raining every day to a certain extent. So he was bowling along, leading the way. He ran onto a stump in the middle of the road, which was obscured by grass growing up around it. So, of course, when he contacted that stump, everything stopped dead still, including the car. The front axle was bent backward into the shape of a "V," and it also went back and jammed the casing underneath the motor so that the motor wouldn't turn over, So that's right where we camped. We camped there for the night and pitched our tents.

It happened that there was all kinds of dead wood around there. Within an area of a hundred yards, there was enough wood to last for a month or so with a big bonfire if we wanted to have it. We built a big bonfire and pitched our tents; it was still raining. The next day, George went down to the Canyon Hotel there at Yellowstone and borrowed a block and tackle, he carried it on foot back up there.

We cut a couple of saplings, young saplings, three of them, in fact, and made a tripod and tied the block and tackle to the apex of the tripod and blocked up the motor, pulled the motor out, put a chain around it and pulled it out. Of course, took out all the bolts that were necessary, detached it from the radiator and pulled it out, put it in my car. And also, the front axle, we detached that, put it in the car, and took it down to West Yellowstone for repairs. Well, they didn't have the parts there that were necessary and would have to order them from Twin Falls, I guess it was. It would be a few days before they could get the repair parts. They straightened out the motor casing, but they had to order a new axle. They said it would be impractical to try to straighten out the axle, that they might get it so it was straight, but still, it wouldn't track perfectly. So they ordered a new axle and told us about what time to come back for the new axle. We went back to the place where we were camped, and, of course, the womenfolks had a big fire going.

Andrew and Virginia had lots of fun playing around in the open space. They wouldn't let them, of course, out into the forest. There was quite heavy forest just outside of this clearing that we were camped in. But it was quite comfortable at night, especially in the evenings. We had a big roaring fire and dragged the logs in and put them around. Practically the whole trunk of a tree, chop it off—we had our axes along with

us and would chop it into perhaps ten-toot lengths and then put it in there, the smaller trees. Some of the larger ones, of course, were too large; we couldn't handle those.

But eventually, the car was repaired. We took the block and tackle back to the Canyon Hotel. I don't think there was any charge for the use of the block and tackle. We were pretty lucky to be able to borrow that block and tackle to lift out the motor. And the car ran all right, so we went around and visited practically all the scenic parts of Yellowstone Park before we left there. We were in the park about two weeks. The whole trip occupied about three weeks that we were gone from home.

While we were camped at one of the campgrounds, we had a little incident that I will have to relate. George and Bob had Georges pet dog with them [that] they called "Blackie." He was quite a big dog. He was of black color, which gave him the name of Blackie. But he was of the belligerent type. Ofttimes, he felt no other dog should be around at all. And when they were going in the car (he wasn't tied in the car), he'd jump out if he saw a dog and do battle with that dog wherever they might be. He always thought it was his bounden duty to lick every other dog that came around. And he was not very friendly to us, either. We tried to make friends with him. Even though we were with George and Rob and with the dog every day, he really didn't make friends with us. We didn't dare even pet him because he would growl if we started to pet him. Of course, he was a little bit more friendly to the children than he was to us grown people.

George always tethered Blackie on the outside of the tent, near the tent door. So, of course, in that park, you always had to keep your pets—dogs—under leash, because they were not allowed to run loose on account of

they might bother the animals of the park. We heard Blackie making a whining and whimpering noise and trying to half bark, and making this terrible noise. So George and I climbed out of our beds and went out. Here was a big black bear with her two cubs on the outside. Of course, they weren't bothering him, but they were looking around for something to eat, and I guess they smelled our bacon and things of that type that we had. Bears, of course, will raid a tent and get in especially bacon, or anything sweet. And they'll demolish a tent in just a short time with their sharp paws and claws. But Blackie had never seen a dog as big as that before in his life. He had really met his match, and he wasn't for getting out and doing battle with that bear. But when we got out and the bear saw us, why, she and her cubs moseyed off into the forest. But Blackie still crouched down as low as he could and just crawled along on his belly toward us [laughing]. He made friends with us from that day on. He was willing to be friends with most anybody, everybody he saw. And he wasn't for doing battle with the dogs as much as he was before that, either. Anyway, the bear was the biggest "dog" he had ever seen.

On our way back, we wanted to come out the southern entrance and through Jackson Hole, but we couldn't because the southern entrance was still clogged with snow. So we had to go back out the same way, Through West Yellowstone.

We did a lot of fishing in Yellowstone while we were there, from Fishing Bridge. Fishing Bridge was just on the Yellowstone River, just below The Yellowstone Lake. This was a good place to fish; we got tackle and fishing gear from a place there near the lake. We rented it and went down there and fished off the bridge itself and caught all kinds of fish, because it was early in the spring. The

season was just opening up and There were still snow banks around up There. And we were among the first to go into the park. There were not very many people there, either; that is, at the time, because everything was—the ones who owned the places, They were just opening up. The big hotels, yes, the big hotels, like Old Faithful Inn and Canyon Hotel, but not campgrounds or motels. People did go camping wherever they chose to camp.

So we did fishing off from Fishing Bridge, but we got so many fish that we couldn't, of course, eat them immediately. So we'd carry them up to a big snowbank that was on the edge of the Yellowstone Lake, right there in the forest, and we buried the fish in the snowbank and kept them for future use. It was just like putting them in a refrigerator; in fact, better, because they kept nice and moist there and were perfectly preserved for several days. We didn't want to throw any fish away because they were nice, big trout, and very, very tasty. We built a big campfire right along the edge of the lake, also, one night, and really enjoyed our evening there by the lake.

On one day that we were up there that we were out fishing off Fishing Bridge, which is just below Yellowstone Lake, there was one of the tourists there, and he noted George's pants. George, of course, had been working with the car and with other things, spilled grease on his pants in different places. And then, as we had a blazing fire at all times, evening and mornings, standing in front of the fire, the heat had disintegrated the fabric of his pants, especially one spot, and the fabric had fallen out. And this man happened to notice it and he turned to Mamie and he said, "Your husband has a hole in his pants!"

And Mamie turned to him .and her-reply was, "He's not my husband!" [laughing] George and Rob got a good kick out of that!

Every tune that we saw them, almost, after that, they mentioned something about that.

One night when we were camped near the lake, as we did for several nights, there, on the shore of the lake where the banks of snow were, Virginia and Andrew were out a little way from camp, investigating there in the woods, and they ran onto a mother rabbit with several little bunnies. And that's one thing that Virginia remembers; that's about the only thing she remembers. In fact, she wasn't quite three years old, but she does remember those bunnies that time.

There weren't tourists in the camps in those days like they are today, the ones going in their own automobiles. A great many of the tourists came by train or other conveyance and then stopped at the large hotels in the park. One of them was the Canyon Hotel, which I mentioned was near the Yellowstone Canyon. And one of the others was the Old Faithful Inn, down not far from Old Faithful. These were always filled to capacity during season. And they had yellow buses in the park, a great number of them, which transported the tourists around on scenic trips; every day those buses were busy transporting the tourists. So the tourists didn't travel by their own conveyances, but mostly by buses, which were quite a sight in the park. They were the large regular buses. And working at the hotels and restaurants, there were a great many college students, boys and girls who spent the summer working there, which was a job that paid them fairly well, and also was a vacation for them at the time.

On our way back, we came out the same way, through West Yellowstone, and back down through Idaho. We camped one night at a place where we could get bread. We bought a fresh loaf of bread for five cents a loaf. I don't know how much bread we were able to eat because we were surely hungry. When we were

camped along the way, in the park and also on the way, we took turns, each one did some of the cooking. I was usually detailed to make the flapjacks, or hotcakes, in the morning. And the way we could put away hotcakes and syrup and bacon and eggs and anything of that type was really marvelous, because we were living in the out of doors. It didn't take the children long to lose the colds that they had when they started out on the trip. One or two days on the trip toward the park, and their colds were entirely gone. Sleeping out in the open and living with nature was the best thing to get rid of the colds.

We went down to Pocatello. I think [it was] two days to Pocatello. It was still raining practically every day. In Pocatello, we turned east, went through Malad City [Idaho], and into Utah. The roads were graded, but a lot of them didn't have any gravel on and were very, very muddy—water everywhere. That was a great grain country, and the grain was all coming up and nice and green; fields were beautiful. There were flouring mills there at Malad City and in cities of northern Utah where we recognized them because we had often bought flour from those mills.

We came around the north end of Salt Lake, followed the old road around there, which in turn followed the old railroad track where the Southern Pacific had its track before it built the Luein cutoff across the lake. We camped one night there on the north end of the lake and got an old tie, big railroad tie that was left there, and split that up for wood. It was plenty of fuel for a campfire and for cooking purposes.

The next day, we came on to Elko. The road was, of course, unpaved, and the rain seemed to slack up to a certain extent; it didn't rain so much that day. But we came on to Elko by way of Montello. That's where the road was at that time. Now the road goes

south of Montello. Montello is on the railroad. Then I [we] came on in to Elko. And it seemed wonderful to get a good, hot bath! And I know I took such a nice, big, long, hot bath that when I emerged from it, the next day I felt quite a bad cold coming on. I just soaked up too much of that heat, I guess, from the hot bath. Got quite a cold. We stayed in Elko for a day or so, and then came on home.

When we were up in Yellowstone, we decided we had too many clothes. We had taken a lot of clothing that we didn't need. We had never been on a camping trip before, so we didn't know what clothing we needed. But up in Yellowstone, we found out that we didn't need all our clothing, so we went to the Post Office and shipped some of the clothes home. They were at home waiting for us when we reached home.

It was a lot of fun on that trip, and we had a lot of experiences and a lot of good times, also. By the time we returned, the children's colds were completely healed. In fact, a few days out, they were back to normal, and everyone else felt a good deal better for the trip. Even Mamie had had trouble with her back ever since Virginia was born. But on that trip, sleeping on the hard mattress—it was sodden but hard, perhaps that was just what she needed. Her back was all okay, too, by the time she returned.

## TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1927

We had a very nice six weeks' session in 1927 up at the University. I took several subjects; I've forgotten now exactly what I did take. One of the subjects, I know, was under Dr. Thompson. I did take one of the subjects under him and enjoyed it very much. At the conclusion of the session, we bought a few odds and ends in the way of camping gear. I bought some folding wood cots and

a kerosene stove, a tent, and some crude camping gear. We headed for Los Angeles. That was in August.

We went to Carson City and up over the old road, which has now been abandoned, past Glenbrook, past the Lake, very much the way the road is now. But we followed on over and then on down toward Placerville. But the road was not like it is now. In going down the canyon the other side of the summit, the road followed the creek practically all the way down, went right through the aspen and cottonwoods, followed the creek bottom. It was not a paved road; it was just a road that you could travel over, and that was about all it was.

As we left Carson quite early in the morning, we hadn't gone very far until we discovered that we'd lost one of the cots. We had everything tied on the car [laughing], but it wasn't tied on securely enough, as we found out that one of the cots was missing. We didn't go back after it. We followed on down the canyon, trying to find a place to camp. We understood that there were camping sites along the way; there were no motels or regular camping places excepting quite late in the evening. As we traveled and traveled, it seemed like for miles and miles and miles down this creek, we finally came to a place that was used for camping. There were camping facilities with restrooms, rather crude, of course, but nevertheless, adequate. So we camped there that night, and it seemed that we were able to get our breakfast. I'm not sure about that. I think we were able to get breakfast there the next morning. We left quite early, went on down through Placerville. We were told that we would have to have an axe and a shovel. So we stopped in Placerville and bought an axe and a shovel. I had that axe until here this last year; when we left the last place, I abandoned the old axe; it was about

worn out, anyway. We went through Folsom, on down to Sacramento, stayed there for an hour or so, and then left, going on down following the Sacramento River. We followed south of the present highway. And along the levees on the river itself, we could look down on the land, which was lower than the river. And I always thought that, well, we'd hate to live in a place like that because of the river. If one of those levees ever broke, it would certainly flood the area, which has happened since in several instances.

We went past Isleton and on down to Walnut Creek. Night overtook us at Walnut Creek. Today Walnut Creek is quite a community, quite a little city. But then, it was just a little, small settlement there on the creek. We pitched our tent and used our camping gear, but it was cold. Even though it was in August, there was a wind blowing, and it was really chilly. We felt cold because [laughing] of the wind. We didn't think it could get that cold in California, especially in August. But Andrew caught cold there that night. Being around in the wind, he caught cold and it hung on for a number of days. He was quite sick with the cold, too.

The next day, we got up and went on into Oakland, went right straight from Walnut Creek over the hills into Oakland. Then we did a few little things. I remember we each bought a swimming suit. This was the old type swimming suit, quite a far cry from the swimming suits we have today. But we each bought a swimming suit. I had one and Mamie had one, and one for each of the children.

Then we headed on south, went by way of Palo Alto and San Jose, Santa Barbara. Around Santa Barbara one morning, there was a heavy fog. That was something that was unheard of, as far as we were concerned, especially in the summertime, in August. A



fog, we just couldn't realize, because in our valley, in our part of the country in Nevada, we did have fog in the wintertime sometimes, but never in the summertime. That was just something we couldn't imagine.

In Los Angeles, we managed to find our way to Mamie's sister-in-law's place. Mamie's brother, George, and family of four children and his wife, Marie, had moved to Los Angeles when George's health started to fail in Tonopah. They moved to Los Angeles two or three years before this time. And George didn't get any relief there; he passed away a year or two before we were down there. So Marie was left with four little children to provide for and make a living for and educate. She had a job with one of the local newspapers and put in long hours at that newspaper work in order to provide the wherewithal for the maintenance of the family. But we had a nice visit there for several days. There was one girl about three years old and three boys in the family, all very, very nice children. So Andrew and Virginia had a lot of fun playing with their little cousins.

Then we wanted to go on down to San Diego to visit Mamie's other brother, Will, who had been in the first World War and had returned and was in business in San Diego. So one morning, we got up quite early and started off for San Diego, went through Santa Ana and Orange, and found our way down to San Diego all right without any trouble. Also found the home. Will had a wife and just one girl, one daughter; his family was just not very large. They were glad to see us, and we had a very fine visit. Poor Will had to go to work the next day, so his wife took us down to the beach to see what was going on down at the beach, and she also took us to the zoo. The San Diego zoo was quite something, even at that time. We were there for, I think, two days.

And returning one day from the beach, I was driving, and there was a car coming in the opposite direction. I had plenty of time, I thought, to make a left-hand turn, which I did. But this car was coming pell-mell. As I turned and passed, we heard the siren and he proved to be a cop off duty in plain clothes. He said, "Don't you know how to drive? Don't you know the rules and regulations?" Well, he went on with quite a tirade of talk, which sometimes is the case. He saw that we were from out of state, so he thought he would just show his little authority. Of course, Will's wife then spoke up and said that we were from Nevada and we were leaving to go back that day. He still kept on talking. And Mamie started to say something to intercede, to say, give her little part, and the old cop said, "Shut up, lady! I'm talking to the driver!" [laughing] But he said, "Well, as long as we're going back to Nevada, why," he says, "we won't give you a citation." So we got off without being arrested or thrown in jail [laughing].

We left early in the morning, fairly early in the morning. But the sun sank as a golden disc through the mist of the Pacific before we reached Los Angeles. And after a night there, we continued on north because we had to be getting home to Carson City, which was going to be our home for the coming year. We came by the ridge route, by Bakersfield. It was almost night when we reached Bakersfield. We'd heard how hot it gets in Bakersfield, but it wasn't too hot that night. It seemed like we were spared the heat that sometimes presses Bakersfield, according to reports. We really weren't uncomfortable.

Then from Bakersfield, we went to Yosemite Park the next day, spent a day in the park. The park, of course, then, was much in its original state. There were places to camp, yes. But it wasn't as it is today, and there wasn't a lot of campers there; there weren't a

lot of campers like there have been in recent years. They say that it certainly is congested down there in the summertime during tourist season nowadays. But it was beautiful. Just the old dirt roads led around through the trees and different places of interest in the park itself. And at night we saw the falls. They kicked the fire off from the cliff up there, too; we saw that. It was a very pleasant spot.

Leading out of the Yosemite Canyon on our way toward Carson City, they were making a new road. In fact, they had just completed the road going across the hill over that way. It was really steep, and it was a one-way road with turnouts here and there, unpaved. And when they opened it up the next morning for the tourists to go on out of the valley, we each had to line up in order to take our place to go up this road. There were some of the cars that couldn't make it because it was really steep. It was quite dusty and the gravel was loose on the road. Well, our old Chevy made it. However, some had to turn out and remain on the side roads until their car cooled or they could] get it repaired or something so that they could get on up over the summit, or over the grade. We thought our Chevy was pretty good. It caused no trouble even though we were loaded down with camp gear and all our things that we had along with us.

We went on up through Tuolumne Flats and camped that night way up on the highland. It was not a paved road, but the road was hard. It seemed like there was a lot of slate, or shale, just beneath the surface of the road, which made it quite hard. However, there were a number of little jump-offs of, say, a few inches, each one, so that it wasn't a very pleasant road to travel because there were a lot of little jump-offs. But there was no chance of getting stuck because it was a hard roadbed.

Night overtook us just about the highest elevation on the pass across. We found a place where there was water and pitched our tent and prepared our supper and went to bed. At night, we could hear it seemed like animals or something tramping around outside. Andrew slept in the car on the cushions, and Mamie and I and Virginia slept in the tent. Andrew, of course, had the door of the car locked, and so he was all right out there. But next morning, we found quite a number of tracks of animals that had been around the place during the night. Also, there seemed to be bears' tracks, mostly. I guess there were bears up in that section in the high Sierras, which we found out afterward, [that] there are some bears in there.

The next morning, everything was just drenched with dew. Our tent was so wet. We finally folded it up and got it buckled up so we could put it on the car all right, but we didn't get it dried out until after we got back down to Carson City and spread it out in the sun for a day or two to dry. There had been so much moisture, just like there'd been a heavy rain that settled on everything.

### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN 1931

Then during that summer [of 1931], I had received word from George Anderson that he was going to spend the summer in the White Mountains in southern California—California-Nevada, on the borderline between California and Nevada. He was going there to complete his thesis for his doctor's degree in geology. He was at the California Institute of Technology at the time when he was preparing for his doctor's degree, the thesis he would write. So he wrote and asked me and asked Andrew and me to go spend the summer with him there in the White Mountains. We thought it would be a pretty

good idea, although there was really nothing in it for us, as far as money was concerned. We wanted to be on a trip like that. It was something to look forward to.

So at the appointed time' (I think it was early in July), we drove down south toward Bishop. And at Mono Lake, we turned around, just on the other side of Mono Lake, and went across the valley toward Boundary Peak. George told us which way to come. We could see Boundary Peak way off there in the distance a little to our left. So we headed almost toward Boundary Peak. There was an old road; it was not a very well-defined road, but there was a road going across there. It wasn't kept up very well, but it was passable. We came on over to Benton, then, on the other side of the valley. There was a little railroad running through that section from Bishop. That was the little old "Flying Princess." It was a narrow-gauge line that went from Bishop north, through Montgomery Pass. I've forgotten now just where the terminal was. It was very much like the Eureka and Palisade railway; the trains were about the sane size. It reminded me very much of the Eureka and Palisade railroad.

George was to meet us at Benton, there, a few miles north of Bishop. But when we reached Benton, we waited and waited, and yes, he said he'd be there and tell us where to go and conduct us into Bishop, where he had rented a place. But when night came and we didn't see George anyplace, we took our beds out of the car and rolled our bed down alongside the car and went to bed. It wasn't very long after that, we saw a light, and George appeared. It was the light of the car. He said to come on in and get out of bed [laughing] and dress, so we did and went on in, followed him on in to Bishop, then, to his home.

So we stayed there, then, overnight. And it was a day or so after that, he was all ready

to go, then, on his trip. He left the family. He had two boys by that time, one little boy about three years old and the other one about five. He left Rob and the two boys there at Bishop while we went out on the trip. We also left our car there in Bishop, and George took his. We went to a ranch out in the foothills above Benton and George rented several horses there (I think two saddle horses and two pack horses) with the gear that was necessary, pack saddles and hobbles and other paraphernalia that was necessary to keep the horses over the summer.

So he left the car there at the ranch, and we took the horses and went on north to Queen's Canyon. We went on up Queen's Canyon and over the ridge. It was not too high a pass, I think perhaps about 8,000 feet. And we went past an old mine that was there at the head of the canyon which hadn't been worked for a number of years but still showed signs of ore on the dump. I just wonder if it's ever been worked in recent years since that time.

We camped on Indian Creek for a while, and also in Trail Canyon for a while. And there was a wonderfully cold spring up there near the head of the canyon, cold, clear, pure water.

During the whole time that we were there, we covered the entire area, practically every square foot of that part of the White Mountains, either on horseback or on foot. If it wasn't too far, an eight- or ten-mile walk during the day, we would go on foot because we could cover the country more thoroughly on foot than we could on horseback. Some places, of course, it was hard to go on horseback because it was so rough, steep. George took notes of the whole country, took ground samples for his thesis. Andrew and I hunted arrowheads, and we all looked for evidence of old Indian homes where they had made their headquarters. We found

quite a number of them. We found quite a number of arrowheads, but many more pieces of arrowheads, where they had made their arrowheads, especially around where there was water, not too far from water. We found, by scratching away the dirt, piles of old chips of obsidian. Obsidian was the material that they used for making their arrowheads in that section. It was all obsidian—no flint—that we found.

It was a very interesting country. All the canyons that we covered in that section of the White Mountains were really interesting because it apparently had been an old habitation for ancient Indians. There were a lot of writings on rocks there in one or two of the canyons down near the foothills, rocks that were flat-surfaced. Some of them were quite far above the ground. We wondered if they had gotten on something to write, or if they had hung from above, or if the ground had eroded away in the meantime. But, of course, these writings, no one could decipher them; they were the same as the other writings that are found on rocks throughout the West and different places here in Nevada and California.

There was quite a lot of mining, also. All along, in nearly all the canyons, there were evidences of old mining prospects and old mining activities. One that I remember was a quicksilver mine down at the foothills, along the foothills, which was then not in operation. And George, of course, being a geologist, was interested also in mining. And I asked him about what quicksilver was worth, and he told me that it was worth about sixty dollars a flask then. Now, the same quicksilver brings various prices, but I think it's in the neighborhood of two hundred and ninety dollars a flask. And I just wonder if this old quicksilver mine has ever been reactivated since then. (1970 Note: Yes, it is

now producing well, with quicksilver at over four hundred dollars per flask.)

George and I took turns at doing the cooking. I did quite a little bit. In fact, I did all the bread making. I made a sweet loaf bread, too; that is, it wasn't a sourdough bread, just a little starter of yeast from time to time. We didn't have to keep it very long between bread makings, because we were always hungry and ate a lot of bread. I would usually keep the starter in a little Mason jar immersed in the cold water of the creek or spring, wherever we happened to be. I mixed up the bread in the morning, the dough, and by the time we came back at lunchtime, if we were going to do that, why, it would be raised and ready to bake. I had a hole, a little pit, dug for the Dutch oven, filled that with wood, and [I'd] fire it. Then after the fire had burned out, I'd take out all the coals and embers and put the bread in there, in the Dutch oven, cover it, and throw a few of the embers on top of the Dutch oven, and leave it there for about an hour. When we would take it out of the little pit, why, the bread would all be thoroughly baked. It was good bread, too, if I did say so [laughing]. At least we thought so, because we were all hungry.

During this time that we were there and during the early period of our stay there, there was a dog came to camp. Apparently, he had run away from some sheepherder or someplace, at least. He was friendly and wanted to make up with us, so George says, "Oh, we'll keep the dog." But he was so hungry that he ate everything in sight. That is, we'd feed him boiled potatoes or anything like that, and he'd just devour them. It seemed like he never could get filled up. And for several days. And after a while, he satisfied his appetite and he was glad to go with [us]. Every day that we went on a trip, why, he was always right with us.

So after George had covered quite thoroughly the portion of the low country, he decided to take to the high country. We went on up past Post Meadows and on up a very steep, winding trail to the higher elevation. This winding trail was only passable to pack animals or people on foot or horseback. As we reached the top of this trail and came to the flat country up there, there was an old wagon by the side of the trail. And I asked George if he knew anything about the history of that old wagon.

He said, "Yes," he says, "that was used to haul ore from a mine that was on top there at an elevation of about 10,000 feet, to haul ore from this mine to the head of this trail, where it was loaded on pack animals and carried down the trail. And the ore, then, was transported out of the canyon." But it was in disuse and hadn't been used for many years, apparently.

We had some pictures of the old wagon, but I don't know where they are now. I haven't seen them for a number of years. I suppose they were left someplace where we've been. But we thought how wonderful it would be to take off one of those wheels and let it roll down the steep hill. It would certainly gather a lot of momentum in going down that hill. But we didn't do it. We continued on up. And George took us by the old mine which had produced the ore. This wagon, no doubt, had been carried up piece by piece on pack animals and then reassembled at the top of the pack trail.

This elevation up there, at the top, was known as Paliseur Flats. That was an elevation of 12,000 feet or somewhat little higher, but that was the average. This was a very, very interesting place. It looked as though it had been shoved up from the valley floor at one time, because if you were up there and just looked around, you'd think you were perhaps

in a valley. Little springs and little streamlets running, and everything, appeared almost the same as it would be in a valley. It didn't look like mountainous country. I've never seen anything before or since that looked like it. Of course, at that elevation, the shrubbery was all stunted. The willows grew close to the ground, and any trees were close to the ground (it was just below the timberline) to protect themselves from wind. And most of the trees that were growing were windblown over to one side, showed the effects of hard winds. But as near as I could describe it, it just seemed like it was almost like a slice of bread that was just raised up out of the valley. And the Paliseur Flats itself was the edge of the bread.

On the west side of the mountains, going down into Owens Valley, the mountains were very steep. In fact, they rose from an elevation of Owens Valley, which is around 4,000 feet or less, to this elevation up there at Paliseur Flats of around 12,000. And in just a few miles—I think if you examine a topographical map, you could see that the lines would be very, very close together. The east slope, though, ranged off into canyons which were, oh, five or six miles long, gradually sloping down into the valley.

The east edge of those Paliseur Flats, which was also the west rim of those canyons, was sharp and well defined. Near this rim or edge we found some small boulders which we could roll to the edge and even into the canyons below. As they plunged down the steep mountain wall, they started a small avalanche of smaller stones and earth which in turn raised a cloud of dust to float off on the updraft that seemed always to blow up from the canyon beds below.

As we stood on the brink and watched, a suddenly intensified updraft took my hat off and carried it into the air. We tried to look for



it up there but could not locate it. So I decided it was gone and lost forever. Just when I had given up all hope of ever seeing it again, the hat settled back to earth not ten feet from where I stood.

The air at an elevation of 12,000 feet feels cool even with a bright sun shining, but the sun shining through this rarified air can burn one's skin very quickly. A summer squall hit us while we were there on Paliseur Flats and left a covering of hail on the ground.

Up here on the top, we traveled quite a distance. The Paliseur Flats extend from Boundary Peak. Boundary Peak got its name from one of the first surveys [that] was made. It was thought that Boundary Peak was on the boundary line between California and Nevada, but on a subsequent survey, it was found out that it was a little distance, perhaps half a mile, off course, but it still retained the name Boundary Peak. That itself was quite pointed and covered with shale rock. But immediately, then, farther between there and White Mountain Peak, it widened out and made this plateau that I have been trying to describe.

George said that he would like to go up to White Mountain Peak. he had never been there, and it was one of his objectives to go on south to White Mountain Peak. We took our horses as far as we could along, which was about the end of the plateau. Then it became very rugged and we couldn't take our horses any farther, which was perhaps four or five miles from where we had gone up. Then we left our horses hobbled there at one part where we had to go on foot, and continued on foot the rest of the distance to White Mountain Peak.

The country was very steep and rugged. The approach to White Mountain Peak from the north was much more rugged than it is from the south. They say that There's an approach from the south which is more

gradual and anyone wishing to go to the peak and go the easiest way would go from the south approach. A great many people have visited White Mountain Peak from the south, but not very many from the north. It was so steep in places we had to climb up almost sheer wall; in fact, the dog couldn't get up these walls unless we helped him.

In that part of the country there, we encountered a bunch of mountain sheep, about eight or ten in the bunch of mountain sheep that we saw there. One old patriarch was the leader of the bunch of mountain sheep. They didn't seem to be really afraid of us. They worked around the peak away from us as they saw us coming. We got within gunshot if we had had a rifle and wanted to shoot them, but I don't think I would ever want to shoot these mountain sheep. They seemed to be so trusting. The old patriarch led his band, or directed them around on the other side of this peak. Then he came around on the other side himself and stood out there, silhouetted against the sky on a ledge. We saw where they had traveled; we followed them and saw where they had gone. And it's remarkable to note how far they can jump. They can jump up a steep wall, cliff, perhaps a distance of—it seemed like ten feet, at least, from the ground, and then balance themselves on a narrow little ledge until they jumped higher, where a dog or a man really had a hard time going. But it's wonderful how they can do those things with just ordinary hoofs [laughing]. But they can cling on, and they certainly are wonderful animals. We found in various places when we were there that summer where some had died through the years and left their horns, their big horns. We found those horns as remains of the mountain sheep that inhabited that country, perhaps for ages.

White Mountain Peak is something over 14,200 feet in elevation. From the peak, you

can see Mt. Whitney off to the northwest, or to the west, anyway. That is 14,000 and some-odd feet, about two hundred feet higher than White Mountain Peak.

White Mountain Peak is not as rugged; that is, its not as sharp, has no point at the apex of the peak, like Mt. Whitney has. It seems to be an older peak; in fact, it's weathered down, didn't have the rock formations at the summit, perhaps, to hold the height of the mountain peak. At one time, it may have been even higher than Mt. Whitney. Mt. Whitney is the highest peak in the continental United States, exceeded only by Mt. McKinley in Alaska. Of course, that doesn't take into account the sharp peaks and the high mountains in South America, the Andes, which are much higher.

So we left our name in a little monument and can at the summit like a great many other people had done before us, and the date, also, we left, and returned, then, to our horses. On the way back, for some reason, I became tired and told Andrew and George to go on, that all I had to do was take a little rest and I would soon catch up to them—that is, find the place where our horses were after George and Andrew had gone on ahead of me. So they left me, and after I had rested a little while, I was able to go on and meet them at the place where our horses were. But that has been my failing through life, it seems like; I could go just so far and then I'd have to take a rest. But even Andrew was up and going when I was really tired.

That night, it was fairly late when we got there. When I caught up to Andrew and George, George had prepared supper for us, so we were all ready for supper, and hungry at that [laughing]. That night, we slept there. The horses had been hobbled and were able to forage for themselves. We slept there among the—it was a rock-strewn plateau and it was hard to find a place to roll our bed so we

wouldn't be on top of some of the rocks. But we managed to find places to roll our beds down and had a good night's sleep. But as I remember it, we thought it was going to be really cold up there on the mountain, so we took a little bit more bedding than usual in our bedroll. And I know during the middle of the night, it seemed to get terribly hot. I had to open up some of the bed and pull out some of the blankets [laughing], it seemed to be so hot.

After we got down into the canyon where our camp was then, the next day, George decided that he would bring his family out from Bishop. Rob and the boys wanted to come out for a little visit and little vacation in the mountains. So a day or so after that, he took the horse and went on over to the ranch where we had rented the horses and got his car, and went on over to Bishop and brought his family out. He came through Montgomery Pass and around up through the valley and up the canyon to the place that we had our camp. I think it was in Trail Canyon, if I remember rightly. I kind of lost track to determine which was which, the Trail Canyon or Indian Creek Canyon. It was one of the two at least, coming up through Fish Lake Valley.

So they camped two weeks up there, the womenfolk. Rob and George's nephew's wife and George's nephew were also there during that period of time while we were camped at this one place. So it was quite a family gathering. And I'm afraid that we didn't do quite as much work as we should have because [of] everybody being together, children and everything, put together. We took more or less time out for a little vacation, too, which I guess we warranted—we were entitled to—because we had worked pretty hard during the time.

While George's family were out at the mountain camp, George and I were out of cooking jobs. We got a rest from cooking, and

I enjoyed home cooking, a woman's cooking, again, which was all very well and fine.

That was just about the time that the pine nuts were getting ripe. And along the foothills, we gathered quite a few pine nuts from the trees that were quite abundant around there. And we all had a big pine nut feed. That was before frost that the pine nuts were ripe enough to be really good eating. It's not necessary for a frost to open pine nuts. There's a kind of a fallacy about that. People seem to think that they have to wait for a frost to open up the pine nut burrs, but that's not necessary. Even though there's no frost, the time comes for burrs to open up, and they surely do it without a frost.

So after they were there for a couple of weeks, George took them back to Bishop to remain. We went along with them and spent a night in Bishop. Oh, it was terrifically hot! That was a hot sinner. There in Bishop, Andrew and I slept out on the lawn in our bed. We rolled our bed out on the lawn, and during the night it seemed so hot, it seemed like the hot steam was just coming up all around us from the lawn, it was so terrifically hot. And we felt it that much more because we'd been used to being in the mountains where it was cool up there, cool nights, and a little breeze perhaps every night to cool the air. So we were glad to get back to the mountains, then, for a while until the weather had cooled off.

But all good things must come to an end, so- our vacation there also came to an end. But what a summer it was! Certainly enjoyed it. And while we worked hard, we did a lot of tramping. Every night George would have to write on his notes and sort his samples of ore or whatever he had taken from the land and do his notes in preparation for the thesis that he was to write. We said our good-byes, and he and the family headed back to Pasadena and Andrew and I headed on home. When we

reached Reno, we found Mamie and Virginia well. They had also had a hot summer here in Reno, they said.

While we were down there, George and I each decided to raise a mustache. George said it was more dignified to have a mustache, and Rob didn't object too much to a mustache, apparently. George said that anyone with a mustache was considered to be really something. And it gave them a dignified aspect, at least. So when we got home, Mamie and Virginia were quite horrified to think that I had a mustache. Mamie refused to kiss me until I got that shaved off. Of course, Virginia followed suit; she wouldn't have anything to do with me either [laughing]. So it didn't take me very long to get the mustache shaved off.

#### **TO THE EAST COAST IN 1948**

We decided in 1948, after Virginia and her family went to Alaska] that we would take a little trip back to see our relatives in Connecticut. We had never been back, and we thought this would be an opportune time to go back. I made arrangements with the store to be gone for a month. It was my vacation period time. I was entitled to two weeks' vacation, and I asked for another two weeks so that we could have a little visit back there with our cousins. We had a number of them; it would take time to see everyone. So we decided on a certain time to go, which was along about the first week in September. I had trained someone to take my place.

In the meantime, Mamie had caught quite a severe cold. She thought it was perhaps the same cold that the Children had had during the summer when they were confined to the bed. But she didn't go to bed, continued right on. And when the time came to go, she was still coughing quite badly and felt weak and

tired. But we debated whether—probably wasn't a good plan for us to go. But anyway, we went. Maine was able to rest a little on the train on the way. We took the City of San Francisco, which was the best train that the Southern Pacific had at the time.

It was two days and a half. We reached Chicago about noontime. We engaged a room at the La Salle Hotel, thought we would stay and see a little bit of Chicago because we had never been there before. We tried to get to see the "Breakfast Club," but they hadn't sent us tickets in time, so we couldn't go to the "Breakfast Club." However, we did go to another program, which was called "Welcome Travelers," and enjoyed our little stay and the "welcome Travelers" meeting, which was held every morning. I think perhaps if we had gone to the "Breakfast Club," we could have got our way in, too. But we didn't have time to get the tickets, so we didn't go over.

We spent several hours in Marshall Field's department store and then took a sight-seeing bus around, saw some of Chicago the next day. Mamie was still feeling not too well from the cold that she had. But we took the New York Central across town; we took the New York Central train and went on to Cleveland. Our cousin, Bill Crofut, who had been out to visit as a number of years before, met us at the station, the passenger station at Cleveland. He and his wife, Grace, met us there, took us on home.

They lived about fourteen miles out of Cleveland, which was at Euclid. We were there for a day or two. They took us to see a baseball game between Detroit and Cleveland. Of course, that was the first big league game that we had ever seen. We enjoyed it very much. And Cleveland won. One of the highlights of the game was old "Satch" Paige; Satchell Paige was one of the pitchers. He still does a little pitching, even to this day, in one of the

minor league teams down south. And he's quite a character, Satchell Paige. He is called "Satch" Paige, I presume, because of his big feet; I don't know what size, perhaps about number twenty. But he's quite an interesting character. We enjoyed the game very much. We left when the game was just about ready to close, because we wanted to avoid the rush, and went on back home.

The next day, Bill took us over to the station, passenger station, and we went on up to Buffalo. he had arranged for a room at one of the leading hotels there in Buffalo, the Statler, I believe it was, and we got the room there. And we left early in the morning. So in the afternoon, we wanted to go to Niagara Falls. Most everyone goes to Niagara Falls, of course. So we decided we wanted to go to Niagara Falls.

The regular buses had been all loaded and all engaged, but there was a private bus which took six passengers which was available. So two other couples and ourselves chartered this private bus for a trip to Niagara Falls. And the party consisted of a middle-aged man and woman. I say they were middle-aged; I suppose they were close to forty years old. They had both been married before, but it seemed that the woman had money. And this man married her. They were quite in for seeing everything. It was sort of a honeymoon trip with them. They had been around several places, but I think they'd been traveling ever since their wedding, which had been several months before. I think the man was intent on having a good time with the money that he had come into. As long as she would foot the bills, why, it was all right with him.

The other two were a man from France, a Frenchman, and his daughter. His daughter, I think, was about eighteen years old, and he was a man around forty. They, I think, were a better class because they talked, spoke quite

fluent English, and seemed to be well-read and quite well-educated and quite refined.

Up at Niagara Falls, we took in some of the sights, all that we could see. We didn't go under the falls. Mamie had the bad cold, so she decided she didn't want to go down. I thought perhaps that we'd better not, so I stayed back with her while the others went down under the falls.

After they came back from there, shy, we went to a restaurant to have dinner. It was, of course, on the Canadian side. We had dinner, and this middle-aged couple ordered beef steak, and you'd be surprised at the size of the beef steaks they dished out. It seemed like they were half a cow, almost [laughing]. At any rate, this man had a terrific appetite. He ate all his beef steak, and I guess half of his wife's beef steak. And the Frenchmen were just aghast to see how much food one man could put away, because they were quite dainty eaters. They had minced at some little part of the menu; I've forgotten now just what they did eat. But nevertheless, this man was certainly quite entertaining with his ability to eat.

After dinner, it wasn't dark yet, but it was getting toward evening. We took a ride, all excepting Mamie. Mamie didn't want to go on this basket which went out on a cable. The cable was attached to each side of the cliff, from the American to the Canadian side, anchored in a rock formation on each side. I guess it was perfectly secure, because it never has fallen into the river that I've ever heard of since. But it was scary. We got in this basket and went on over, and Mamie, of course, stayed on the lookout on the shore and watched us. We didn't go clear across. We went right out over the center of the river. Underneath, the old river was foaming and churning around. It was quite an awesome sight. If a person looked down very much, he'd certainly get seasick or giddy in the head.

That evening, they turned on the lights, shone them on the falls. And these different-colored lights certainly presented a beautiful picture of the mist of the falls. When evening came, then, the bus took us on back to Buffalo. In going on over, the driver went by a spot where President McKinley had been shot in his assassination, and he pointed out the spot to us. There was a marker there showing the place.

We left that evening on the train and got off at Richfield, New York, where Dick and Eleanor Darrohn lived. They had a home there at Richfield, New York. We told them that we were coming, so they met us there. They had rented a big old home and had done quite a lot of work to fix it up. Dick was engaged in the merchandise business there, working for a store that was there in Richfield. He took off one day from work, and he and Eleanor took us all around, up and down the Erie Canal, and showed us all the places of interest, which was really wonderful! Very, very pretty spot. That whole area there on the Erie Canal is very, very interesting. There's still some of the old locks, and its used to a certain extent in some cases. Of course, the canal boats don't run any more, but I thought of the time that my father and Grandpa Dibble had come on the Erie Canal when they came to Buffalo on their trip West. But we were quite captivated with the natural beauty of the valley where the Erie Canal is located.

Dick and Eleanor took us to Cooperstown to see baseball's Hall of Fame. Babe Ruth's baseball togs had just been put on display. We also saw the grave of J. Fenimore Cooper.

They had never had any children of their own and they had adopted a little boy. He was only about a year old. They had adopted him and had him there at the home. [David] was quite a wan, wistful little fellow, but he



certainly built up after that. We saw him a few years later, why, he didn't look like the same boy.

So the next day, we left. Eleanor and Dick got up early, and Eleanor made some of her flapjacks, and we had maple syrup from their own [laughing]—from their own location from there; I don't know whether they themselves made the maple syrup or not, but it was local syrup and really was good maple syrup.

We went on the train, then, to Albany, New York, and Ferris, my brother, met us there at Albany. He took us around, showing us some of the sights, the capital, some of the other places of interest around Albany. Then we went on over to Waterbury, Connecticut. He took us on over to where our Cousin Julia lived. In the meantime, she had taught school a number of years in Connecticut and then had married a man who was a foreman at the brass company, Ansonia Brass Company, there in Waterbury. They had quite a nice home of their own. His name was William Hornbecker, so now she was Julia Hornbecker. We stayed there with Julia at night.

Of course, the other cousins from down at Naugatuck knew that we were coming, and a number of them came up to see us that evening. We had a real enjoyable time at the family reunion. Of course, not all of them were there, but there was Cousin Mabel and her husband, and Cousin Jessie and her friends. So all together, we told stories and just visited and had a real good visit. Then they left and went on home. And all the arrangements were made for a party for the next day—that is, picnic. Our other cousins, Genevieve and some of the others—Genevieve Haverly, by the way, was Bill Crofut's sister. They lived in Ansonia. They were going to have the party at her place the next day at Ansonia, Connecticut, where all their relatives were

going to gather and show us something about Connecticut hospitality.

So it was quite late in the evening, then, after they left, and we went to bed. Next morning at breakfast time, we were, of course, up and rarin' to go, ready for the party. And at breakfast time, the telephone rang. Cousin Julia answered the telephone and said, "It's for you, Cousin Andrew." I was rather surprised anybody would be calling me. But they said it was Western Union.

"We have a telegram for you." And they said, "Shall we read it?"

I said, "Yes."

So the telegram read something like this: "Billy passed away this morning. Everything done to save him. Please advise."

Well, of course, we were very much surprised and shocked. So we talked it over and I was almost in a state of shock. Mamie said, "Well," she said, "our cousins and everyone had made all the arrangements for this picnic today. We can't disappoint them. tie have to carry through."

So we perked up and sent a telegram back, saying that if they wished, we would return immediately to Reno if they wished to come back to Reno for burial services. So we told them to answer when they made their decision.

We went to the party. Everybody came, and all the arrangements were made, a lot of festivities, and we, of course, took part in everything and tried to carry on the same way as we would have otherwise.

That evening, when we came back home, we had a telegram, another telegram, which said that they would be coming to Reno. And we wired back that we would leave the next morning for Reno, also.

So Ferris, then, took us on back to Albany the next day and put us on the train there at Albany. We, of course, didn't have any

reservations and didn't have any choice seats, but the train on the New York Central was a very nice train and took us on into Chicago. We had to lay over in Chicago practically all one day before we could get connections to come on to Reno. And when we did, we had to take just what we could get. The seat that we could get was right at the front of the passenger car, the last seat in the front, right over the wheels, and all we could do was look at the front of the car, and that was all we could see all the way home. It was certainly an Unpleasant trip home because of the fact that the seats at the end of the car were always rougher riding. Near the center of the car, there's a certain amount of elasticity, so that it's not so hard riding. But we were right over the wheels where we felt every connection that the train passed over, clickety-click-click, all the way home.

When we finally reached Reno, Virginia and Harold were here. They met us at the train and took us home to our own home. They had found the key. I think we left the key with Andrew. Anyway, they were in the house and were making themselves at home. Harold's mother and father were here, also. And Harold and Virginia had flown down from Juneau to Seattle. When they got to Seattle, it was on a Sunday. They couldn't get anyone to transfer the little casket over to the express office, so Harold had to carry it over on his shoulders to the express office while Virginia waited with Susan. And, of course, Susan was just a year old. She didn't realize what had happened. And while Virginia was waiting, Susan was wiping the tears away from her mother's eyes. Many friends came in. Little Billy was laid to rest in Mountain View cemetery.

### **TO THE CANYONS IN 1950**

We took off for a little trip. I had bought a new Chevrolet, a new Chevrolet car, and

we took a little trip down to Las Vegas and Hoover Dam. We went down inside the dam and were there for a day. We visited around Hoover Dam and saw some of the things of interest around there, and we spent one or two nights in Las Vegas, and then went out south.

Leaving the Hoover Dam, we headed south toward Kingman, in a rather southeasterly direction. That country, the rugged, barren country, has beautiful desert hills on both sides practically all the way down. There is very little vegetation; it was a dry, desert, mountainous country. It seemed that the road led between two of the ranges of mountains practically all the way down until it opened up on the plateau not too far from Kingman. When we reached Kingman, we bought some food supplies, some canned goods, and replenished our ice in our icebox, and bought milk and a few perishables so that we could use [them] for lunch when we stopped along the way at noontime. Kingman, we found out, was an inviting little town, not large, but it lay there on the plateau and was headquarters for the surrounding country, apparently, because there [were] no other towns near to be headquarters or buying centers.

From Kingman, we headed almost east, east and north, about a hundred and twelve miles across the plateau. This plateau seemed like a sloping table land. It was dotted nearly all the way with junipers. There were no real forests of juniper, but it was dotted here and there, all over the whole plateau. A very pretty, picturesque place. And once in a while, we would come to a creek that flowed down through a ravine, and there'd usually be a little ranch down in the lower land. And it was interesting to travel over. We went as far, then, as Ash Fork, stopped for the night at Ash Fork. Flagstone is the material that they produce there at Ash Fork. Some of the flagstone that's used around Elko, as I understand, came from

that area at one time. I don't know whether they get their flagstone from that area right now or not, but there are terrific quarries, or were at that time, of beautiful flagstone in that Ash Fork vicinity.

We stopped there overnight at a motel. Then the next day, we headed south toward Prescott. And the area between Ash Fork and Prescott was very much as it was between Kingman and Ash Fork, the sloping country, dotted with juniper and other smaller trees, principally juniper.

Prescott is a delightful, picturesque town. It sits right in a granite outcropping. Just before we reached Prescott, we passed through what they called the "Granite Dells" on the approach to Prescott. Prescott, as history tells us, was Arizona's first capital. I don't know how many years Prescott was the capital, but for a period of time, it was. We didn't stay in Prescott very long. We just wanted to see the town and pass through it on our little trip that we were taking. From Prescott, we turned north. We didn't turn south to go down to the hot country, Phoenix. It was warm enough there at Prescott, but being September, it was really quite pleasant.

In going back north, then, we had to retrace our trip for five or six miles. Then we turned north, almost due north, toward Jerome, going higher and higher all the time. It didn't seem that we were approaching a very high mountain from the south, but eventually, we did pass over the summit and on down the other side until we came to the old mining town of Jerome, which really was something to see. It's perched right on the side of the precipitous mountain on the north side of this mountain. The mountain is very much steeper on that north side than it is on the south. And it leads on down into the valley. The road ran right through the town of Jerome itself. It would tack back and forth from one street

to the other in going down the mountain. Of course, then, after we got out of Jerome itself, we crisscrossed back and forth until we reached the bottom of the valley. But I'll never forget Jerome and the twists and turns that we had to make there in order to get down the hill. It's just perched right on the side of the mountain. It was about ten miles, something like that, from Jerome on down to the valley.

Clarksdale was one of the old towns that was quite active at the time that Jerome was also active. I just wonder if Jerome has been reactivated now that metals are more in demand and higher priced. Clarksdale was practically deserted, too, at the time, which was rather sad, to see any town deserted. Near Clarksdale was the town of Cottonwood, which is the trading center for that section of the state. Cottonwood is located right in this little valley where Cottonwood Creek runs, courses down through the valley, and irrigates the land and the various ranches that are in the valley.

One of these ranches was the ranch that George Anderson had bought and asked us to come down and take charge of.

We were anxious, of course, to see the ranch. We thought that George wouldn't be there. We didn't know for sure. We thought he might possibly be there on a visit or on a vacation trip. But as it happened, George was not there, but his son, "Boysie," or George, Jr., was there with his wife; he had married the year before. Boysie had first attended school and had graduated from an agricultural college because George thought he would probably take care of the ranch and be a big ranch man, and Boysie thought that that would be the thing. However, when the wars were in progress and other things, other factors changed their ideas, Boysie decided to become a doctor. So he and his wife were attending Stanford University. They had spent

one year, the previous year, there, and were returning the following semester, the next month. Or shortly after we were there, they were returning to Stanford. She was taking some sort of course there; I don't know just what it was. But he was pursuing his studies for a doctors degree.

Well, we asked at the general store there, or a station, where this ranch was. So they directed us to the place - And after a little wandering around, we finally found the ranch. And it as a very fine home. The \$10,000 that George had spent on it in refurbishing it and building it up made it into a real fine hone. George had one other man there at the time, a caretaker on the place. We looked him up. He was out in the barn mending some harness, or something of that type. And Boysie took us down into the field to show us a herd of about twenty-five cattle, which his father, George, had sent from Wisconsin. They were supposed to be a special breed of cattle; I don't know just what they were. But they were cattle which George hoped to build up into a fine herd, apparently.

In looking over the place, I was less impressed than I had ever been from what George had said. George was always enthusiastic, of course, and had, I think, embellished the picture a little too much. It was right down in the lowlands along Cottonwood Creek. There was no chance to improve the ranch as a producer because the land was not too good. It grew native grass, which was largely Johnson grass. There were clumps of willows here and there. The cattle, of course, were glad to get in the willows, get away from the sun and the flies.

We visited there for an hour or two with Boysie and his wife, and then went on over north. We, in looking over the place, certainly weren't impressed by what had been done there. Boysie, of course, was not a practical

farmer, didn't know anything about ranching. He wasn't impressed and didn't try to do anything. The hired man was there to draw down a salary, nothing else, as far as we could see. The outside buildings were unkept; the stables or sheds had not been cleaned; the fences had not been repaired, and it was in a general state of disrepair, we thought. So George certainly wasn't getting anything out of the development there.

In going from Cottonwood, then, up north, we followed along Oak Creek, up Oak Creek Canyon, past Sedona, and on toward Flagstaff, which was about sixty miles. Oak Creek Canyon as a very, very pretty canyon, picturesque in the extreme. It's sometimes called "little Hollywood," because very many films in the earlier days were filmed there. No buildings or permanent sets had been made there. You would never know it had been used for filming pictures because everything had been taken away after the picture was filmed. However, many, many of the pictures, the western pictures in the earlier days, were filmed in this area. The creek was not a large creek. It meandered down through a little canyon, and there was outcroppings, sandstone outcroppings on each side, especially on the right-hand side as we came up. Very beautiful outcroppings. All the hills were red. The sandstone was all red, red sandstone. And interspersed among these sandstone outcroppings and over the hills themselves were these juniper trees. They were naturally green and beautiful, but their green was enhanced by the red of the contrasting color of the hills. A very, very beautiful setting. We went on up toward the top and there was a lookout up there. We stopped and surveyed the valley down below. And it's certainly a beautiful creek. Sedona is a little, just a small, very small settlement there in the canyon itself.

We went on, then, to Flagstaff, which is approximately sixty miles, I think, from Cottonwood to Flagstaff. Flagstaff is higher, of course, than the Cottonwood area. There's more timber up there, and it was really quite a pretty place. I would call it a semi forested area.

And Flagstaff, after we had visited around there and saw some of the things that were to be seen, we turned west, then, toward Williams. Williams was the junction where we had left to go on down to Prescott. It was about thirty miles to Williams across the same type of plateau and juniper area.

From Williams, then, we turned due north to the Grand Canyon, which was something like sixty miles, or sixty-five miles over the same type of country. It was getting toward evening when we finally reached the rim of the Grand Canyon, and we obtained a cabin among the other cabins that were there for rent. The season, the tourist season, was practically completed because it was in September and most of the tourists had made their trips and gone on home, especially those that had children to send back to school. We were able to rent a very nice cabin. They burned juniper wood. There was quite a supply of juniper wood. We had two rooms in our cabin. One was a little kitchenette and the other was a sort of semi-bedroom and living room combined. And we loved the smell of the juniper wood burning. And we were able to cook our supper.

The next morning, early, when we got up out of bed, after the sun was just peeking over the hill, there were deer out in the yard around the place, quite a number of deer, several little flocks of deer, and they came in. Some people had fed the deer. However, there were signs, "Do not feed the animals." But people were out feeding the deer, anyway; they liked to eat cookies and anything that was

a tidbit; they were quite friendly. However, it is possible for a deer to injure someone without really intending to do so, because some of the males had horns, and if they weren't careful sometimes how they switched those horns around, they could do damage to anyone if he wasn't really watching out.

So after we had our breakfast, we went over to the rim and looked down into the canyon. It was quite an awe-inspiring sight! It was only perhaps half a mile from the cabins. It seemed to take right off from the plateau, and it was very, very steep going down into the canyon bed. They were organizing a party of people to go down into the canyon bed, which they did every day, every morning. They sent a number of people down, whoever was there and wanted to make the trip. It was quite a job to ride down a hill like that for anyone who really wasn't accustomed to riding, because it was so steep in going down or coming back up. The trail tacked around and wound down the canyon wall until it reached the bed of the canyon. It took two, three hours at least to go down, and at least that much time to come back up the canyon wall. We stood and watched the caravan, as you might call it, depart down the trail. Of course, there was a leader who directed the caravan down the canyon.

Of course, we didn't get too close [to the brink]. There were lookouts all the way along showing where it was safe to venture near the brink of the canyon, and we looked down in to see the Colorado River. It looked like it was a very, very small little creek wending its way down at the bottom. But it did carry a terrific amount of water.

There was a lookout there, and we also went there that evening, and they gave us a little talk about the amount of silt that was carried down the river every day, thousands of tons of silt every day, carried down. And,



of course, now that they have the dam, the Hoover Dam, why, practically all that silt is deposited in Lake Mead. And he told us, it seemed like he said they estimated that in fifty or sixty years that it would be so filled up that they couldn't operate their dynamos any more, that the silt would build up to the intake so that it would be inoperative. But as far as I know, that has never happened so far. But eventually, it stands to reason that it will be filled up. But it can't be indefinite with the terrific amount of thousands of tons of silt being carried down, especially at flood season.

We bought a few little souvenirs at the store there at the rim and then started on north along the Canyon rim. The last view that we had was what they called "Desert View," looking off a little to the west and to the north, principally to the north. You could see for a vast distance at that height, a vast distance where the river came on down through those red valleys, and the way it had cut out millions and billions of tons of dirt and silt and rock.

Geologists tell us that the elevation there of the canyon as it is now, especially up there where we camped, is much higher than it is farther to the north, where the river originates, up toward Utah. And that's perhaps a hundred miles or a hundred and fifty miles upstream, where we could look from this lookout, "Desert View." They said that the area around the rim must have been lower at the time that the canyon was first being cut through there, when the stream first came out. Because, otherwise, the river would never have come that way because it's higher. But as the canyon was cut out, the elevation was raised, so that, of course, it maintained its flow and was not dammed up. It tells the history of millions of years of cutting out and millions of years of history in the dim and distant past. It was very, very interesting, especially as told by someone

who has studied the situation and knows what he's talking about.

After we left "Desert View," we struck almost directly east, then, to the little town of Cameron. That was across the desert country, going over to Cameron, which is in Navaho country, in the Navaho Indian reservation, on the edge of the reservation. The Navaho Indian reservation is a large, large area of land, but it is all desert land, and you wonder how Indians could ever make a living or subsist at all in such arid country. Of course, they were born and raised there, and if anyone could make a living, or eke out an existence in a place like that, why, the Indians could.

Navaho Indians are quite an intelligent Indian. They're not a pudgy type of Indian. They're not a big Indian. They're rather small, but a rather thinner, and more graceful, and really quite an intelligent tribe.

At Cameron, we turned on back west, still going through the Navaho country. Nearly all the way, then, for a distance of about seventy-five miles going north and west, it was through red sandstone country. And at between sixty-five and seventy-five miles, we passed by the red cliffs on the right, which was called Echo Canyon, or Echo Cliffs, came to Navaho Bridge, which is a suspension bridge, across the Colorado River. We saw this crossing, and so we thought it would be safe. It was [laughing] a regular highway, but it looked perilously high and narrow, and a long distance across. It was about six hundred and sixteen feet across the river, and I don't know how many feet it is above the river itself. I intended to look that up, but I didn't; it's, I should say, a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, it seemed, down to the water. At least it was high above the river.

Then after we crossed over this Navaho Bridge without mishap, we continued, then, on north and west past the Vermillion Cliffs,

where there were more outcroppings of red cliffs on the sides of the road. And it was about eighty miles to Fredonia, where we stopped for the night. Fredonia was only about six miles inside the Arizona line, six miles from the boundary line between Arizona and Utah. We had a room at a motel and got started early the next morning to visit Zion National Park. It's north and west. In entering Zion National Park, of course; we always had to pay a fee to go into all the national parks, and they give you some literature. As you get inside, in the canyon itself, there was a long tunnel that we had to pass through to go into the main canyon. And there are one or two lookouts along the wall of the tunnel, which has other tunnels that lead out, and you can look out through those tunnels to the valley of the Zion National Park itself. So most of the cars stop, as the tunnel is big. There's plenty of space in there for parking your car and getting out and going to the windows and look out over the area that is shown.

The north fork of the Virgin River flows through the Zion National Park, down through this valley. And we followed on up this to the end of the little canyon itself, which is Zion National Park, where the campgrounds are and the motels and store, and things of that type. Then the valley itself comes to an end. But this north fork of the Virgin River flows down through a narrow canyon, empties into this valley. There's a trail that goes on up there [for] anybody that wants to walk or is able to walk. Sometimes they hire, rent horses, and the parties take these horseback rides up onto the higher land, which they say is pretty up there. Andrew, when he was there several years ago, made that trip, and said it was really a pretty trip.

Coming out of the Zion Park, then, we went over to Bryce Canyon, which is another national park, very beautiful in a different

way. It was about seventy-five miles to Bryce Canyon. And Bryce, of course, has red sandstone carvings that have been carved by wind and water. Everybody has seen pictures of Bryce Canyon. It is impossible for a picture, of course, to tell the real beauty of the country itself.

After we left Bryce, we went on north to Richfield, where we spent the night at a motel, and the next day on to Salt Lake, past Nephi and Provo. That trip, all the way from Bryce Canyon in to Salt Lake, is a very, very pretty drive, one of the prettiest drives in Utah. It was very different from the trip across, when you're going from east to west across Utah on either one of the routes. That's all desert country, practically all desert country, and you'll see a lot of desert when you go through Utah from east to west on those transcontinental roads. But in coming up from the south, there're beautiful mountains, lovely valleys, farming countries, and several lakes, really a very, very pretty drive.

And, of course, in Salt Lake City, we stayed there overnight, and then came on home. But everybody knows about the road between Reno and Salt Lake, so it's not necessary to mention anything about that.

#### **TO THE NORTHWESTERN UNITED STATES IN 1954**

We hadn't taken any trip for some several years. We decided, then, in 1954 that we would take a little trip up north. We left Reno in September, early September, went to Susanville and on up through Mt. Lassen National Park, visited the park, saw some of the main things of interest there at the Mt. Lassen National Park. We didn't climb to the top of Mt. Lassen because it's quite a little hike to climb up to the top of Mt. Lassen. It's all right for young people, but we thought better

of the trip. Even at that time, on the highway around through the park, there was still banks of snow, high up there near the summit as you cross over. On the other side, of course, there was the devastated area, the old lava flows, all very, very interesting.

Then we went on north and visited the park. That was the Crater Lake National Park. We went around the lake. It's quite elevated there, and it was cool, as I remember. The night that we arrived at Crater Lake, there had been a little snowstorm. About an inch of snow fell on the ground and apparently there'd been quite a wind during the storm. The snow was plastered on all the trees [laughing] and buildings there, wet snow. But it didn't take long for it to go off the next day. We made the trip around the park and around Crater Lake itself. And it was quite a lake and quite something to see, because it is the remnants of an old crater, apparently. There's an island out toward the middle of it, which is interesting, too. Some of these islands are named for different things. They appeared as phantom boats of some kind.

Then from there, we went on down to Medford, and then from Medford over to Grant's Pass. We camped for the night at a little motel between Medford and Grant's Pass on the Rogue River, all a very, vary enticing place. It was run by a lady who was real pleasant. We had a nice motel there, and the Rogue River was down below. Of course, it wasn't in high water season at that time; there was no flood season then, but there were markings on the side of the bank showing how high the river had reached in previous flood seasons. We spent a very pleasant night there. The lady herself in charge brought a piece of cake over to us, about half of a cake, I guess it was. And I just wondered if she did that same thing to all of her tenants. But I guess not, or she would've been too busy making cakes if

she had, because she had quite a number of cabins.

The next morning, we didn't get up until a little bit late. We thought we would rest in. And we said, "Oh, this is such a delightful place. Let's stay here for the entire day. We'll camp here tonight again and leave the next morning to go on the rest of our trip." But along about noon, we got a little restless; we didn't know what to do, so we went on out past Grant's Pass and on down toward California. We camped for the night at a motel that we found there. Then the next day, we visited Oregon Caves, a very, very winding road going up from the main highway up to the Oregon Caves. It's back and forth, back and forth. I don't know how many twists and turns one makes on his way up there.

And the Caves itself, there was a party being organized to visit the caves. Every hour or two there's a party that goes in with a guide, into the caves themselves. The tours last for about an hour, very interesting. The only cave that we ever had been in was just pitch dark, of course, inside. And at one place, he turned off all the lights and everything was just intensely dark. There was absolutely no light at all. Some places, there was water. It was quite wet in there. But quite an interesting place.

On [the] outside, as we came on out, it was good to get out into the sunshine again. But the old squirrels came and wanted to be fed, great, big, fat chipmunks and squirrels that had been overfed. And I think it was destined to shorten their lifetime, because they simply were eating themselves to death, apparently. But they were cute things, just the same [laughing].

We came on down from there and went on down past Eureka, California and Crescent City, down into the redwoods, the giant redwoods. Went through that area, saw the things of interest, the giant trees, and read

the inscriptions and learned something of the history of the giant redwoods which was very interesting, showing the periods when there'd been fires through there. One great big tree had been cut down and the rings all designated as to what period of time it was. That was about 2,000 years old, the tree, apparently. And in 1666, or whatever year it was, there'd been a fire which showed some of the charcoal that was still in the rings, showing that. The redwoods have a wonderful life span, and it seems that fire doesn't destroy the tree itself. It can be blackened, but it still continues to grow. It would be scarred, but

Then as the surface builds up, the soil builds up over a period of years, new roots form up near the surface, and lateral roots that go out to absorb the moisture of the soil shows how provident Nature is, to take care of the necessities in the changing of times, the changing of conditions. These new roots, then, absorb the moisture, and, of course, nourishment which is near the surface. And some of the older roots down below are used no more, why, they will become useless and die.

From then on, we went on down south to San Francisco and visited there for a day, took in some of the sights of San Francisco, and then came on home. That was in 1954. We had a wonderful trip.

### **TO DENVER AND VICINITY IN 1957**

Virginia and the children flew on back to Alaska, then, late in July, 1957, because Harold told them that the house was about completed; he had completed the necessary work and they would have to come back because they had to move to Denver in August. So they lost no time getting back to pack and get their things ready for the move to Denver.

They sold their home in Douglas and packed everything and moved to Denver. The U. S. government paid for most of the expenses of moving on their move to Denver. They took with them practically all their household goods and everything that they owned.

When they reached Denver, they took a motel to look over the situation, and it was a few days before Harold had to report for work. so they went around to see if they could find a place to live. They were living temporarily at the motel, but they wanted to move out into a permanent home as soon as they could.

They found a building project down in the southern edge of Denver, which was quite an interesting project. The homes were all being built of brick, quite nice homes in a nice location. It was not extremely flat; there were little hills and rolling places. So they bargained for one of the homes which they liked very well, and they were able to get the painting, done according to their own wishes, and also some of the other finish work according to the way that they would want it done. They lived in the motel until it was completed, but then moved into the home that fall, about a month or so after they had gone to Denver. That was in 1956.

Then in the year 1957, in the summertime, they came out for a little visit with us here in Reno, and also, Harold took a little trip down to see his folks, and Virginia went with him for a couple of days. Harold bought a trailer down there and brought some of the things that they had down in southern California, some of Harold's personal things, and things that they wanted to take to the Denver home. And the trailer seemed to be pretty well loaded when they came here to Reno with it. But when they came here, there were some things that they had stored here with us. And they put a lot of those things in the back of the car, the

Chevy. They had bought a Chevrolet car, a station wagon, in fact, in Denver shortly after they arrived in Denver. The station wagon was quite roomy and they could carry quite a lot of things, just a wonderful family car. That's the car that they came out to Reno in, and also went down to California in.

So when they left here, Harold had business in Salt Lake for a day or two, a meeting there with some of the government officials on official business. But he went a day ahead; he went ahead the day before to Salt Lake City, and Virginia and the family stayed here while he was there doing business in Salt Lake City. He called up in the evening and said that he had completed his work there, and if we would come on the next day, why, it would be fine. So we got up quite early in the morning, and all left in our little Chevy for Salt Lake. Virginia did part of the driving, and I did part of the driving. We had the car full, of course, with the things that we were taking along, and Virginia's luggage. Harold had taken as much as he could, but he was pretty well loaded in his car, too.

So when we got to Salt Lake, it was quite late in the evening. We (had] stopped in Elko and had our lunch at one of the [picnic] grounds that we found there along the highway for tourists. Then we drove across the desert, and we reached Salt Lake in the evening. Harold was there waiting for us. He had given Virginia instructions as to how to find the motel. So we didn't have any trouble at all in finding a place.

We went the next day to see some of the things around Salt Lake City. We went to the Tabernacle and to the Temple. Of course, we weren't allowed in the Temple. Only the people of the Mormon faith are allowed in the Temple itself. The Tabernacle was a wonderful building. We went in there, and the man in charge told us all about the Tabernacle, how

it was built. There wasn't a spike or a nail in the whole [building]; it was all bound together with wooden pins. And [he told us] what the construction was all about. The roof is dome-shaped, and it required a lot of engineering, very technical engineering, to construct it, because there are no uprights in the interior to cut off any of the view or obstruct the entrance in any way, or the interior.

The Temple itself was built of stone, which, they explained, was quarried in Cottonwood Canyon about sixteen miles from Salt Lake City. And it had been hauled to that site of the Temple by ox carts.

He also made a demonstration in the Tabernacle about dropping a pin, showing the delicate acoustics of the building. He stood up on the platform and said, "Now, I'll drop a pin—everything quiet, and see if you can hear that pin drop." And it was quite audible, just the dropping of the pin at a distance of, I should judge, of forty or fifty feet from where we were seated. So his talk was very, very enlightening, and we enjoyed it.

In the afternoon, we went to see the capitol, and then we got in our cars and left. The capitol is a well-kept place. The shrubbery and flowers and everything are all of the finest, and it's well kept with a lot of work.

We went as far as [laughing] the dinosaur area at Vernal, Utah. We stayed there overnight. It's perhaps forty or fifty miles from Salt Lake City. There was a big dinosaur skeleton and we visited around and saw some of the skeletons. I know they are remnants of the prehistoric times. That is quite a dinosaur country. Then we, of course, went on, and from there, the next day, we went into Denver from the dinosaur park. It was the first time that we had ever been to Denver. We were in Denver, I think, about a week at that time. They took us to various other places of interest around Denver. We were quite interested in



their new home. It was a nice brick home with a full basement and a nice living room, dining room, and three bedrooms, and a large rumpus room which Harold had built downstairs, and one bedroom down there, and a place for laundry and his workshop. In the back yard, they had a beautiful lawn with trees and shrubbery.

Then they took us to Pike's Peak one day, went down to the Garden of the Gods and to Pike's Peak. Colorado Springs is not far from Pike's Peak. The highway up Pike's Peak is maintained by the city of Colorado Springs, or it was at that time. They, of course, charged a fee for using the road leading up to Pike's Peak, and with that fee, they maintained the road in good condition.

It was quite a winding road and a little scary at times. Some people driving up and down were not very cautious, it seemed; at least we didn't think so. Sometimes the car got a little near the edge. It seemed that it might be going over. There are no guard rails on the road at all going up, so one had to be very, very careful.

At the top of Pike's Peak, it's a very rounded peak. There's quite an area up at the top, I should say, perhaps a couple of acres, rather rounded and some outcroppings of rock. It was not sharp and pointed. Perhaps it was at some time, but the rock outcroppings had weathered away with the mountain itself, so that it wasn't as high, perhaps, as it might have been if there had been granite in the outcroppings at the top.

We got our souvenir rock from the top of Pike's Peak, which we have today in our back yard. Wherever we went, we always found a rock or a stone of some kind and kept it to remember where we had been. We have them labeled in the back yard now, by the little shop out there. We had other ones from Zion National Park and Bryce, and also from every

place we had gone. We always found a rock to bring home, stone of some kind, as souvenirs.

Harold and Virginia had purchased a lot about fifty miles from Denver up in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. They had purchased one acre there, and later purchased another acre so that they had two acres of land up there. There's a little spring on the land, too, right near the cabin. It had been owned by someone else who had built a cabin, but as he was moving away, he sold the lot as he wanted to get rid of it, didn't want it as long as he wasn't going to be there any longer. They bought it at a pretty fair figure. It had a nice, three-room log cabin on it, not very far from this spring which runs water at all times. There's quite a lot of forest land on it, the acre, quite a lot of timber of different kinds—pine and other native trees, a lot of dead wood, too. There was plenty of dead wood there. There would be plenty for their fireplace or for their own needs for years and years without having to cut down any trees, so that all they had to do was go out and chop up these dead wood pieces and bring them in for the fireplace. They had a nice fireplace. They took us up there, and we certainly enjoyed the stay. Sometimes, they used to go up there during the summer and stay for the weekend, or during the vacation periods they might stay for a week or so up there, and just enjoy the outing.

You can see off quite a distance down toward Denver, and also, from their picture window, there's a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains. It's really almost breathtaking, the view of the Rockies from that particular area.

They still owned the cabin when they left there. They were loath to sell it because they thought, "Well, perhaps sometime, we might come back to Denver to live. We don't know." Because what with the government sponsoring their work, they never knew

where they were going to be or how long they would be at different places. So they still own the property there, the two acres and the spring and the two or three outlooks, little peaks that you can go up onto and look over the surrounding country. And the spring itself is quite an asset, because it isn't every lot or place up there that does have a spring on it; in fact, very, very few.

They have a friend, one of the friends that lived neighbors to them in Denver. When they left, they told this friend that if he wanted to take care of the place, that he could have full privilege and use it as he would his own. There was a family of them. They were very friendly and responsible people.

Virginia and Harold and the family have gone up there a couple of times. When they were on their way from East to the West Coast, they went up there to spend a few days and enjoy the outing in the mountains.

They took us, also, to other places of attraction, like Central City, which is somewhat like Virginia City here in Nevada, only, of course, it seems to have been even more famous than Virginia City. In the summertime, they have a play which runs, depicting the early days of Central City. In fact, Central City is very famous as an old, old town. And the surrounding country is something to see because it shows what that area was at a period of time of a hundred years ago. Certainly must have been a beehive of industry.

They also showed us Buffalo Bill's museum and grave, which is on the foothills west of Denver, also, overlooking the city itself. The museum has a lot of Buffalo Bill's clothing and regalia of different types that he used to wear in his better days when he was a showman. It seems a shame it had to be divided about equally between there and the museum in Cody, Wyoming. It could have been all put in

one museum, it would have been really better, I think. It was divided. Buffalo Bill himself chose the site in Cody. He liked the Cody area and he really intended that he would be buried in Cody. But the publisher or owner of the Denver Post, after Cody's death, conceived a scheme to bring the body there, and he manipulated it in such a way that the body was brought to Denver, and he was laid to rest upon this little lookout, over the city itself. Also, the trading post, or museum, is right close at hand. Of course, all of these things, it's hard to describe them, but if you see them yourself, why, you can really appreciate them.

Between this spot, where Buffalo Bill is and Denver itself, was the Red Rock Amphitheater. Red Rock Amphitheater is a natural amphitheater set in red limestone. Right in among the red limestone outcroppings are really snail cliffs on all sides. It's a natural amphitheater. Of course, they built seats. The backstop faces toward Denver, which is the east. And they have built these seats (I've forgotten how many, something over a thousand seats) in the amphitheater to accommodate people. They have enlarged it at times. It has a natural slope back from the stage itself, so that it seems like everything was just laid out naturally. And the acoustics there, they say, is very fine, too. We were there one evening, but we never got to see any of the larger shows. It's very popular in the summertime when the weather is nice. People like to get out, leave the city itself, and go up there for entertainment of any kind. So it's quite really well-used during the summer vacation period.

Denver itself is quite a city. It's growing rapidly. It's the metropolis of all that area. And there are so many different things to see. We made several trips there, but we certainly didn't see more than just a very small part of the different attractions surrounding

Denver. The mountains themselves present a breathtaking beauty.

They also took us for a trip to Mt. Evans, which is even higher. Now, Pike's Peak is 14,110 feet in elevation. Mt. Evans is 14,260 feet [in] elevation, whereas down in the White Mountains where we were, White Mountain Peak is 14,240. Mt. Whitney, the tallest peak in the continental United States, is 14,495 feet above sea level. But around Denver there in the Rockies, there are dozens of peaks up over 13,000 feet, and it's something to see, because there's so many peaks that are really high.

The road to Mt. Evans is narrower than the one to Pike's Peak, It is more round, more winding, too. And Harold, of course, is a good driver, and the Chevy was in good condition, and we made it up to Mt. Evans without any trouble at all. There is a station; the road doesn't go clear to the top. There's a station, I should say, oh, it must be close to a thousand feet below the crest of the mountain itself, may not be quite that far, but it's quite a little distance below. We pulled in there and decided that we would walk up to the top. We did have a sort of a giddy feeling when we got out of the car where all the other people parked. There are concessions and restaurants and other things there at the turning around point, as far as the cars can go up the mountain.

Then we started on up the trail toward the top, there was a storm coming in. In fact, there was hardly a day, from what Harold and Virginia tell us, that there isn't a storm up there on the mountains, even in the summertime. You can see the clouds hovering around the top of Mt. Evans, and the storms come, break, very suddenly up there.

Well, it was raining. It started to rain a little bit, and hail, and then some snow came with it. Virginia and Mamie started a little way, then Mamie said she felt dizzy and she

couldn't go any farther. And Virginia said, "Well," she said, "let's go on back to the car." It was the elevation that makes a person [that] isn't used to it a little dizzy. Like Harold, he'd been flying all the time, and he didn't notice it at all. And the children, a didn't seem to bother them at all. Harold and the children and I went to the top. I confess that I didn't know whether I was going to make it or not for a little while. I felt light-headed, and it seemed like the top of my head was coming off. But we stopped for a little rest, and crouched down behind some of the rocks that were on the trail to get out of the wind and the snow that was coming in. We did reach the top and stayed there for a few minutes and could see how the storm was sweeping in around the sides of the mountain down farther below. We hurried back down to the car, and then everybody went in and went back down the mountain. As we got toward the base of the mountain, there was about six inches of hail on the ground down there in the foothills.

On our way back down, we took a direct road toward Denver, didn't follow the sane road that we had followed on our way up there. And we were sorry afterward, because the water, the hail, had started to melt, and the road was washed out, obstructed. One little place, a little town we came to, we didn't know whether we were going to get through or not. Something went wrong with the car, with the gearshift. Harold had to go in low gear, then, for quite a distance. but we did get by, and by going [on] some of the side roads, we were able to get back to Denver all right without any accident or trouble. We were glad we weren't marooned out there in all that hail. It was at least, well, between four and six inches of hail in some places on the road on the way down. Of course, as the sun came out and the water was running, snow, hail was melting, and water was running every direction. We

certainly did enjoy that trip with Virginia, Harold, and the children.

A day or two after that, we started on our return trip home. We came through Leadville because we wanted to see the old mining town where Father Dibble had spent several years and talked so much about in later years. It was sleepy and semi deserted, but reminiscent of the days when it was a giant producer of precious metals and lead. It was a very picturesque drive from Leadville on west past Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction. The trip back to Reno took us two days. It was a little over a thousand miles.

#### **TO YELLOWSTONE, CUSTER, AND CODY PARKS, 1958**

In June of 1958, we decided to take another little trip. We got on the train, went to Denver to see our folks, Virginia and the family.. We were there for a days visit. Then they took us in their car; we went up through Custer National Park and visited there. We saw Mount Rushmore through the rain. The carvings of our great presidents seemed lifelike but awe-inspiring in their gigantic size.

We went on north to Deadwood City and saw some of the things of importance there. It was raining that day, had been raining practically all the day before, also. Some of our luggage got wet. We had to try to dry it out during the night when we were camped at the motel in Custer, South Dakota.

Up in Deadwood City, of course, we had to go to the cemetery to see where Calamity Jane was buried and where Wild Bill Hickok [was buried]. They were buried side by side there on the hillside in quite a wooded area, and quite a restful place it appeared, too, in Deadwood City. Deadwood City was called Deadwood City because of the fact that it's quite a heavily forested area around there,

and apparently there was an awful lot of dead wood when they first carved out the townsite itself.

From there on west, across the plains of Wyoming, it was mostly grazing country. There was some beautiful country, too, some mountains that we had to cross over, especially in the southern part. When we got to Cody, Wyoming, we stopped there overnight. That's at the entrance to the Yellowstone Park, on the east entrance. Cody was named, of course, for Buffalo Bill Cody. They have a museum there where quite a lot of Buffalo Bill's clothing and other regalia that he used during his picturesque lifetime and in his showmanship, during the period that he was a showman in his wild West shows in America and in Europe, [is exhibited]. Some of the old things that he wore, his saddles and rifles and things, were on display there. So that was very interesting, to see this museum.

We saw the scalp that he had [laughing] taken from this chief, who was supposed to have been the one who started the Custer war. But anyway, why, the scalp was all dried up and didn't really look very much like an Indian scalp.

It was quite an interesting ride from Cody over to the park itself. We visited the places of interest in Yellowstone, and camped one night near the Old Faithful geyser. The [laughing] Yellowstone had certainly changed in appearance since we were there. One might not think that it had, but when we were first there with George Anderson, a great deal of land was just virgin land, never had been used or changed in any way. Now, there were thousands and thousands of motorists and places for campgrounds, and it had changed a lot. When we were there first, we fished off Fishing Bridge and put the fish away in the cold storage in the snow banks along the lake front. There had been very few others fishing.

In fact, there were hardly any boats on the river below Fishing Bridge at all. But when we were there with Virginia and Harold, I counted over a hundred boats on the river within sight of the bridge itself.

Of course, Old Faithful was still operating hourly as it had so many years before, and the geysers were practically the same. Nature doesn't change very much, but it only changes when man causes it to change. So it was a wonderful trip.

Then from Yellowstone, we went on down through Jackson Hole country and the Grand Tetons, and on down to Salt Lake. And from there, Virginia and Harold and the children went on home. And we went on, came on back to Reno on the train.

Jackson Hole and the Grand Teton country is really more beautiful, more picturesque, than anything in Yellowstone itself. Some people who go into Yellowstone are disappointed. The canyon itself is a beautiful, grand canyon, and the falls, and the lookouts. And, of course, the geysers were all interesting. The lake itself is quite pretty. It's not nearly as beautiful as Lake Tahoe, though. It's not surrounded by high mountains like Tahoe is. It's more of an open lake, little larger than Tahoe.

But the Jackson Hole country is really a very, very, very pretty country. Winters are hard there, but nevertheless, they're what make the beautiful country in the summertime.

### TO CANADA IN 1961

Well, we had long wanted to take a little trip to Canada. We had planned for several years that when we could, we would take that trip to Canada. But we hadn't been able to go before this. In 1961, we did make final preparations to go to Canada. The year before

that, I had helped Andrew to build, add an extra room on over his garage, and did a little work there, put a roof on it, and Things, and we had broached the subject of his going along with us. And he said, "Well, if you wait until next year, why, I'll make arrangements to go along with you. I'd like to go up there and see what it's all about, too."

So it was right after Labor Day that we were all ready to make the trip into Canada. We had all the old tires taken off, All new tires put on the old Chevy, and we felt that the Chevy would carry us up there and back without any trouble. It never had failed before, so there's no reason why it should fail now. The new tires were a good insurance, anyway.

Of course, now [that] we're saying something about cars, I might make an observation here, that thirty or forty or fifty years ago, when you bought a new tire, it always came wrapped. Every tire, good tire, was always wrapped with a narrow strip of wrapping paper about three inches wide and folded over at the outer edge. It wound around and around and around The tire itself, all the way around, until it came back to where it started. And these were sealed then. It was thought that air getting to the tire might check it or damage it, and if it was sealed in this way, why, it was always new. But that's been done away with. I see thousands of tires in these tire dispensing places and none of them are wrapped.

So it was the day, I think, after Labor Day, or very close to Labor Day, we got up early one morning about three o'clock. The Chevy was already packed. Andrew had about two cameras and all of his camera equipment, and we had our luggage that we thought was necessary, and we had our water bottles, and [laughing]—and our lunch box, and we took quite a lot of our tomatoes out of our own



garden, and canned goods and things that we would need for our lunch during the trip up.

We had called up and made arrangements for company on the trip. Our company was to be Kitty Walker and Sue Leavitt. I think I have mentioned Kitty Walker. Her maiden name was Kitty Flynn. She and Joe and her father and mother lived at the Scott ranch, which was in the northwest end of Diamond Valley. We've always been very friendly and had visited them over there when we were on the ranch, and they visited back and forth with us. And they were always to the dances whenever there was a dance in the valley, were quite friendly.

Kitty had been married in the meantime to Joe Walker, who was a Southern Pacific man, and they lived in Carlin for a number of years until Joe finally passed away. And her brother, Joe Flynn, was still on the Scott ranch. Their father and mother had passed away in the meantime. And she persuaded Joe to sell the Scott ranch. He had met with an accident and had his leg broken, and it never did heal properly, so that he was always lame. So he sold the ranch, and they bought a place in Elko, a home, an old home there, and were quite comfortable in this old home.

Sue Leavitt had been a teacher in Elko for a number of years. Her oldest son, Dwight, worked in Penney's store here in Reno for a number of years, too, after he graduated from school.

We got up at three a.m. and left perhaps about four a.m., and went on to Winnemucca and had breakfast in Winnemucca. When the serviceman checked the oil, he said, "Why," he says, "you're almost out of oil." He said, "Did you fill up with oil?"

I told him yes, that we'd filled up just before we left. So it was decided that the Chevy had been running around town for so long that it was pretty well clogged up with

carbon, and it would take a little while to shake that all loose. In the meantime, there was quite a lot of oil being wasted in going around the cylinders, wasted in that way. Anyway, it took about a gallon of oil. We got an extra gallon and watched out to see that we didn't run low on oil any more. But it did consume quite a lot of oil especially the first day or two. After it became thoroughly limbered up, it didn't use nearly so much oil.

We reached Elko about eleven o'clock that day, and Kitty, of course, knew that we were coming, and she had a nice dinner ready for us, chicken dinner, apple pie, and everything that went with it.

But she and Sue were all ready to go on the trip. Kitty had bought a new Edsel the year before. The Edsel was the new Ford production that they had great hopes for, something like the Corvair, which is now going out of production here with General Motors. Edsel, of course, was an expensive experiment; it never did sell very well. Ford lost several million dollars on that venture. But the Edsel was a pretty good car, too, but just didn't take with the people. They had it all packed and ready to go, and immediately after dinner, she left Joe to do the dishes, and she said, "Well, now, you lead off, and we'll follow."

It's not an easy thing to follow a car in traffic, especially in some of the congested areas. Of course, around Elko and the first part of our trip, it was no problem to follow us. We went as far as Wells and then turned north up to Twin Falls.

And we came to Jackpot. That's the first time we ever saw Jackpot. When we had lived in Contact, there was no such thing as Jackpot. And I remember that when we had lived in Contact, the last time I made a trip over there, right on the summit between Twin Falls and Contact, I had thought, "Well, I wonder how it would be a hundred years from now. I'd

just like to come back a hundred years from now and see just what changes may have come about in the hundred years that might elapse between now and over the period of a century.” But there was Jackpot. We didn’t stop there; we just went right on through. We were in a hurry, of course, to go on as far as possible, went to Twin Falls.

From Twin Falls, we turned east and went as far as Pocatello that night. It was quite a little jaunt. I’ve forgotten now just how far it is, but it’s between five and six hundred miles from Reno to Pocatello. We stopped there. We got a motel at Pocatello and the next morning started out in pretty good season and went through Idaho Falls and Dillon, on to Butte. Andrew, Jr. did practically all the driving.

In going through Idaho, we passed through the country of the Blackfoot Indians. When we had gone through that section of Idaho before, we had noticed the Blackfoot Indians. They all wore long hair braided down their backs. Usually it was tucked inside their blue chambray shirts. It was quite noticeable when we first went through, the time that we went with George and Rob in 1923. However, when we went through that area this time, we didn’t notice any of the Blackfoot Indians with long hair. In fact, I don’t remember seeing the Indians. I don’t know whether they had abandoned that custom of the long hair or not. I just wonder.

We reached Butte. Of course, Butte was interesting because of the fact that Grandpa Dibble had lived in Butte and told us so much about Butte in the early days, when Butte was a booming town. Butte wasn’t the same as we thought it would be. He expected to see high, towering mountains on all sides. It is just situated sort of a low—that is, it’s on a high, roots that go out to absorb the moisture of the soil shows how provident Nature is, to take care of the necessities in the changing

of times, the changing of conditions. These new roots, then, absorb the moisture, and, of course, nourishment which is near the surface. And some of the older roots down below are used no more, why, they will become useless and die.

From then on, we went on down south to San Francisco and visited there for a day, took in some of the sights of San Francisco, and then came on home. That was in 1954. We had a wonderful trip.

### TO DENVER AND VICINITY IN 1957

Virginia and the children flew on back to Alaska, then, late in July, 1957, because Harold told them that the house was about completed; he had completed the necessary work and they would have to come back because they had to move to Denver in August. So they lost no time getting back to pack and get their things ready for the move to Denver.

They sold their home in Douglas and packed everything and moved to Denver. The U. S. government paid for most of the expenses of moving on their move to Denver. They took with them practically all their household goods and everything that they owned.

When they reached Denver, they took a motel to look over the situation, and it was a few days before Harold had to report for work. so they went around to see if they could find for us while we were looking for them. And when everything else was exhausted, why, they decided to come back to the service station. So it was a glad reunion. We were hoping that nothing like that would happen again.

So we took the road leading north. Up around Dempsy, or near that vicinity, we heard a queer noise in the Chevy’s innards,

so we got out to take a look and found that the fan belt—something had gone wrong. And in fact, the service station man who had installed the new fan belt apparently had tightened it tighter than it should have been. Anyway, it sheared off the pulley where the fan belt went around the generator, or someplace in there, anyway. So we limped on into Deerlodge [Montana], which is the site of the state penitentiary for Montana. We had to stop in front of the penitentiary, and one of the guards, or the man who seemed to be a supervisory authority around there, came out and got to talking and wanted to know what the trouble was. He looked in, and he was a mechanic, said he had worked in one of the garages as a mechanic for a number of years, and he told us what was wrong and directed us to the Chevrolet station, which was not too far. We went over there, and it happened that the Chevrolet people at this service station had the repair part that was necessary to make the repair. So it took us about an hour, hour and a half, before we were able to resume the trip. Anyway, he put in a new part and loosened the fan belt a little bit so that it worked well from there on. It was quite something to notice the state penitentiary right alongside the highway and the guards on duty and everything of that type.

From Deerlodge, we went on, then, to Missoula, where we stopped for the night at a motel, which we found there in Missoula. Missoula is a very, very pretty town, situated in the mountains with forests around. I imagine that the winters would be quite severe there because the snows come through that section of Montana and get really deep. Of course, all the vegetation and the trees and timber show that there is plenty of snow that's deposited there during the winter storms. Anyway, we were glad to stop for the night there at Missoula and enjoyed our camp.

We always tried to get rooms which were adjacent to each other, always, of course, in the same motel complex. We would try to get them so that they were adjacent so that we'd be in contact with one another so we could know when we were going to leave in the morning. And, of course, we would always go out to dinner together, and always, also, go to breakfast together in the mornings. But Sue and Kitty were always up before we were. They didn't want to have us waiting on them. So they made a leeway of about a half an hour every morning. They were up ahead of us so that they would be ready to go before we were. We always tried to get going quite early in the mornings because we always figured that was the time to travel.

From Missoula on northwest, we passed through a mining area, which had been the area where some of the early mines of this section had been located. And it's still producing, like mining in Mullin and Wallace and Kellogg [Idaho]. These were still operating. They still produce metals, and have since the early days, for the last, perhaps, hundred years.

There were several burned areas that we passed through, and one especially was quite notable. This was a mountainous country, and quite a heavily timbered country, too, so that when a forest fire would get started there, it would really take something to stop it. A forest fire there had devastated quite an area perhaps about two or three years before we went through there, and we couldn't help noticing the devastation that had been brought about by this forest fire. Everything had been leveled to the ground. There was dead timber all over, and it certainly changed the aspect of the country. It shows what a little timber and something green means to an area.

From there, we went on to Coeur d'Alene, which is the original Coeur d'Alene, past Lake

Coeur d'Alene, and the old city of Coeur d'Alene, which is one of the early cities of Idaho. We stopped there and went in and saw some of the souvenirs and things that were offered for sale to tourists, perhaps got a few postcards and things of that nature.

Then we went on north to Sand Point, which is in the northern part of Idaho. This Sand Point area is on Lake Pend Oreille. It's a heavily-wooded country, and a lot of smaller lakes and an area shows how much snow is deposited in that part of the country in the wintertime. We stopped there for lunch and looked around the country a little bit before we started on north again.

That was only a little way from the Canadian border. We crossed over into Canada at Kings Gate, which was the entrance. There was no trouble, of course, getting in there. We just had to report to the authorities there at the entrance at King's Gate. We went on as far as Cranbrook, I think it was, where we got a motel and stopped for the night. There was no restaurant that we liked the looks of in that area, so I've forgotten now just what we did for supper. But in the morning, we decided to go and find some other place to get breakfast.

There was a lot of fog there that morning, and the country seemed very wet and foggy. The road was quite good, but it was narrow, just a two-lane road, and it wasn't really marked off between the traffic. There was no traffic division line between the north and southbound traffic. But it was well-paved, and a road that you could make fairly good time on.

We came to a little place which was a service station, and we asked them if they gave meals there. There was a little lunch stand. They didn't seem very happy about serving meals, but we told them that we had to have breakfast. So we told them that we were willing to pay them what it was worth to get

breakfast. So there was a woman in charge. She came and got breakfast for us and really served a good breakfast, eggs, and bacon, and hotcakes, and everything substantial. So we were sides in coming up the Columbia River. Also, the mountains were really beautiful, high, and well forested, and everything was wonderful to see.

We got a nice motel room, and there at the station, also, they served meals which were very substantial, good meals. And the next morning, we went out to see Lake Louise. Of course, it's not a very large lake, but its beautiful, especially the background of the high mountains going almost straight up, well forested, and with the glaciers still on the mountains, which were the snow banks year after year. They never do melt off. A very, very pretty background, rather a circular backstop, you might say, for Lake Louise itself.

So we decided then we wanted also to see the Jasper National Park as long as we were in that area. We would take another couple of days to go north to Jasper. So next morning, we took off quite early and took the highway leading up toward Jasper. The road nearly all the way to Jasper from Lake Louise runs between two mountain ranges which are really lofty ranges, and it seems that the highway and the river itself occupy the central valley which lies between these two mountain ranges.

The one of the left going off on the west was really the more lofty of the two. And there were glaciers in practically every canyon, and deep glaciers, too. You could see the depth of them because the glacier would gradually move down, apparently, and then would break off. You could see the sheer wall, the height of these glaciers at the lower edge. They seemed to be fifty or a hundred feet through, where the snow or ice would break off and fall down below. And then it would melt, of course, and run down to form the river.

One of the interesting sights on the way up was Columbia Ice Fields.. The Columbia Ice Fields is a glacier which cones almost down to the highway itself. It has been commercialized. There are motels in that vicinity. And they have something like what we would call snowmobiles, I guess, at the present time, where tourists ride around on these glaciers on the Columbia Ice Fields.

We went up there and saw just how it was done and saw the people going out on these snowmobiles over the Columbia Ice Fields, but we ourselves didn't take the trip. Others who came off from the trip said it was a very rough-riding trip, so we were satisfied to take just a "look see" and let the other ones do the riding.

From there, we went on up, then, through the valley, following the Athabaska River on up toward Jasper. The Athabaska Falls were on the river about halfway between the Columbia Ice Fields and town of Jasper itself. Athabaska Falls were quite scenic. And there was railing around for lookouts or for observation to see these. They're not too high or too breathtaking, but they're quite pretty. The Athabaska River is not clear like most rivers that you might see. It's all glacial ice. It's water from glacial ice, where it's melted off'n all these glaciers in these canyons. And there's quite a lot of silt, glacial dust, that's carried by the water. Of course, as the glaciers move down, they shear off, and a certain amount of the rock formations on the way down, it grinds it into dust, then carries it on down to the breaking point. Then when it breaks off and melts, a certain amount of that glacial dust that gets into the water is carried along the Athabaska River. Therefore, it has a milky appearance.

Jasper is a pretty little town located in a forest area. Snow must fall deep in the Jasper area in the wintertime. We got a nice motel

room at the edge of town. And the next day we saw some of the scenic attractions in the immediate vicinity and then started back toward Banff and Lake Louise over the same highway, because there was no other way that we could get around without making quite a long, roundabout trip. But in going back down, we really enjoyed the trip as much as going back up. However, it was a little stormy; there were showers and squalls that went by. We stopped about noon at one of the roadside rests.

Canada is good about providing roadside rests for tourists. They really are quite elaborate setups. They are made from forests of plenty of timber, plenty of timber available for building them. They are nearly all of the rustic type, with tables inside, and covers, rustic canopies, built over these roadside rests. We stopped at one of them, and there was a place to make coffee and warm a lunch if we wanted anything warm. We did open some of our canned goods, and this was kind of a chilly day, so that we really enjoyed something warm for lunch.

Andrew didn't get as many pretty pictures as he anticipated or wanted to get because of the weather. But every time that he would see something which offered a good picture, we would stop and he would slam on the brake and jump out with his camera to take pictures of moose along the Athabaska River feeding on the herbage that was growing lush along the riverbanks. They were out in there, belly deep in the water, a very, very pretty sight, something that we don't see, of course, in this country. But Andrew has quite a number of slides that he took during the trip. However, he was quite disappointed that the weather wasn't cooperative so that he would have blue skies and clear weather to take pictures.

We came on back down to Lake Louise and stayed there for the night. And the next



morning, we were up and went on down to Banff, which is quite a scenic town, located among the forests and high mountains in a little valley by itself.

Near Banff is a ski lift which goes to the top of one of the mountains there where they have skiing in wintertime. I've forgotten the name of the mountain. We drove on up there to the station at the foot of the ski lift, and Mamie and Sue and Kitty decided they would rather stay down at the car at the takeoff place. But Andrew and I went in the ski lift to the top of the mountain. Up there is a good lookout. You can see in all directions, look down on the city of Banff itself and look in all directions to see the beautiful glaciers and the stream that "s running down the mountainside, the forests, and the high mountains themselves. There were quite a lot of people up there riding up and down on the ski lift, just for the sake of the scenery that they would see from the top of the mountain.

We couldn't get a room that was suitable there at Banff that night, so we went on back to Lake Louise and got a room which was in the same place that we had had the room the other two nights previous.

On the way back, Kitty lost a tire or two. [Laughing] She, before they had left, had two tires that were recapped, and proved that recaps weren't very good. The recaps came off. In fact, before she got back to Elko, she had lost all the tires and had to get new tires all the way around. So [laughing] anyway, it was good that we were along to help her change her tires. But she got a couple of new tires there and put them on for the rear wheels.

We passed Eisenhower Lake and Eisenhower Mountain. Eisenhower Lake is formed by the melting snows and the glaciers in that area. Eisenhower Mountain is not a high, impressive mountain. It's rather long and rather low. But anyway, it was nice to

know that they had named a mountain for Eisenhower. We stopped and ate our lunch along the lake with Eisenhower Mountain in the background. And it happened that Kitty was a very strict, very pronounced Democrat, and we were admiring that, and saying how nice it was that they had named it for Eisenhower. And Andrew "inadvertently" called it "Kennedy Mountain," [laughing] and then looked askance over at Kitty to see what she would say. But [laughing] Kitty knew that he was trying to make a little dig at her for being a strong Democrat.

From there, we went on over to Calgary. And the most noticeable thing that you encounter in going from Banff over to Calgary is the suddenness with which the mountains leave you, or you leave them, and you're out upon the open plain. In looking back, there are mountains rising up behind you in great walls. There are no foothills at all. It's a mountain and a plain. They seem to merge, one with the other. And that's something that I've never seen before or since in any place that I have been. I have heard others saying that when they came to Calgary first and then went on over toward Banff, it seemed that they were going right into a mountain wall until the canyon opened up and they were in the mountains themselves.

We stopped at Calgary overnight. Calgary is a strictly modern city. Although it has been built for many years, it seemed that practically all the buildings were new. Streets were wide, well laid out, quite scenic, and well kept—really a beautiful city, Calgary. It seemed that there was a bank practically on every corner, at least one on every block in the main part of Calgary itself. We drove around Calgary the next day and saw some of the things that we wanted to see in that vicinity, then took off south, going down toward the United States, toward Montana.

In going south, we passed through an Indian reservation. In fact, it had all been given to the Indians by the Canadian government, no doubt, with the government observation and restrictions and all that sort of thing. Quite a large area through there is given over to Indian agriculture. It seems that each Indian has his own little home, not a very big home. They're all quite modest. They have a few acres of land, well kept, well regulated. Nearly all of it is into grain or in some pasture, had some animals. And, of course, everything was modern in every way. And we couldn't help but remark how well the Indians seemed to be doing in this particular setup.

We turned right into Waterton National Park, which is still in Canada, and spent the night in Waterton National Park. We had quite a large motel suite because it was past the season and the tourists had nearly all gone home, and they were glad to be able to rent these motel units to most anyone who came along.

The next morning, we went around to some of the scenic attractions right in that vicinity, went up the canyon and saw some different mountainous ranges, one peak right after the other, with a beautiful lake in the foreground. We spent perhaps half a day up there, I think it was, before we came on back down and came on over across into Montana down into Glacier National Park.

We went through on the main highway going through Glacier National Park. One of the most beautiful lakes we had ever seen was St. Mary's Lake, which is there in Glacier National Park. We have a picture of St. Mary's Lake in our own home, and it's one of the most beautiful lakes that we have ever seen. The lake itself is surrounded by high mountains and set right in a narrow valley. One of the mountains on the left as we came this way was high and rugged. We could look up high, and

about two-thirds of the way up was a band of mountain sheep grazing up there among the rocks and the timber. It was all we could do to spot them. We had our binoculars along and took those out, of course, on every occasion like that and viewed these mountain sheep up there grazing among the rocks way up on the mountains, far away and far removed from any people who were going along the highways. But it was all a very beautiful lake and the surrounding country. We could look up in the mountains, and looking up, we had to bend backward until we almost toppled over backward before we could see the top of the mountains, they were so straight up and down there in some places. We crossed over a little elevation just west of St. Mary's Lake and wound on down a mountain, graded mountain road, and around and around, until we finally came down to a lower elevation where Lake MacDonald was located, at the lower part of the park itself. Lake MacDonald is also a pretty lake. It's not quite so scenic because the mountains are not quite so high. It was between St. Mary's Lake and Lake MacDonald that we found that stone that we have in the living room, right down there [gesture]. [Laughing] Andrew went down to the creek bottom and came up with that stone and another one that we have outside now. So, very pretty country.

We passed around the lower edge of the park, this Glacier National Park, and came to Browning, which is in Montana. Browning itself is a small town, and it is on the Indian reservation. I don't know just what tribe of Indians inhabit that part of the country, but it seemed that the Indians were all idle. There were dozens of big, strong, strapping Indians standing around the station and standing around the buildings and standing around the streets, and every one of them seemed to be idle. It seemed that they didn't know what to

do or had nothing to do. And every place we went, we could see Indians standing around. It surely seemed to be a shame that those big Indians couldn't be put to work at something productive or fruitful. It was quite a contrast to the setup of the Indians in Canada, where they all had their little homes, were busy at cultivating the soil and carving out a little future for themselves. And we wondered why something like that couldn't have been done in the United States for the Indian, rather than to just put them on a reservation without teaching them anything, or with no incentive to get ahead or to live.

We went a little farther south from Browning and found a little motel. This area, this part of the country, was all wheat fields. One time, it was, no doubt, a great grazing area for buffalo in the summertime when they migrate north for their summer range. But now it's nearly all wheat fields, thousands and thousands of acres of wheat. Not a great deal of it is irrigated. They depend largely upon storms. They plant their wheat and grains in the fall and depend upon the spring storm. These elevators for grain storage are everywhere, and the country itself is quite level. But we saw where part of it would be lying fallow from year to year, where the government had restricted their acreage for planting so that they would plant only a part of their tillable land each year and let the other lie idle according to government regulations. But all these elevators for wheat storage and other facilities for growing and storing the grains was all something new to us.

This little motel was on a little byroad that we took on our way down south. We stayed there for the night in the motel and then got up early in the morning and went down to Great Falls, Montana, for breakfast. It was quite a little run, but a couple hours' driving

brought us into Great Falls and we had our breakfast there.

From there, we went on past Lewiston, Billings, and on down to the Custer battlefield on the Little Big Horn River. We pulled in there to view the battlefield and the national cemetery, which is located just below the battlefield, a well-kept cemetery surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and well kept as a national cemetery should be. Of course, most anyone that is in the service is eligible for burial in one of the national cemeteries, and a great many have been brought there, not only the ones who died in the battle at the Little Big Horn, but many others are there, and it's pretty well tilled up. When we were there, it seemed to be fairly well filled up.

On the hills above the cemetery was the site of the Custer battlefield, where Custer had been overwhelmed by the Indians, the various tribes of Indians who had converged there. They were fairly well armed. In those times, the Indians were not supposed to get arms, modern arms, but these Indians had been pretty well armed, because it was thought that by giving arms to the Indians, they would be able to hunt for themselves and shift for themselves and that they would be self-supporting in that way. So they had arms there that were more modern than some of Custer's men themselves had. So Custer was overwhelmed, and every one of his men besides himself were killed in that battle of the Little Big Horn. I've forgotten the number now, two hundred and something. I wouldn't want to say exactly, because I've forgotten the number that were killed.

The men were found, of course, after the battle was over and the Indians had departed and the reinforcements moved in. The men were all found, and they were in large part buried right where they had fallen, with a marker to show the name of the one who

had fallen in battle and the location. They were scattered around on the hillside, but, of course, well kept because it's all under government supervision. We got some booklets and other descriptive material telling about the battle of the Little Big Horn, entitled "Custer's Last Stand."

I think the last night we spent at Sheridan, Wyoming. This Sheridan was sort of the intersection point with us, because on our trip from Custer National Park to Yellowstone with Virginia and the family, we had also passed through Sheridan on our last and west trip. Now we're going from north to south. Sheridan is a typical center, country town. I don't think it's as large as Reno, but [it's] larger than the other northern Nevada towns.

Leaving Sheridan on our way south, we passed several coal mines which had been perhaps produced in earlier years but were now inactive. Then a little farther down, we passed some farm-type ranches which seemed to be quite prosperous. Then on our way down toward Casper and Douglas, we ran into antelope and oil country, saw several flocks of antelope in different places. It seemed to be a large country, devoted principally to grazing. There was quite a large amount of fencing which had been done there, but just here and there a ranch house scattered throughout the landscape, not very much tilled land because there didn't seem to be much water. There were a lot of oil wells in one particular spot with the pumps operating. Everything seemed to be quite busy right there. Farther on down, then, of course, we came to Cheyenne and past Greeley and on to Denver.

Just before we reached Denver, somewhere between Greeley and Denver, Kitty signaled for us to stop, so we pulled to the side of the road and stopped. And she said, "What are we going to do if I should get lost in Denver and not be able to follow you? Some intersection?"

So we realized that there was a possibility of such a thing, so she said, "Well, I don't even know what Virginia's married name is, and I don't know her address!" So we would be in a predicament if we should become separated. So we told her what Virginia's name and where her address was, and from there on we were very careful that she didn't lose us on the way down.

We skirted the city of Denver to the left, taking some of the streets on the left, or east, side, and then followed around the south and came to the Kearns's place. We found them all well, and after we were there for a few minutes, Kitty suggested that they would like to have a motel because they would prefer to be in a motel where they would have a room to themselves and didn't want to crowd Virginia and Harold. Of course, Virginia and Harold had plenty of room, too. They always aimed to make room for their friends or anyone else who came to visit.

But Harold said, "Well, it's only a little way to the motel where we stayed when we were having our house built. So we'll take you over there." So they took Kitty and Sue over to this motel which wasn't very far from where Virginia and Harold lived.

The next day, we went to the camp up at the foothills of the Rockies and also to Red Rock Amphitheater. Andrew had never seen either one of them, and, of course, was anxious to see what they were all about.

Then, that evening, Kitty and Sue came over to dinner. Virginia had invited them to dinner, so they came, and we all had a pleasant evening together. Then when they went back to the motel, we all went back with them.

The next day, we left on our trip back home. It was raining in the mountains. We could see the rain coming down as we left, or the rain clouds approaching. But we felt that we had to be getting back. So we came

on over (it rained lightly in places; it wasn't raining very hard at any one time), passed over Loveland Pass, which is one of the high passes in the Rocky Mountains. I don't know exactly what the elevation is, but it must be around nine or ten thousand feet. And it's quite winding, and Andrew bowled along at a pretty good speed. But we had to watch back to see that Kitty didn't become lost, because she was a little afraid to manipulate the curves on the pass at a very fast rate of speed. She was quite a careful driver. But after we got down off the pass and were proceeding where it was reasonably level, Andrew speeded up and after a while looked back, and he said, "Where's Kitty?"

Well, we waited for a while on a side road, and Kitty didn't show up, so we turned around and went back, found Kitty coming, but a tire had blown out and a passing motorist helped her put on the new tire. So she was coming along all right.

We came on through a beautiful canyon where the highway leads down toward Glenwood Springs. It was raining a little off and on all the way and cloudy so that Andrew wasn't able to get any of the pretty pictures. It would've been beautiful because it was at that time of the year when the leaves were turning. But he was quite disappointed at not being able to take any pictures like he had planned in that section.

We passed through Glenwood Springs and came to the little town of Rifle, where my cousin Nina lived, Nina Boies. We called her up and she said yes, she would be glad to see us. Kitty and Sue stayed in a motel because they didn't know Nina and would prefer to rest in a motel while we were visiting. We went up there that evening after we had had our dinner together and visited with Cousin Nina. Then we went back to the motel for the night.

During the night, we were awakened by a terrific storm. The thunder and lightning and hail had beat against the window and also on the roof. It felt like the motel room was being swept away. Of course, we weathered the storm all right, but we learned next morning that Kitty and Sue became frightened or alarmed, and [laughing] they got up and put on their clothes and they were all ready to evacuate the place if [laughing]—if anything did happen. They didn't know but what there might be a flood or something of that type. But it was on high ground, so there was little danger of flood or any real damage. But when we went out the next morning, hail was still banked up near the cabin and on the windshields, several inches deep in places. But it was a terrific storm, one of those summer storms.

The next day was better. The storm had cleared away and the sun was shining bright. It was really a pretty day. So we left on our trip west, passed through Grand Junction in Colorado, and Price and Provo in Utah, and on to Salt Lake. As we were going through Salt Lake, we didn't plan to stop there, excepting for the night. So we were thinking of going to the west end of the town and find a motel there someplace along the way, just out of Salt Lake itself. We made the proper turn and looked back after we'd gone a little way and couldn't see Kitty or Sue anyplace. So we stopped and waited for a while and wondered where they were, because they were behind us. We knew they couldn't have passed because that was the only real highway out of town. But apparently, they had missed the turnoff and hadn't stopped there. We turned around and went back and back and forth over the road several times, but we couldn't find them. I guess we ran around for an hour or so, looking in places where we thought they might be. But no Kitty and Sue. So we were



quite disappointed. We wondered—of course, we knew they could find their way home all right, so [laughing] that wasn't like being lost in the jungle or someplace. And it was only a half day's ride from there to Elko, anyway. So we found a motel to our liking just outside of Salt Lake and stopped there for the night. We were a little bit low because of the fact that we should lose them at the last stop.

Nest morning, we got a pretty fair start, didn't have our breakfast. We went before breakfast, looking along the way, of course, to see if we could see Kitty and Sue. As we passed Grantsville—I'm quite sure it was Grantsville—at a motel to the left as we were passing along, Andrew said, "There's Kitty's car now!" And it was parked in the motel parking lot with the rear end pointed out toward the highway. And, of course, Andrew saw the license we were going along. His quick wits and sharp eyes had decided that it was Kitty's car. We didn't know. We hadn't seen it to recognize it.

Well, of course, it was a glad reunion, and they were glad to see us, and we were no less glad to see them. Mamie was so happy to be reunited that she got in the car with them and rode as far as Wendover. On occasion, she had gone with them for a few miles, just for a visit and to be with them on the trip. At Wendover, Andrew and I went on ahead across the alkali flat there to Wendover and stopped to get a grease job done on the car. And after a while, Kitty and Sue and Mamie came on. And after the grease job was completed, we all went and had breakfast together there at Wendover. And Kitty and Sue came on ahead to Elko and to home. We didn't see them any more. And after we'd finished our breakfast, we came on and continued on to Reno, eating our dinner at Winnemucca.

So that was the end of the trip, and it was a very enjoyable and enlightening trip, too. We

learned a lot and saw a lot. We never regret taking Kitty and Sue along because they had never been up there, and Kitty dearly loves to travel, but she's a little afraid to travel alone, which is quite understandable. It's always nice to have two cars along, two groups, so if anything should go wrong, why, we could always help one another. And so it's always a good idea to travel that way.

### **TO THE EASTERN UNITED STATES IN 1963**

In 1963 we decided to take a trip East. I hadn't seen my brother, hadn't been in the East [for some time]; we didn't know what it was all about. So we decided we would take a little trip to the East. That was in 1963.

We took the Zephyr. Andrew took us up to Portola, and we took the California Zephyr to Chicago. It was really a scenic trip on the Zephyr across the Rockies, especially through Colorado itself. [You] go through beautiful canyons. It's a little slower than the City of San Francisco, but it's a more beautiful ride. We went through Denver in the evening. And Virginia and Harold and the children were all down to the station to see us. We stopped for a few minutes there at the Denver station.

Then we went on East and we arrived in Chicago along about noon. But it was at least an hour late; the train was an hour late in arriving at Chicago. So to make connections with the train, the New York Central, leaving the New York Central station, which is on the east side of the city, we certainly had to do some rustling to get over there. But we did make it. We almost missed our train because of the fact that the porter didn't take care of our luggage properly. He had it piled under some other luggage. But we grabbed it out from the pile of luggage that was there and ran for the train when we saw it was about

ready to leave [laughing]. It was just ready to pull out when the porter opened the door of the back passenger car so that we could get aboard. And we had to carry our luggage all the way up through the train, too, and find a seat someplace up on one of the forward coaches.

We were going to stop over to see our friends, the Darrohrs. They had moved from Richfield Springs and were now living up on Lake Ontario. We stopped at Syracuse. They met us there at Syracuse at night, at about four o'clock in the morning. They got up early. We had phoned them from Chicago and told them that we were coming. They came down there and met us at Syracuse early in the morning. The train stopped and we got off. Everything looked cold and dark, and we didn't know where we were. And suddenly, out of nowhere, Dick and Eleanor loomed up, and they were certainly glad to see us, and we were, I guess, more glad than they were to see them. They took us in their car on up to their home, which is on the lake itself. We stayed there for one day with them.

So Dick and Eleanor Darrohn had met us at four a.m. at Syracuse to take us on back to their home. Their home town is Pulaski, with an accent on the...

It's about fifty miles from Syracuse. We reached there in time for breakfast. Eleanor busied herself with a nice breakfast for us after we had reached Pulaski, and they were very glad to have us come for a visit. Of course, we were glad to have a chance to visit them, too.

Dick and Eleanor had moved from Richfield Springs in New York to Pulaski about two years before this. Dick had been looking for a little store (he likes the store business), and he had located one in Pulaski. He went up to check it out and found that it was just about to his liking. So he purchased this little store and they moved up. And after

they were there for a little while, he bought a home on the outskirts of town, about two miles from town, just north of town. This home was an old home and it was on about twenty or twenty-five acres of land. And he bought it for quite a nominal figure, considering what land is usually worth. But land back there is really not worth as much as it is here in the Reno area. Strange enough to say, that's a fact. You can buy land back there much more reasonably than you can here.

This town of Pulaski is noted for its pure water. It has a wonderful water supply. It's located only about two miles from Lake Ontario, near the east end of Lake Ontario.

This little store that Dick operates has two saleswomen at all times and he works there himself, ordering and doing the managerial work. And Eleanor works there, too, in seasons when her work is required.

They had remodeled this house, practically rebuilt it inside, so it had a nice, big fireplace—quite a large, comfortable home, almost like a ranch-type home of the old type. They had a big fireplace, and the living room was especially comfortable, the upstairs as well as the ground floor.

They had three horses. They still have horses. They raised a few colts, also, with two of the mares that they had, quite nice animals. They were blooded stock. And Dick and Eleanor and also the boys took a great interest in those horses. They love horses.

In the meantime, [as] I mentioned before, they had adopted a little boy [David], a little, wan-looking boy. But now, when we went back to visit them, this wan-looking boy was a six-footer with broad shoulders. He was playing football. He was in his final year of high school, and they had a football game that day that we were there. And he in his football outfit certainly looked like a big fellow with his padded shoulders. And [laughing] it

certainly was a far cry from the little fellow that we had seen when we were there on our previous trip a number of years before.

They had also adopted another little boy, Lloyd. But he now was in high school and was quite a boy, too, never was as big as his brother, adopted brother. Lloyd was, I think, about fourteen when we were back there.

It seemed like the laws of New York were quite stringent about adoption procedure. They were not allowed to see the children that they adopted at all before. They had to sign papers and go through all the legal procedures of adoption before they saw the child that they were adopting in both cases. Wit they turned out to be fine boys, and those boys were indeed lucky. Lucky boys, too, that they got into a home with people like Dick and Eleanor.

David is now married and living in Syracuse with his lovely wife—that is, he was married last year. Bets a draftsman, works as a draftsman there in Syracuse. Lloyd, I think he was to graduate this year from high school.

We had a lovely visit with them for one day. Then we were going on to see our brother in Albany. So Dick and Eleanor told us in the morning, “Well, we want to take a little trip and we’ll be glad to take a little ride with you. We’ll take you all the way to Albany.” [Laughing] So we went with them. They knew all the way, went along the valley of the Mohawk practically all the way to Albany, a wonderful trip. Saw the old locks and the old canal again which we had seen on our previous trip. And also this time, we saw a great deal more of it.

In Albany, our brother was waiting for us at the train station, expecting us to come in on the train. When we didn’t come in on the train, he was quite disappointed. But he and his son-in-law were waiting there at the depot for us. They were sitting in the seats.

We went in the side door and [laughing] surprised them. They didn’t know whether we were coming or not. So we had lunch together. Then Dick and Eleanor and Lloyd went on back home. We certainly appreciated their coming all the way to Albany with us and giving us that long ride. They said that they enjoyed it as much as we did, and I guess they did. It was a nice ride.

We stayed with my brother. He took us out to his place, about twelve or fourteen miles southwest of Albany. He has a little place out there at Feura Bush, in New York. He has about seven acres of land out there. We had a visit there for a day and a half with him.

Then on the day following, he took his car and took us on over to Connecticut to Julia’s place at Waterbury. We had a fine visit there for a day. All the folks came and visited. We didn’t have a regular party, but it was a fine visit for two days while Ferris was there with us. And he had to get back, and Julia took her car, Julia and Billy went on part way back with them, about four, five, six miles, and then we told him good-bye, and he came on back to his home in Albany. That was the last time we have seen him.

We stayed nine days at Cousin Julia’s and Cousin Jessie’s. Julia was in Waterbury and Jessie’s place was in Naugatuck. During that time, we went out for a ride every day. Julia had a little car. Billy, in the meantime, had retired. And the year after he had retired, he suffered a stroke, paralytic stroke, and was a semi-invalid. But he was always able to go with us on the trips and enjoyed every one of them.

These trips were not made on the highway, but they were made on the little byways and byroads. It was right at the time of the year when the trees were their most beautiful. And the colors, New England colors, are simply gorgeous in the fall. All the different trees,

hundreds of different kinds of trees—all the variations of colors from golds to greens and browns, everything that you can think of in the way of a color. And these side roads were winding through the countryside. There was not very much traffic. We were able to take, in all the scenery and to really drink in the beautiful country which is Connecticut. I wouldn't want to really live in Connecticut, but it certainly is a wonderful place to go to visit at that season of the year.

After nine days in Connecticut, we went down to Hartford and New Haven. We went by the Yale University, saw the buildings at Yale. We went through some of the campus, but not every part of it. But we got a good idea of what Yale was. We didn't, of course, go to Harvard. However, we would have liked to've seen the campus at Harvard, too, but that was a little too far away.

During our nine days' visit there, wonderful visit in the old Connecticut homestead, we saw many of the old homes where Father Dibble had lived, where he was born, where my own father was born and raised. Of course, the old water wheel was no longer there to be seen; the old mill had vanished. But we saw the old cemeteries where some of our folks had been buried, somewhat neglected, but still cherished old cemeteries, even at that.

Then we took the train and went on down past New York. We didn't go into New York City, but we went on down to Washington, D. C. We stayed at the Statler Hotel in Washington, which is quite a hostelry. And we visited the next day some of the most interesting sights of interest in Washington—Smithsonian Institution, the White House, took the tour of the White House, a tour of the Capitol. We happened to get hold of a taxi driver who was thoroughly familiar with everything in Washington. And he, for

a nominal sum, spent the whole day with us practically, took us to see the grave of the Unknown Soldier, told us where to stand so that the changing of the guards would take place in our full view, and we owed a lot to his knowledge of the place because he was able to tell us what to do and when to do these different things. We went through the Arlington National Cemetery, saw where some of the notables were buried. He went also to see the Custis home, the old Custis home, where General Lee and his wife had lived. And we always were quite an admirer of General Lee. And if anyone goes to Washington, I would suggest that they go to see this Custis-Lee memorial. It's kept in the same condition, and very much the same as it was during the time that General Lee occupied it at the time of the Civil War and before. It's not very far from the Arlington National Cemetery.

After this tour and we saw most of the things that we could (we did see a lot in the day and a half that we were there. The last day was just a month to the day before the funeral procession for President Kennedy, who was assassinated in Texas. It was just a month to the day before the services), we took the train, the Pennsylvania train, and came to Chicago and spent a day in Chicago sightseeing. We took a Greyhound sightseeing bus, went around Chicago, saw a great many of the places of interest around Chicago, including one, the Merchandise Mart, and a street sale where one street was all blocked off and all kinds of merchandise was being offered for sale.

So that evening, we left Chicago on the California Zephyr on our return to Denver. Early next morning, after leaving Chicago, we were approaching the borderline between Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado, and so we went up into the observation dome of the

Zephyr to look out and see if we could see the mountains ahead. As we entered the dome, we could see ahead the sun glinting on the Rocky Mountains, and it certainly was a welcome sight! A beautiful sight! It just seemed that our hearts swelled within our breasts and we just wanted to reach out and grasp those old mountains and clasp them to us. It was a wonderful sight to behold, we thought, at least. According to the poem by someone, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead / Who never to himself hath said, / 'This is my own, my native land.' / Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned / As home his footsteps he hath turned / From wandering on a foreign strand. / ...If such there be, / Go, mark him well, / For him no minstrel raptures swell..." And so on and so on. In little less elegant words, you might say, but the words are just as revealing just the same, he would be an unappreciative rat, a no-good son of a gun [laughing]. He would be dead from the neck up, and perhaps from the neck down.

We soon reached the outskirts of Denver, and the mountains looked prettier and nicer to us with our approach toward Denver. At the outskirts of Denver, the Zephyr went through some sheds where it was given a bath, as it always is on its return, washed off from top to bottom on both sides. And it pulled out of the shed shining clean again.

The family met us at Denver and took us on home for a little visit. The following day we went down to the government Aviation Academy near Colorado Springs and went through the academy. It was a lovely trip, something we had not seen before. And they also took us to the Denver Museum in the afternoon. There were many sets and things there depicting wild life and Indian life that used to be in the earlier days.

The next day we had to be leaving, so Virginia and Harold took us on down to the

railroad station to meet the Zephyr as it came through. It looked stormy as we boarded the Zephyr for our trip home across the Rockies. And after the train pulled out, going up a long grade going into the Rockies, it would around and around, it passed not very far from Virginia and Harold's summer camp up there in the foothills of the Rockies. We could look afar off. It started to snow about that time. Then as the train wound around and around, it was really a beautiful sight, going up to the high Rockies. When we went through several tunnels and attained the top of the mountains, we came into a little valley where Eraser is located. Fraser, in earlier times, that valley where Fraser is located, was called Middle Park. There was also a South Park, which is down in the southern part of Colorado, and a North Park, which is now Rocky Mountain National Park. But this valley is quite a pretty valley. There was quite a lot of farming and ranching up there on the top. That's where they usually take the weather readings when it's so cold. Fraser, Colorado has a reputation of being one of the cold spots in winter.

We came on practically all the way through the Rocky Mountains. It was snowing, and snow was hanging to the trees. It was a regular, typical winter scene. And [laughing] it was something that is always attractive to a person when he's inside, like being on a train, and I was able to look out and see everything that was going on outside.

When we reached Winnemucca, we left the Zephyr to take the bus home. If we went on to Portola, the bus wouldn't leave Portola coming into Reno until that evening. And this was about four o'clock in the morning that we reached Winnemucca. And it was only eighteen degrees above zero. It was really cold! There was a little breeze, or wind, blowing. We got off and called a taxi to take us to the bus station because we didn't know where it was,



and we also had our luggage to take over there. In the bus station, we had to wait, then, until morning. I think it was perhaps about seven o'clock when we left Winnemucca on the bus after having a breakfast there. We came on home. And that was the end of another trip.

### RETURN TO DIAMOND VALLEY IN 1966

In 1966, which was the year after we moved to 1280 Patrick, we took a little trip up to Elko and through Diamond Valley and Eureka and back home. Some of the highlights on that trip were: we stopped at Beowawe on our way up and visited the cemetery where Mamie's mother rests, a little cemetery, cute little cemetery on the hill east of the town of Beowawe itself. And up there is a huge cross which stands marking the place where one of the early emigrant children (according to legend or fact; it's not known for sure), one of the little girls of the emigrants coming West had died at this spot on the river, which is down below, along what is now the railroad. She had been buried there and a cross had been erected to her memory. But in later years, when the Southern Pacific was straightening out their track, the burial spot was right in the way of the new alignment. So, according to a story, they moved the remains up onto the hill up there where the present cemetery is and erected this big cross which now stands to be seen for miles around. You can see it from the valley in most any direction that you may be approaching\*

We went on to Elko, then, and stopped overnight. It was getting late. We visited Kitty and Joe Flynn. As I mentioned, they were living in Elko. We visited with them in the evening. We talked over old times and had a real good visit. And the next morning, we thought we would go out and visit Fern and Hilary Barnes. Fern Barnes is Gene Johnson's

daughter, oldest daughter, and Gene Johnson is Mamie's brother.

When we reached there, we found that Fern and her dad, Gene, had just left. In fact, we had met them on our way out. They were going into Elko, and he was flying back to Virginia to spend a few months with his other daughter who was living in Virginia. So we missed seeing either one of them. We knew that Fern wouldn't be back perhaps until toward evening, but Hilary, the husband, was there. We had a little visit with him and then decided to come on to Eureka.

We came on up through Railroad Canyon and past the old ranches of Diamond Valley and stopped at the old place to look down across the valley and see what we could see. We were, of course, interested in seeing the changes that had come about in the valley itself, the southern part of the valley, winch, when we were there, was nothing but a sagebrush, a white sage flat, sandy soil which was quite good soil. But no one thought of making a home there. There had been a few wells drilled, but since water was at quite a depth, no one thought that they could purchase fuel to operate pumps at a profit. So we had never envisioned anything like what has taken place in the years since we left there.

Of course, it was September when we went through there, and the crops were all harvested in. And there was no more irrigating, and the fields looked rather brown and desolate. A good many of the so-called ranchers, or farmers, had gone away for the winter. That was a case with a number of them who operate there during the spring and summer. After

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\*See "The Maiden's Grave," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* (June-December, 1963).

their crops are harvested, they leave. There doesn't seem to be very many permanent houses. Most of the buildings, or housing places, are more or less temporary. So I don't know how long it is going to last, whether it's going to be a permanent proposition or not. Of course, there will be some which will be more or less permanent, like alfalfa fields, and things of that type. Harvey Sewell of the Sewell brothers of Elko and of the Sewell's store line has made a considerable investment in the south end of the valley. He's bought up a number of the ranches, or farms, which have been started there, especially the ones that have been raising alfalfa hay. And he has put in more alfalfa, more land to alfalfa, and has wintered a good many of his cattle, beef cattle. He's bought beef cattle and wintered them there, and, of course, in the spring, he would sell them after the hay was used for wintering the beef stock. That is about the situation at the present time.

Most of the irrigation is done by overhead sprinkling systems which are portable. These sprinkling systems, water is pumped from deep wells with engines that—I suppose it's all diesel. I think it's diesel engines that they use for the pumping. And these sprinkling systems are moved up and down the tract of land to irrigate the various places. No surface water irrigation at all.

Other things had also changed considerably, of course. We could look out across the valley and we could see the old Flynn place in the northwest end of the valley, see where it was, at least, and then farther south was the old White place, which had been occupied by the Sin family when we were there the last few years. It was sold to the Sins, John and Benvenuta Sin. Their family had moved away. They'd sold it to someone else. Now John and the family had moved to Reno. Both of the Sins have passed away since

then here in Reno, but their children are in this vicinity. Most of them married and have homes of their own.

And, of course, farther south a little bit was the Sadler ranch, which was directly across the valley from us. The two, Edgar and Ethel Sadler, had also moved to Reno. They have passed away, both of them, in the meantime, too. The ranch was operated by Reinhold and Floyd, who had taken it over from their father and mother when they moved to Reno. Reinhold and Floyd have each raised a family of children. Most of them came here to Reno to attend the University and have graduated and left, too.

While we were still living in the valley, their home, their ranch home, had burned. That was along in 1920 sometime. We had seen the fire, and the ranch home had burned and they were all left almost without any clothing or furniture of any kind. All the neighbors had gone together and had donated sheets and blankets and anything to make life a little more comfortable until they could get back on their feet after the fire. They had moved into the bunkhouse, which was a building which had been used as a bunkhouse when I went to school over there. It was a building that had been constructed many, many years ago. And it was really more comfortable than the ranch house itself. It was built of stone, and the walls were three feet thick on that building. It was cool in the summer, and it was really warm and comfortable in the wintertime. So they moved their belongings—what they had left—into this stone building and made that their home. I don't think that any other home has been built since then, but I'm not quite sure. There may have been another home built, but I have never been by there to know for sure.

Then a little farther south was the old Bailey place, where the Bailey family had grown up and lived at the time that we were

children. They had also left. It [their place] had been sold and they had gone. They left the valley.

Father south, then, was the Romano place. The Romano family, a large family, had all scattered out, married, and most of them had gone to California.

As we looked down across the flat, we remembered the coyote that Mamie had shot while we were still living there. I was away one day, and she looked out and saw a coyote. Oh, he was perhaps a hundred and fifty yards from the house, not too far from the spring down below the house. But he was sneaking around to see what he could see. I suppose he knew there were chickens in the vicinity of the house. So at least Mamie went out with the .22 and she leaned it over the fence and took good aim and pulled the trigger. The old coyote jumped up in the air and turned and ran as hard as he could go, clear to the west end of the meadowland, or the land where we cut the hay, and disappeared in the brush. When I came home at night, she told me about it, and I knew that she must have hit the coyote, because if she hadn't, before the coyote had reached the brush, he would have turned around and taken a look back. That's the way they always do. Before they disappear, they want to see what's going on behind them. Since he didn't turn around and look back, I knew that she must've shot the coyote. So I went down to investigate, and she told me just where he went through the fence. I had King along at the time. We found the coyote there. He'd been shot right through the heart. Coyotes or rabbits or most any other animal like that can be shot right through the heart and they will run for quite a little distance until the blood suffocates them, and then they die immediately.

The old windmill which we had erected there on the ranch was in a sad state of

disrepair, and the wheel perhaps had never been lubricated. Forty feet in the air, most people don't want to go up to lubricate anything, anyway. It's quite a climb, and some people just can't look down at a height like that. I always used to get up there and lubricate it regularly and it was always kept in good repair. But now, apparently one of the bearings had broken or worn out, and the wheel was hanging over to one side, and it certainly didn't present a very good appearance.

The old cart which Andrew and I used to use to ride to school in was still standing in the yard, right in the corner of the yard. But I suppose that was about ready to fall to pieces, too.

All that was left of the home was the three-room log part, the original part, which had been built in the early, early—perhaps '70s. All the part that we had put on, the frame part, had been torn away, taken to use for some purposes on the ranch, I suppose. And Mother and Father's house that we had built for them was still there but in bad condition. But we didn't go out to look over the place much because it presented a kind of a sad appearance.

Out west, of course, there was the old alkali flat, stretched across from end to end up and down the valley as far as we could see. And that was about the only thing that hadn't changed. That was never changing, and I suppose it's just exactly the same today.

And above the ranch, of course, the fire had gone through there, and, as I mentioned, had burned all the sagebrush which we liked so well and left in their place the cheat grass. I was surprised that it didn't seem that the sagebrush were coming back. I thought that perhaps a lot of young sagebrush would be growing. As is usually the case when you clear off a piece of land, clear it of the sagebrush,

the young sagebrush will start growing within a year or two and it will be covered with sagebrush in a few years. But it didn't seem to be the case there. We wondered what had happened to all the segos, the sweet segos that we used to dig and see up there in bloom in the springtime along the water ditch and under the sagebrush. The Sagebrush. seemed to be a kind of a protective parent to the sego lily because they would grow up sort of in the shadow of the bush, usually on the north side, where they would get protection from the too hot sun and also protection from wind or animals which might be marauding around. We wondered about the sego lily.

And I'm glad God made the country where the sego lily grows! O, I love the aromatic smell of the sagebrush, so emphatic that it freshens every breeze that blows across from hill to kill. And the subtle, pungent odor of the alkali and soda seems to filter through my fancy and to linger with me still. And I'm glad God made the country where the sego lily grows.

### **MOTHER'S DAY TRIP, 1968**

In 1968, we spent Mother's Day at Moraga with Virginia and the family. We went down on the bus and we spent Mother's Day. Her brother, Gene, was also there, and Gene's youngest daughter, little Jean, who lives near Sacramento, at Carmichael, and her family of two daughters and husband were there, too. So it was quite a nice gathering and quite a nice celebration for Mother's Day of last year.

And the next day following that, they took us out to Muir Woods, north of San Francisco. Muir Woods is something different. You wouldn't expect that you were coming into a place like Muir Woods. It's sort of a shady dell with large trees. It's sort of a little

depression, little vale, you might call it, with large overhanging trees, and it's quite shady. It was a little cool there when we were there on Mother's Day. But it would certainly be a beautiful spot in the summertime when the weather was really hot. So we had heard about Muir Woods for a long, long time. It had been named for John Muir, the naturalist, who lived in California in the early days.

### **TO RUBY VALLEY IN 1968**

Then, last year we took another little trip in September. We drove our own car up to Elko and Jiggs. And from Jiggs, Fern [Barnes] took us on over to Ruby Valley to visit with Katrina and Walter and the family over there. And when we reached Ruby Valley, Katrina and Walter took us on another little trip out to see the state fish hatchery in the southern part of the valley. That was something which we had never seen, either. It's quite an extensive hatchery. There's a lot of water for the fish, young fish, which are hatched and growing at all times there in all different sizes, from the size that they were first hatched to little fingerlings and some a larger size. But the water has to keep flowing regularly without intermission from the springs, and a regular source of water there. That, of course, is owned and operated by the state of Nevada itself, one of the larger fish hatcheries in the state of Nevada.

And they took us back to their place, and Fern brought us back to her home there at Jiggs. Gene, Mamie's brother, was living with Fern at the time, and he went with us over there. So we had a nice trip and a nice visit all together.

---

CONCLUSION

So the years have passed by, and we think back over the lifetime of years that we have lived through, to the old home in Diamond Valley, and the large living room and fireplace. And we remember about how we used to play with bean bags, and how the swing used to be attached to the rafters in the living room, and we, as children, used to enjoy it. And how sister Grace used to read to us from Grimm's Fairy Tales, and we would ask questions. Of course, Grace didn't know too much about the stories, or wasn't too revealing in telling us about some of these stories. Of course, some of Grimm's Fairy Tales were quite grotesque and some of them a little weird, but we knew they weren't true stories. We took them for what they were really worth, or what they weren't worth. So [laughing] they were entertaining, at least, and we enjoyed our Grimm's Fairy Tales along with some of the other stories that she used to read to us. The Grimm's Fairy Tales were sort of a spice, I guess, to some of the other reading.

The old fireplace, of course, that's gone, isn't there any more. And the fires that used

to burn there when we were children and all the family gathered around, and we enjoyed the warmth and the glow of the old fireplace.

What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind  
raved?

Blow high, blow low. Not all its Snow  
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy  
glow.

Ah, Time and Change, with hair as  
gray

As was my sire's that winters day.

How Strange it seems, with so much  
gone

Of life and love to still live on!

Ah, brother! Only I and thou

Are left of all that circle now,

The dear home faces whereupon

The fitful firelight paled and shown.

Henceforward, listen as we will,

The voices of that hearth are still;

Look where we may, the wide earth  
o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more.



We tread the paths their feet have worn;  
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
 And rustle of the bladed corn;  
 We turn the pages that they have read,  
 The written words we linger o'er,  
 But in the sun they cast no shade,  
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
 No step is on the conscious floor.  
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust  
 (Since He who knows our needs is just)  
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
 Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees\$  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever lord of Death  
 And Love can never lose its own!

The words of the immortal bard, John Greenleaf Whittier.

No, we've never been afraid of hard work. In fact, we have always enjoyed our work, no matter what it was or where it might be. It was the pleasure of accomplishment, I guess, that kept us going and kept us interested. We have never earned a great deal of money at our work or the things that we did, but we've always been thrifty and managed to get along and have all the things that we wanted, all the material things of life, and a sprinkling of pleasure along with it, too. We've always had plenty of good things to eat, everything we wanted to eat and wear, but we've always

avoided the frills in every way that we could. We've never run a charge account in our entire life. If we wanted anything, we saved up for it and then when we had the money, we would purchase it. Otherwise, we went without it until the time came that we were able to buy.

Our home has always been the sweetest place on earth. And we've never been enticed or lured by the bright lights. We've always led the simple life and avoided all excesses. And we've been supremely happy and serene in it. At night, we've tried to lay aside the cares of the day, and also the work of the day. And sleep has always come naturally, and we plan if we get seven hours' good sleep each night, that is sufficient

We've never been really consistent in our church attendance since we've been in Reno, but we've tried to live in accordance with the Golden Rule and with the Ten Commandments wherever, whenever we could. We are supremely certain of a higher Creator and of a Supreme Power that shapes the destinies of men and of nations. Who is there who can doubt this Supreme Power when we consider the delicate balance of earth's living things in their relation and makeup with each other and of the heavens themselves? All these things just couldn't happen. It's dominated by some power that we can only sense but can't see.

We are endowed with certain senses needed by man for existence here on earth, and beyond that we have no senses to perceive those miracles which we cannot see or feel or taste or hear. Where does instinct end and reason start? There's no one—even our best brains—can answer that question. And I don't think they ever will. There's no tangible clue to answer the question of where instinct ends and where reason starts. When we observe the things of nature, how instinct is instilled within the many creatures, God's

creatures, that are endowed with it. Like the instinct tells the newborn calf just where to find its first food and how to find its first food. And instinct leads creatures back home from afar off, no matter whether they have seen the road or know where they are going. Instinct tells them where and how to get there. There's a type of rodent living in the northern countries, the lemmings. Then it becomes overpopulated or is threatened with overpopulation, it upon instinct sweeps across the country and casts itself into the sea in a mass of self-destruction. That's an instinct that's instilled within them. We don't know why. But there's another instinct within these rodents. A certain number of them remain on land to regenerate and perpetuate the strain.

Instinct has, since Man's beginning, instilled in his inner being a feeling that death is not the end of our existence. Then came the great teachers like Jesus Christ and Mohammed and Buddha, and even the great moral teacher, Confucius of China. And they pointed the way more clearly to the populus. The Kremlin takes a negative view of this, or negative stand, because they don't want the people to worship any other institution or being except themselves. They want the government to be worshipped, and not a god ahead of the government. But there are millions of Russian people, just the same, who hunger for the freedom of worship as they please. And that, itself, is instinct, also, I'm quite sure.

To us here on earth, there's a beginning and an ending of all our life's experiences. So we cannot comprehend space (it is infinite) or time that always was and always will be.

We have been blessed with unusually good health, which is the key of the joy of living. Our greatest blessing has been our children, I'm sure, a son and a daughter, and, of course, the grandchildren which have come

later. They have never caused us one moment's worry or distress. They've always been kind and considerate in every way to our needs and wishes. They have always tried to help us in every way they could. They have been our greatest blessing.

Of course, we were new at raising children in the beginning, and we found out that with Andrew, if we would tell him to do anything, he would do it rather begrudgingly. But when we learned to ask him or suggest that he do a thing, then he would be glad; he would be glad; he would do it very willingly. So we found out that that was the system to use in raising children. And it's much more effective than to demand that certain things be done.

Andrew and Virginia, as small children, were always generous to each other in the extreme. What one had, the other must share, as cake, candy, or fruit. And it seemed that neither one could enjoy his little goody unless the other one had an equal amount, or shared his portion. And even to this day, there's never been one iota of envy or jealousy between the two. Even as teenagers, they were glad to go with us to shows and any sort of entertainment. They never thought of us as being old-fashioned or out of date, as is sometimes the case. And I think we can say that neither one has ever heard their mother or father say an unkind word to each other. We hope and we pray that we will never be a burden to either one of them.

Life has been good, and to us, fate has been kind. It has been a great privilege and a joy to have come this way.

Bye.

Reno, Nevada, May 19, 1969



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